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The North American Review

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NUMBER I



Apéritif

Pollyanna Stuff

THE ripple of mild excitement lately over "Technocracy" may or may not be just cause for a belief that people are really interested in the problem of technological unemployment. A mathematical attempt to prove it insoluble does have spectacular qualities, anyhow, and it can hurt no one very much to come in contact with the idea: not, at least, while a few dollars still are left in circulation to deprive the majority of incentive to surrender to the engineers. Moreover, there results an excuse of timeliness to discuss a rather small part of the whole problem which seems to have been passed over by the economists.

A classified advertisement nowadays reads somewhat like this: "Stenographer, experienced, must know bookkeeping, accountancy, business law, French, Spanish and Italian, be saleswoman and perfect 16. Only highest references considered. Knowledge dysteleology and catacoustics helpful. Salary \$10." Which at first glance would seem to indicate that the stenographer had

risen in the world, become a person of much greater importance than the old amanuensis, except for the ten-dollar-a-week salary, which obviously would not support importance. But although there are quite enough typists on the breadlines to make even ten dollars a week acceptable wages, the fact seems to have little or no direct connection with technological progress. They are on the breadlines, not because a machine has been introduced to take their places, but simply because the businesses which held those places have disappeared from the face of the earth.

However, that will change. There are men working on the machine now and in due time it will appear — some combination, one supposes, of the dictaphone and typewriter, into which an executive may speak what he will and by simple adjustment of dials or levers have it come out the other end in the form he desires, accurately typed and spaced on clean paper. It will probably have in addition the happy faculty of producing copies in large numbers and very rapidly. These are its fundamentals;

how the thing will be elaborated must be left to the technicians, and in any event it is more entertaining to consider what effect loosing the contraption on business will have.

It will provide a great many young ladies with technological unemployment, of course. Even the ones who managed to hold on to their jobs through the present unpleasantness.

Just as certainly it will increase by prodigious degrees the amount of mail in circulation. From 1890 to 1930, along with the reckless production of typewriters, mimeographs, multigraphs and other devices for propagating correspondence, the quantity of mail handled by the United States Post Office each year increased from four billion pieces to nearly twenty-eight. No one who has enjoyed a position on any mailing list will be surprised at the figures, but they will seem infinitesimal when a form letter can be concocted by a high-pressure promotion man in ten minutes, run off by the thousands at his pressing a button and mailed the same morning.

It will be as easy, you see, for the business man to record his slightest thought as it is now for him to forget it. The consequences are almost unbearable to contemplate. Think of the shower of anniversary greetings, congratulations, acknowledgments, requests for interviews or for charity or a small loan, advices to Congressmen, daily dun letters and complaints to the management which will pour forth. Memoranda within the office will increase and multiply: all orders, comments, ideas will be written perforce, and the conference as an American institution may die an unlamented death. A few of the

huskier retired stenographers will be reemployed to empty wastebaskets, an hourly task. And filing clerks will know real despair.

The most melancholy person to imagine in the new era, however, will be the editor. Poor creature, he is almost dead now from the floods of manuscripts raised up by mass education and the ingenuity of correspondence schools of writing; how will he endure worse tribulations? With such an infernal machine at his elbow, no man possessing the ghost of an idea and the itch to see his name in print will be able to resist temptation, and the few nowadays who are too lazy to pound typewriters themselves or too self-conscious to confide their darling thoughts to a stenographer will join the self-expressive mob.

It would be easy enough to predict that the thing would introduce a more sedentary trend into American life. With its further amplification of the facilities for spreading information added to the telephone, telegraph and radio, there would be even less need for sensible people to rush about all over the country. Unfortunately, Americans are not sensible and the sum total of all results will probably be more frantic activity even than was observed in the late 'Twenties. Letter writers will not be satisfied with increasing the burden of the postman's life beyond all reason; they will insist on following him wherever he goes, jostling, pushing, getting in his way, and eventually they will kill him with their speeding automobiles.

Let us turn back to the retired stenographers. Some of them will find work cleaning out wastebaskets,

we saw, but that can hardly provide a living for them all. However, by a simple application of the classical economic theory it becomes apparent exactly what will happen to the rest. For one thing, the postal service will have to be expanded very considerably to take care of the greater quantities of mail. Some will find jobs there. Then the manufacture of the machines themselves will absorb others. Still more will be retained in their offices to help in the signing of the increased mail and to do other work that formerly had to be overlooked in the rush of writing letters. Some — particularly those who know better how to write a letter than their superiors — will be kept to dictate into the new machine. Some will find their way into an overburdened editorial sanctum here and there. And there will undoubtedly be a few who will discover themselves capable of that most baffling feat — living, apparently, by no more arduous a method than writing letters to the newspapers.

Already, in all likelihood, quite sufficient employment has been named to account for every displaced stenographer. But there is one more great work that will be open to them and it thoroughly proves, not only the classical theory of economists in regard to technological unemployment, but also the shining

truth of that philosophy of progress which has illumined the great history of America.

Scientists who have bothered to think about the matter occasionally enjoy predicting that city dwellers stand a good chance of all becoming deaf in the not too far distant future. The noises, they say, which we have been so ingenious in contriving out of trucks and steam riveters and automobile horns and radios are destroying hearing quite as effectively as though that had been our purpose all along. To that pleasant prophecy can now be added the possibility that business men of the future will stop dying in the harness and take up the practice of retiring early in life — just as soon as they go blind. For although the good Babbitt of today can, and frequently does, refuse to read anything but the news and his business papers and so enjoys passable vision, his successor will have so great a volume of reading that he must do in the course of the day that nothing will save him.

And, of course, his former stenographer will have the work of leading him about when his active life is ended. The demand for such ladies will be so great as to end forever the problem of unemployment — technological or any other kind.

W. A. D.



From Playboy to Pietist

BY ALLEN RAYMOND

New York City's mayoralty goes neither to the swift nor to the strong, but to Sir John Patrick O'Brien

A LOYAL and industrious servant of Tammany Hall for thirty-five years, Sir John Patrick O'Brien, Knight of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre, becomes the Mayor of New York on January 1.

The same old Tammany will be in power, but its mask will have changed once again. In place of the playboy, Jimmy Walker, who was the toast of the town in the gaudy years of the stock market boom, whose wisecracks and peccadilloes endeared him to multitudes gone Babylonian in mood because of easy money, Tammany has elevated to the Mayor's chair a very different marionette.

The showmen of the Wigwam will pull the strings as usual. But a pious, laborious dullard will dance on the stage at City Hall, doing his darnedest for those he serves without a trace of the nimble wit which made Walker such a delightful Pierrot.

Strange as it may seem, the new Mayor of the greatest city in the world was picked primarily because he was devout and respectable beyond all cavil. A little while before election it was made evident to the

leaders of Tammany, still fond of their Jimmy, that the darling of the night-clubs had offended the respectable, "home-loving" people of power within his party too gravely to make his prospective race for vindication practical.

No callous indifference to the public good had caused his downfall. It was his escapades, rather, with an actress delightfully labeled by a legislative inquiry, "the Unknown Person," though all the town knew her, which made his candidacy impossible.

There is so much of social and political significance in the career of John P. O'Brien, the man who takes Jimmy's place after the brief interregnum of Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee, and in the way Tammany adapted itself to the feelings and prejudices of its constituency so as to continue in power, that some detailed review may be valuable.

John Patrick O'Brien was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, February 1, 1873, the son of Patrick and Mary E. Gibbons O'Brien, both of whom came to this country from Tipperary, in Ireland. In his boyhood, the Mayor-elect told his audiences dur-

ing the recent campaign, he knew what it was to be discriminated against by an older American stock, and the memory of his early griefs and struggles will go with him into the Mayor's chair.

He will not have any prejudice against "the American race," he says, but his peculiar delight is in the company, the love and friendship of the foreign-born and the children of immigrants. He feels himself more at home among them.

Three influences above all others have shaped O'Brien's life: his church, his personal fight for means and a position of respect in the New World, and Tammany Hall, the organization he has served so long and which has raised him to eminence.

Poverty colored his early years. His father was at one time superintendent of Father Matthew's Hall, in Greene Street, Worcester, and it was in that Massachusetts city that John O'Brien found his first personal idol — a man to emulate. The man was James B. Carroll, a local lawyer of Irish stock, then a prominent alumnus of Holy Cross College, and later a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Carroll, knighted by the Pope as O'Brien himself has been, was so devout a churchman that when he lay dying last January he remarked to the Bishop of Springfield, who was sitting beside him, "I have lived my life for this day." He had faith that he was starting for Heaven.

O'Brien has that faith also. He is a little back of Carroll, but he is on his way, and his destination is a matter of supreme importance to him. Consequently, in that voyage, he will follow his guides, the clergy, im-

plicitly; just as in his political soaring he has followed his Tammany leaders faithfully.

Already the callous chuckles of New York sophisticates are aroused at mention of O'Brien's name, because of his campaign speeches, which teemed with sentimental and laughable absurdities. As one of the reporters of those absurdities in the press, I have laughed with the town, but I do hold the man in some respect and esteem for all that.

CONSIDER the janitor's boy in a Worcester slum, back in the early 'Eighties, in the Anglo-Saxon Massachusetts midlands, where the Micks were Micks and did the dirtier work for an upper class which exploited them. Young Johnny O'Brien had sense enough to pick a good man for model in the late Supreme Court Justice Carroll. Granted the mediocre intellect, he had ambition, the power and the will to toil, a phenomenal tenacity, an absolute loyalty to the persons and institutions in which he has believed, and flaming patriotism.

Johnny O'Brien was a slim, handsome lad, with curly black hair and a bulldog's fighting jaw, who studied diligently for all he learned. The black hair has vanished, but the underslung jaw remains. His slimness has changed to a corpulence which accentuates his shortness of stature, and his slender legs are slightly bowed, as if the weight they carried were a little too much for them. He carries himself with a conscious dignity these days, proud of his high office, willing to be affable, but never frivolous.

In his high school days he joined a

debating society and started the combative forensic exercises which later were to help him earn a modest living. He worked his way through Holy Cross College and Georgetown Law School with the aid of scholarships; prizes won by titanic wrestling bouts against big books in which the devilish exactitudes of meaning constantly eluded or tripped him. O'Brien doesn't understand them to this day, but he's still in the ring and fighting doughtily.

With a law degree acquired at Georgetown in 1897, he came to New York City and was admitted to the bar. He joined a Tammany district club and worked for it. Three years later when a new Tammany administration was rewarding the faithful with the spoils of office, they honored John P. O'Brien by making him an assistant corporation counsel.

O'Brien remained in the Corporation Counsel's office for twenty-one years, most of that time in the obscurity and semi-poverty of the genteel law clerk. His was not the type of ambition to go jumping fences toward greener pastures. He accepted the modest salary that accompanied his political position, and actually labored at the job in hand. He never was a time server. He was a stout wheel horse, tugging away at the load of details in cases brought into the real estate condemnation bureau, the personal tax bureau, the franchise division and the division which sometimes enforces the building and tenement house laws.

For nineteen years other men in the Corporation Counsel's office got all the glory and far more money

than O'Brien. The future Mayor of New York sat tight, worked hard and awaited reward.

In his campaign speeches this autumn, O'Brien, then Surrogate at \$25,000 a year by gift of Tammany Hall, delivered sage counsel to the youth of the city in the Greek, Italian, French, Hungarian, and other hyphenated American Democratic clubs. "Join Tammany Hall and work for it," he counseled. "Reward may be long in coming, and the way seem dark at times. Stay loyal. Stay put. Don't leave your party. Reward will come." He shouted these words again and again, sincerely and honestly from the depths of his kindly heart. His own life exemplified the truth of them to him, and he was giving the best advice he knew to the youth in front of him, as well as serving his beloved party.

O'Brien's first reward of any consequence came in 1920. Mayor John F. Hylan, the product of an uneasy temporary alliance between William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, and Tammany Hall, sat in the Mayor's chair at that time, or sometimes leaped out of it, crusading for the people.

Mayor Hylan needed a man whose mental processes would go along sympathetically with his own, at the same pace and level. He needed a faithful Achates to stand with him in his fights against "the interests," and being a Brooklynite and a Hearst man, he needed enormously a man who had the confidence of Tammany.

O'Brien was just such a man. By twenty-two years of staying loyal and working for the organization,

O'Brien had won the absolute confidence of the Wigwam leaders. He was a good soldier. They knew he would obey their orders unquestioningly, and fight for his party up to the limits of his ability.

Mayor Hylan appointed him Corporation Counsel of the City of New York. O'Brien was as proud as Punch. He then became, as he said often during the recent campaign, "the head of the largest law office in the world." As a good Tammany man he immediately set out to make it larger. He asked for twenty-one more assistants, at salaries from \$3,500 to \$7,500, and obtained them from the Board of Estimate. He added them to Tammany's patronage.

In all the curious imbroglios of the Hylan régime, O'Brien stood shoulder to shoulder with his chief, assailing "the interests" in franchise cases, in gas and electric light rate cases, in suits to uphold the five-cent fare and to maintain the city's rights against the New York Central Railroad. His big voice, booming from a chest like a stevedore's, echoed through the halls of justice, and if at times he and his Mayor learned that the informed, trained mind can frustrate an honest soul, however valiant, that was just too bad. The world is wicked.

They did very little damage to "the interests," and they had the conscious satisfaction of having fought the good fight for their people.

O'BRIEN's loyalty to Mayor Hylan even carried him into the ridiculous suit of trying to bar an irreverent reporter from meetings of

the Board of Estimate. Hylan tried it. It was up to O'Brien to find the law to justify it and try to put it over in court. O'Brien dug back through his law books until he found a case in English common law which upheld the right of municipal assemblies to bar the public from their deliberations. It was not an overpowering precedent, but it was the best obtainable. O'Brien argued it in court with a straight face and diligence. Counsel for the reporter's newspaper merely cited the provision of the city charter, requiring the public's presence at Board of Estimate meetings in which the city's business is finally transacted. The courts threw Hylan's and O'Brien's plea out the window, and the reporter resumed his accustomed seat in City Hall. The reverence of the press for Hylan and O'Brien was not increased, though O'Brien had merely taken orders and done his best.

In 1922, the late Charles F. Murphy, then leader of Tammany Hall, shelved Surrogate John P. Cohalan, a brother of former Supreme Court Justice Daniel F. Cohalan, and made one of the numerous bi-partisan deals with the local Republican organization in New York City, whereby Mr. O'Brien was elevated to the Surrogate's bench with scant opposition in the election.

Again the O'Brien philosophy of life, which after all is nothing more nor less than the doctrine of Samuel Smiles and the copy-book maxims, was justified. "Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever." "Early to bed and early to rise." "Seest thou a man diligent about his business?" Take a look at O'Brien.

The Surrogate's job is for fourteen years and pays \$25,000 a year. It is as dignified as the see of an archbishop. If the O'Brien manner began to lean toward the pompous, who will blame the boy who had climbed so far? He had one virtue to which persons familiar with the Surrogate Court will testify.

He brought a sympathetic, even sentimental spirit into the business of settling estates, and into attempts to reconcile warring families, so that they would not eat up their heritage in fruitless litigation. The percentage of settled will cases rose steadily under the O'Brien régime. He worked as hard as he always had done. He was quite happily out of the lime-light which beat upon him so pitilessly during Mayor Hylan's mayoralty.

Surrogate O'Brien wrote a 95,000-word legal decision in the Erlanger will case, whereby a certain Charlotte Fixel obtained the rights of common law wife in the estate of the late theatrical celebrity. That decision of O'Brien's was longer than the average novel, and he worked six months at it. When it was finished he was sure his meaning was clear and his decision so bulwarked by legal precedents that it was unassailable.

In 1924, as a friend of Marcus Garvey, president of the Universal Negro Improvement Society, Surrogate O'Brien addressed a gathering of 5,000 Negroes in Madison Square Garden, sympathizing with their leader's ambition to establish a great Negro State in Africa. He told them quite truthfully that he was a friend of the Negro race, as, indeed, he is a friend of all the races with representatives in New York City's

voting population. The more votes the greater the friendship.

In 1926, he traveled abroad with his family, collecting books for Holy Cross College, his Alma Mater, for which he was chairman of a Library Council. He pointed out to his sons that the names on the graves of American soldiers who had fallen on the field of honor in France were representative of all the races under the sun.

From this he deduced for them, he told campaign audiences later, that "America is a real melting pot," in which the gold of fine citizenship is refined from the oppressed of all lands. "That is the charm of American life," he said.

In 1927 he was elected president of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick. In 1929, he helped organize the Guild of Catholic Lawyers, with Cardinal Hayes as spiritual adviser. Through all the years of his rise in Tammany he was a member of the Holy Name Society, the Knights of Columbus and the American-Irish Historical Society.

With the prestige acquired by the Surrogate's position, he became an orator for church societies at their great annual feasts, and his orations bore down heavily on the need for a deeper religious spirit in this age, and for higher standards of morality in the community.

In these addresses, he has often assailed divorce as an unmitigated evil. He has inveighed against the practice of birth control, against the weakening of parental authority over children and against the immoralities of stage and screen. He has vehemently denounced Socialists, pacifists and Communists, lump-

ing them all together as "foes of our great Republic." Oratorically he has described New York City as "the greatest Catholic city in all the world," as, indeed, it is — and also the greatest Jewish city in all the world, and one of the largest Protestant communities; three facts which Tammany recognizes always in making up slates for elections.

But O'Brien is preëminent as a Catholic lay leader. On January 15, 1931, with thirteen other prominent Catholic laymen, he became a Knight of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre, in impressive ceremonies at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The Knights of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre, of which O'Brien is a Knight Commander, is an international Roman Catholic order, with a membership of about a hundred in this country and about 2,000 abroad. Their ritual is said to go back to Godfrey de Bouillon and the Crusaders of the Middle Ages. In ceremonials, the Knights wear white robes with black facings, have gold spurs and gold swords and are adorned with gold crosses.

Other knights are John McCormack, the tenor, Patrick McGovern, the subway builder, Supreme Court Justices Victor J. Dowling, Richard P. Lydon and Louis A. Valente of New York, and similar metropolitan notables.

At their initiation into the Order, the Knights pledge themselves to live as good Christians, to avoid everything which might stain the name of their order and to apply themselves "with zeal and devotion to the development and maintenance of Catholicism in the Holy Land."

On October 11, soon after Surrogate O'Brien's nomination for the mayoralty, he was a speaker at a mass meeting of laymen in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in Manhattan, to organize a society for "Catholic action" on all moral and religious issues. At the time the invitations for this meeting were sent out, the type of issue to which it was said that the organization would apply itself was the recent expulsion of Jesuits from Spain, the treatment of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico and the teaching of birth control in Puerto Rico.

The desirability of approaching political questions from a religious viewpoint has been stressed by O'Brien consistently. Early this year at a breakfast in the Hotel Astor given by the Knights of Columbus, he deplored the fact that "so few Catholics are in our national Government."

"In our present economic situation," he told the Knights, "with its outgrowth of communism and enemies within and without, Catholics should be the props of our great Republic."

O'BRIEN's nomination for the mayoralty was agreed upon on October 6 by the five county leaders of the Democratic party, prior to a city convention of more than 20,000 delegates in Madison Square Garden, which ratified with disappointment their leaders' decision to desert ex-Mayor Walker.

The dominant need of that hour was to inject harmony into a badly disrupted party, so as to rescue, if possible, John F. Curry's leadership of Tammany, which was sinking

steadily because of the leader's ineptitudes, and to assure the electoral vote of New York State for the Roosevelt-Garner national ticket. That was what brought about O'Brien's nomination for Mayor; the exodus of Walker from political life and the temporary stymie for Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee, ambitious, able and reputable.

Before ex-Mayor Walker resigned his office, rather than face what appeared to be his imminent ouster by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, he obtained an agreement from John F. Curry and John H. McCooley, the boss of the Democratic party in Brooklyn, that they would back him, if he desired, in a "vindication" race for reelection. Between that time and the city convention, these two bosses ostensibly offered ex-Mayor Walker the renomination. He was induced, however, to withdraw rather than disrupt the party in the national election by a candidacy which must inevitably have cut deeply into Franklin D. Roosevelt's vote for the Presidency.

The political wisecracks of New York City have declared that Walker's withdrawal was sure in mid-September, after a funeral sermon which the Reverend Monsignor John P. Chidwick preached over the bier of the late "Marty" McCue, a Tammany leader who was clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

In his sermon, paying tribute to the private life of the departed Tammany leader, Monsignor Chidwick said:

"Would to God that every public man, who stands as an example to young men, who is regarded as a hero in their eyes, would be careful to understand that he is not only an

official, but a guide and an inspiration." He said much more to the same effect, stressing McCue's faithful home life, his virtues as husband and father and his high level of morality.

Shortly thereafter it became current in politics that ex-Mayor Walker had deeply offended powerful leaders in the city's Democracy by his undisguised ramblings in the Bright Light section — by revelations of his paying large sums of money to that pretty musical comedy star who recently sailed on the same boat with him toward distant India, and perhaps the future pleasures of residence in Paris and along the Riviera.

That Tammany Hall was deeply agitated in September is obvious. It was decided shortly after that funeral service that the beloved playboy must be set aside; and that in his place must come some man of surpassing piety, of irreproachable home life and of active church work, so that the proper ideal of a public servant might once again be held up to youth.

John Patrick O'Brien met the sought-for specifications. Indeed, after Mr. Curry had consulted carefully with his advisers, it was said that only Surrogate O'Brien and Surrogate Foley, son-in-law of the late Charles F. Murphy, were in his mind. Surrogate Foley was found once more, as on several other occasions in recent years, to be unavailable for political advancement, because of his wife's unalterable opposition to a political career.

Mrs. Foley, daughter of the late Tammany leader, had suffered too deeply when her father was alive, it is reported, from attacks made upon

him by political critics, and from distaste for many of the "rough-diamond" associates whom he brought home with him, to want her husband to exchange judicial dignities for the hurly-burly of political action. She had found her husband in politics, got him safely out of it and out of it he was going to remain if she had anything to say about it.

That left O'Brien. McKee was a temporary small obstacle. He wanted to be Mayor. He also wanted to put through an "economy programme" that would spell disaster to much Tammany patronage. He was a Bronx Democrat and an ally of Roosevelt.

Tammany liked neither McKee nor Roosevelt, but a political crisis requires some compromise. Tammany had not liked Lieutenant Governor Herbert Lehman either, but Lehman had obtained the nomination for Governor upon the insistence of Alfred E. Smith and Roosevelt.

The five Democratic leaders met and framed the perfect compromise. McKee's leader, Edward Flynn of the Bronx, tossed the Acting Mayor's ambitions overboard. Curry and McCooey tossed Walker overboard. Curry obtained the right to name any man he wished, upon his agreement to throw the great Tammany vote-getting engine into high speed to roll up a stupendous victory for the straight party ticket, headed by Roosevelt.

Curry named O'Brien, who was startled at first at having such a high position conferred upon him, then awed, temporarily humble and permanently grateful, and finally suspicious that he might after all have some true greatness within him. He

has, indeed. He is Nature's greatest gift to political bossism; a respectable, virtuous, half-Americanized, follower of his party's boss, whoever that boss may be. He believes in his party, and being incapable of leading it himself, he will follow its leader with a loyal devotion and industry worthy of a better cause.

UNFORTUNATELY there is no better practical political cause in New York City today — at least in municipal politics — than the continued rule of Tammany Hall. The campaign which swept O'Brien into office by the greatest majority ever given a Mayor of New York, albeit his vote lagged back of that of his ticket leaders, demonstrated anew the population's justifiable conviction of that. It has been demonstrated again and again.

Tammany rule has been painted in black stripes very often throughout the country, but the low nature of its pseudo-opposition, the local Republican machine, has had little advertisement. Yet the Republican leaders are acquiescent partners to a great many Tammany deals. They help in the creation of new and sometimes unnecessary offices — for the *quid pro quo* of an appropriate share in the spoils. They coöperate by endorsing Tammany candidates under fire. They close their eyes to a multiplicity of shady dealings by their nominal opponents. Latest of their many curious strategies was the bipartisan endorsement of Aron Steuer, son of Max Steuer, Tammany adviser, and Samuel Hofstadter, Republican chairman of the Seabury investigation — both for judicial positions.

Having vitiated any claim to public respect by this particular deal, they nominated for the Mayoralty an aged party hack named Lewis Pounds — a good citizen, more than seventy years old, without quite the physical strength to make an effective campaign. The organization gave him no money and perfunctory support. It was "only fooling" in the war on Tammany, as it always has been.

The Socialists put up the veteran Morris Hillquit, and polled a good vote. But the only really interesting opposition to O'Brien was the written-in vote for Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee, amounting to 137,000 protests from upstanding citizens who wanted "good government." By that they meant a large cut in the budget and reduced taxes, which was not surprising, considering that they were the members of the voting population who would have to pay the taxes. There was, however, a much larger segment of the population who did not pay taxes, who in fact had hardly enough money to keep itself alive. These submerged hundreds of thousands were either dependent on charity or on the verge of becoming dependent; and charity in New York City very largely means Tammany Hall. Any good Tammany man will tell you that his organization is the largest, busiest and tenderest-hearted charitable society in the world, and there is no evidence to refute his statement. The district clubs are there to uphold it, always open to the distressed and needy. They get out the vote — for Tammany. O'Brien in his campaign speeches promised that there would be no end to Tammany

generosity as long as it remained in power.

He made a shrewd campaign otherwise, too, however much the reporters chuckled at it, and the editorial writers lampooned it. His campaign slogan, "A kiddie in every home," met with the approbation of nearly all his constituents, and always does, as witness Hollywood's greatest successes. He declaimed sentimental poetry by John Boyle O'Reilly; he told the Greeks he loved the classics. If he slipped in telling the exiles from Hellas that he won a medal at Holy Cross for translating Horace, they failed to notice it. What they did notice was that the man was actually friendly, and that he was a close friend and eulogist of their neighborhood leaders, in whom they had faith.

Therefore, by grace of Tammany Hall, which has made a science of practical politics, and which works at it 365 days a year, New York City will have John P. O'Brien for Mayor for at least a year and maybe more. He and his organization will give the city in some respects a very good government, and in others a pretty bad one, which is exactly what one might expect from democracy.

New Yorkers will continue to have the finest police force in the country, a splendid water supply, excellent health services, magnificently regulated traffic, a fire department to which any fair-minded person must doff his hat, schools which adapt their standards with amazing flexibility to the many varying neighborhoods they serve, courts which reflect accurately the moral level of this community, subsidized trans-

portation for the masses, who are too poor to pay their way; graft here and there, a municipal administrative machine which is unwieldy, expensive and in need of reform.

The taxpayers, a small minority, will pay the bills, whether they like it or not. When they begin to take the interest from day to day in the personal welfare of the submerged millions of New York City which Tammany's block and district leaders take, they may start obtaining from these people the better government which they profess to seek.

Under Mayor O'Brien our dole to the needy is sure to continue. In his private life he will be what Jimmy

Walker never was, a guide and inspiration to youth, of whom all churchmen may well approve.

In 1908 he married a Miss Helen Madigan, whom he met in church work. They have five children, Gerard, Betty, James, Lawrence, and John Gibbons. The elder O'Briens are devoted parents. The Mayor himself has been thrifty and is a man of substance. One of the children is now at Harvard. In another generation, or perhaps two, our O'Briens, a worthy family, may be merged undistinguishably as may other New York families, into what the Mayor-elect, now semi-alien, is wont to call "the American race."



Something Better Than Railroads

BY ROBERT W. KELSO

Why throw away money on the old system when the new is already at hand?

"MY LORD! that was close! William, do let's hunt a camp and get off this road till tomorrow morning. Look out! There comes another! And he's driving right in the middle!"

William, the owner of a modest chariot on rubber, sat gripping the wheel, one ear cocked backwards toward the rear seat and his eyes fixed on that narrow strip of slab hemmed in on one side by a soft shoulder and on the other by a procession of vans arriving about one each minute. They loped along in single, double and triple hitch, conveying household goods, garden truck, manufactured products in uniform cartons, boats, steel bridge girders, bales, barrels and huge wooden boxes, cows, pigs and pottery. They looked for all the world like a fleet of hijackers who had stalled a transcontinental freight and were making off with her entire cargo.

But to William's eye, and to those nervous spectacles in the rear seat, they looked like Juggernauts claiming the entire highway as a sacred possession, bent upon crushing him and his family. The man who drives his

own motor on the long trek, to add to the enjoyment of his journey or to avoid the high rail tariffs, quickly finds that his share of the slab is dangerously small. Passenger buses and freight vans, organized into fleets by transportation companies that are largely controlled by the railroads themselves, have made freight roads out of our costly vehicular highways.

The railroads of the United States from the time of Stephenson's English Rocket and the old "Boston and Lowell," with its wooden rails, down to the present moment, with a power unit that will haul one hundred loaded freight cars aggregating five or six thousand tons, are affectionately referred to as the great developer of America; almost, we might say, as the father of progress. And there can be no doubt that the picture of an American railroad, pushing its rail-head out through virgin forest, around the eternal hills and across wide-stretching valleys, with villages dotted in its wake, is one of the great spectacles of modern progress. America, with natural resources apparently unlimited, with a European population hunger-

ing for new fields, and held back only by an ocean that was compassed if not conquered, was bound to develop. The only question was how: and the answer to that question was the steam engine. The invention of the day, adapting the steam engine to traction, was the need of the hour. That discovery having been made, Europe poured capital into America; the old towns of the Atlantic seaboard extended themselves to develop the new trek to the West; Governments granted railroad companies vast concessions in rights of way — every other township across entire States — vast stretches of property, to be forever the possession of the company, in return for the great public service rendered by pushing their utility out across the prairies.

In this pleasant picture of a wonderful development in a new land, it is just possible that we forget the central point upon which the whole of it rested. Aside from the fact that the railroad became mechanically possible at the moment when it was needed for the development of our country, the entire process can be analyzed down to one factor—*the application of the steam engine to traction.*

Stephenson's Rocket was a two cylinder machine with a primitive boiler and fire-box. With a full complement of water it weighed four and a half tons. The latest type of freight locomotive weighs three hundred and fifty tons, has from eight to twelve drive wheels and a tractive power as high as one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. Efficient condensation, superheating and a marvelous acquisition of heating

surface make it capable of hauling more than two miles of freight cars.

But in this splendid development of a piece of mechanism the elemental fact remains that the pressure of steam on a piston connected with a driver to rotate wheels and pull a weight is the one requisite — the single basis — upon which all other elements of our railway system rest.

The logician would say at once, "Ah, well, if it all rests upon the steam engine, then when a newer and more serviceable instrument shall be developed, the old engine with its steel-rimmed wheels and its tons of weight will be a back number." This logic can not be escaped: it is the truth. Whatever there may be that we call sacred about our glorious past, we must not make the mistake of assuming that there is anything sacred about the railroads. We stand facing the future. If the railroads can serve us in that future, then we are for the railroads. If there is anything better, then we are for the newer instrument. Any other view would fall short of American practice and American character.

WHAT shall we say are the transportation needs of modern America? Are they to get a certain number of carloads of freight through the Eastern gateway in a given time? Are they to develop a ton-mile hauling capacity that will make shipments from the Northwest economical for delivery on the Atlantic seaboard for distribution or export? Are they to cut the traveling time between New York and Chicago so as to consume none of the business hours? The great need is for something broader than these.

Modern society is nervous and intensely active. The need in transportation facilities is for the maximum of mobility, at a high degree of comfort and safety, making use of mechanical power to the utmost of its potentiality. The nerve centres of the nation are its cities. There its financial affairs are transacted. There to a large degree its thinking in science, in literature, in art, is carried on. From the city the leadership and, largely, the direction of affairs in the open spaces are provided. Quick and convenient transportation requires a net-work woven between these innumerable nerve centres of our civilization.

At present we have three special means of getting from city to city. The first is the railroad, oldest in point of time; the second is the automobile, so new that it squeaks and can be used only to a small fraction of its potentiality because of inappropriate highways; and the third is the airplane, just emerging from its cotyledonous stage of experimentation into commercial use.

In the employment of these three instruments of locomotion, our precaution is for safety, but our fever is for speed. Slow rates of travel will not do for us, if high speeds can be had. We have scant patience with time; and since the incoming of the radio, we are becoming disgustingly familiar with space. It is the moment, like that day in 1829 when Stephenson opened the throttle on the Rocket, for some great instrument of rapid transit to synchronize with a tremendous social need for a new epoch in our mode of living, and a new era in human relations. That new instrument is at hand.

The first locomotives were automobiles in the modern sense; they never were intended to run on steel rails. Their adaptation to a special track was due to their excessive weight, the need for smooth and continuous traction, and the elimination of grades. Hence the specialty which we now call the railroad locomotive. But man was not discouraged about a self-propelled wagon on the king's highway. He kept at it. He built steam engines and figured out new boiler equipment which would make steam rapidly.

The railway locomotive probably has reached its maximum of productive capacity. Triumph of mechanism though it is, it still remains a delicate instrument, costly, ponderous and difficult to maintain. Its major effort must always be expended upon its own huge bulk. There is scant room left at the top in the development of the steam power unit for traction.

By contrast the automobile is hardly out of its experimental stage. Drivers, not yet gray, are the same enthusiasts who were hewers of wood and drawers of water for primitive automobiles that had to be nursed and cajoled through every painful mile. Nevertheless, the present performance of this smoothly working giant is the marvel of our time; and it promises a future greater than its past.

Just as the injection of steam into a closed chamber to produce motion by its pressure is the essential element of the steam engine, so the detonation of an explosive gas in a similar closed chamber for the same purpose is the essential element of

the internal combustion engine. The automobile and the airplane rest upon the same element. To put it in another way, the steam locomotive and the automobile are cousins, while the automobile and the airplane are sisters. We may expect to find, therefore, that experiments in the development of the automobile will help aviation and *vice versa*.

Within a single generation the internal combustion engine has grown from a single-cylinder contraption, quite as homely and as ungainly as the first steam carriages, to a compact unit that will deliver more than a horsepower per pound of its weight. The performance of this engine in its highest development is well illustrated by the world's fastest airplane flight, that of Lieutenant Stainsforth of the British Royal Air Force who, in 1931, drove a plane at the rate of 407.5 miles an hour. His engine weighed 1,630 pounds and developed 2,300 horsepower, or one horsepower for every seven-tenths pounds of weight. We now have automobiles developed in regular stock that can travel one hundred miles an hour with safety. The riddle of speed with safety already has become less a problem of the car than it is a question of the roadway and the regulation of traffic thereon.

The internal combustion engine is to the present moment in the world's affairs what the steam locomotive was to the world of a hundred years ago. It is the maker of the new century in transportation. Mounted on rubber tires, ten times tougher than iron, it takes rich and poor away from the day's work, free for the moment from the struggle for a liv-

ing, carries them quickly into the green ways of the country, gives them a change and a rest, and fortifies them for the nervous readjustments of the city. It changes in this way the whole tempo of life. Because it is an instrument of great power, it has developed almost a mania for quick transit — high speed in everything. It cultivates a demand for ease and luxury too great for the individual purse to bear. There is hardly a phase of personal relations in the life of the city dweller that has not been invaded and changed by the automobile.

This new invention can now haul more freight per ton mile of equipment than the steam locomotive. Because of its freedom from special trackage it simplifies processes of loading and delivery. In comparison with its greatest development the finest express train is, scientifically speaking, an antique.

ACCURATE comparative statistics of capacity are lacking thus far; but the inroads made by the passenger bus and the motor carrier upon the business of the steam railways is eloquent of their power in competition and their growing favor with the public. In 1931, inter-city and inter-State passenger buses collected \$191,000,000 in fares from 395,000,000 passengers. The average rate was two and eighty-five hundredths cents a mile. In that same year more than 23,000 new buses were purchased, more than half of them for expansion. Though the private automobile has taken more passengers from the railroads than have the bus carriers, the competition of the bus has been so severe as to drive the railroads

into intensive publicity campaigns to attract passengers.

The advertising campaign of the Pullman Company to increase the use of its equipment; the new door-to-door freight service by which containers loaded by the shipper are trucked to the railroads, hauled to the railroad point nearest to destination and trucked to the consignee's door; the readjustment of tariffs by lifting excess fares, running special excursion rates at the prevailing bus fares, and many other expedients, disclose the desperate position of the old iron Goliath against this agile new David of the vehicular highways.

The householder who must transplant his home and goods to a distant city has a front seat view of the way in which this competition beats the rails. He has, perhaps, a full freight car load of furniture and those useless heirlooms that clutter up a home and make its memory sacred. He can send them in two motor vans one thousand miles for about twenty-five cents a mile per van, and have the entire job completed in four days. There has been but one loading. He will notice no difference between this long trek and the usual job of being moved from one section of the city to another — except the three extra days.

If, however, he wishes to send the same goods by railroad he must first have them moved by motor van to a warehouse where, to suit railroad regulations, every piece must be crated. The cost of this crating will equal the transportation of one of his cross country vans. And it will take a week or ten days. Then he must get a car, have it loaded, watch for it

at the station of his destination and be careful that he does not face demurrage charges through his own oversight or the neglect of his agents who are to call for the goods. Finally comes a third move from the freight terminus to his new home. If good fortune smiles upon this venture, the householder may count upon finding himself settled in the new home within fifteen days, and the cost, while in theory it could be considerably less than the overland method, will actually figure out a fraction more. Delay and wear and tear so far overbalance the advantages of motor transport that the man who has chosen the rail method usually sighs at the end of the experiment and recalls the old adage that three moves are as bad as a fire. He resolves to use the highways next time.

Already railroad publicity is hushing its former repartee that the public who travel by bus are strangers to the luxuries of rail travel, anyway. More and more the motor bus is meeting the convenience of the traveling public and harder and harder has become the effort of the railroads to maintain their half-empty passenger trains.

But passenger traffic is the lesser source of railway profits. Freight is their real dependence. In this field they have sustained the more severe competition. The motor carrier conveys merchandise from door to door with no delay and no transshipment. In addition to these savings in time, labor and wear and tear, the truck is measurably faster than the freight train between stations. So convenient is the new unit that trade journals are busy recording rapid extension of its activities. *Business*

Week for January 6, 1932, reported that so far in that season motor trucks had captured thirty per cent of the orange and grapefruit haul from the Rio Grande Valley. Cotton seed traffic is practically all truck now. We find from other sources that a third of the cotton crop now goes to the Gulf ports by truck. The family driver with his wife and children in his car, will long ago have noticed that new automobiles now go in a rubber-tired train euphemistically styled a truck. There is nothing carried by rail, including ponderous structural steel, that is not also carted over our public highways by truck.

And this revolution in method is coming about, not by conscious design — the best business brains in the nation have fought violently to prevent it — but rather because the motor truck is an improvement over the rail carrier. It is more convenient, speedier, cheaper, at least in the end. Consequently, the supremacy over the old iron horse is inevitable.

If this claim for the new method in transport is established, we may expect to find that our chief excuse for sticking to the railroad as a primary system of transportation is the force of habit and the reluctance of vested interests to abandon existing values for things that are new and financially speculative. It is a peculiar circumstance in human history that we build progress as the coral shells are builded into reefs: by slow deposit of the things of the present upon the skeletons of the past, until by and by the structure rises above the surface and becomes a new thing under the sun.

When we built our first automobiles we thought we had to make them just like the old carriages with the horses left off. We set the seat up high so that we could see out over the horse, even though he wasn't there. We put the engine in front and nursed the power backward through three changes in direction to the rear wheels. In fact, we did all these funny things with an automobile chiefly because our mind picture of a vehicle is the old picture that our grandfathers knew.

Rarely does the form in which a new invention is embodied start out new and without precedent among the things familiar as of long ago. The human mind will struggle hard and long before it can see a new system of transportation, without the familiar steel rails and all the paraphernalia necessary to control and direct a transportation unit that weighs five thousand tons.

BUT the day of the old gravity traction has gone, and the day of new rubber-shod traction has come. The modern urbanized, mechanized world finds itself with all the makings of a new era in transportation ready at hand. The internal combustion engine is already sufficiently developed to guarantee ample power, cheaply and continuously delivered. The chemical laboratory is hunting new fuels of greater power and less weight. The electric furnace is heating new kinds of metal of greater tensile strength, more durability and lighter weight. Every department of science is working to make this new marvel do more things and do them better.

Woven like a spider's web from

city to city, along winding streams and up the gradient of beautiful hills, stretch the new highways of our hurrying world. Past ancient dwellings, cutting through the roots of time-worn elms, the new avenue that once was a country turnpike straightens itself. Across the open country, in the more progressive sections, the townless highway projects its gray shaft in the deadly earnest of straight lines, and on these highways motors of all sorts and descriptions are forever speeding.

But as the days go by, the observant traveler sees more and more of the liberties of our highways monopolized for the transportation of freight and of passengers in the mass. By day the local truck, and especially the automobile carrier, meets the eye of the motorist through almost every vista. By night, the transport van, running anywhere from 100 to 3,000 miles on each trip, fills up the highway so as to leave only a dangerously narrow margin for night driving.

These are the accumulating signs of congestion. Our system of vehicular roads is ill adapted to rapid transport. Most thoroughfares contain dangerous right angle turns and almost all of them meander through ill-paved streets and alleys or over-taxed main streets of every municipality they serve.

This intricate network of roads struggles to keep up with the insistent demand for hard-surfaced ways that will carry traffic at high speed. At the same time it is trying, at a cost of billions of dollars, to satisfy a rising clamor for freight and bus passenger transport. The same demand that is running governments

into debt for highway construction is cutting into the legitimate business of the railroads so deeply that nothing but burdensome tariffs can save the rails.

The present experiment of Federal loans to the railways, in view of the decline of our present transport methods, can mean little else than a mortgage soon to be foreclosed on a liability rather than investment in an asset. It is wholly thinkable that the national Government may find itself involved in the ownership of railroads through this expedient of lending money upon them, only to dispose of them back to their old owners for junk, to be redeveloped later into motor transport highways. This likelihood is all the greater in view of the present trend of ownership in motor bus company stock. About one-fourth of the transport bus industry is now controlled by a small group in which the railroads hold a controlling interest, so that the people of the United States are already to a considerable extent paying out tax money to bolster up a business that is failing chiefly through the competition of carriers owned by the railroads themselves. This simple example of the jackass-edness of our democracy may be expected to grow daily more obvious. To state it in another way, the people of the United States are paying billions for the purpose of wrecking their own railroad systems. Admittedly it will cost billions to change the American transport system from steam and rails to gasoline, rubber and wings, but it should be done by saving the existing values rather than by jamming our highways and wrecking our railroads.

As we scan our automobile maps and see the intricate maze of hard-surfaced highways, we must not overlook that other greatest network of highways that man has ever built, the American railroads. They stretch away from city to city, 254,000 miles, practically free from grades. There are no dangerous curves. They already have a fair degree of freedom from crossing interference. They are relatively little used — a few trains a day — even though it is now practicable for light, high-speed units, inexpensive to operate, to pass over them every minute just as they pass over our motor highways.

Every element now exists for transport by the internal combustion engine. Twenty years of experimentation have developed the hard-surfaced road to a high point of smoothness and durability, with a minimum of suction and a low percentage of skidding hazard under moisture. The steam-driven train, with its tremendous weight and high consumption of energy merely to carry its own weight, can be replaced by a smaller, lighter, more economical unit that will do the same work. All that stands in the way is the conservatism of the investor and the practical difficulty of making the financial transformation.

The railroads of the United States are now valued at twenty-six billion dollars. They owe twelve billion dollars. It might easily cost another twelve billions to make the complete change to the rubber-shod transport way. If, however, the public were minded to insist upon a single system of transport, and that system the most modern, the expense from year

to year in making such a revolutionary change would be largely offset through the savings in waste now caused by ruinous and futile competition.

WITH the making of the new era now before us, how shall we picture the future of the transcontinental train? It is mounted on rubber; it runs on a broad four-track concrete highway, with no steep grades and no dangerous curves. It travels at one hundred miles an hour, and can stop within one-fifth or one-sixth of the distance now required by the express train. The inside lanes of this highway carry expresses; its outside lanes an accommodation service similar to the best grade of highway bus service of today. At intervals of every few miles is a concreted area running off at an angle, where airplanes — an integrated part of the system — may land and depart at all directions of the wind. Instead of a multitude of companies paralleling each other, sinking fabulous sums in duplicating equipment, and requiring higher tariffs because of the waste, we shall find consolidation into the great American transport system, so that the bus, the transcontinental express, and the high-speed plane are synchronized in a single system.

It is a dream set in high color, yet no element of it is impossible, nor even at the present moment impracticable. It calls for a new transport era greater than the railroad era of the last century. It foreshadows fabulous investment in a useful future as contrasted with fabulous losses in higher rates to bolster up a system now dying a natural death.

Why Are Hospitals?

BY LORINE PRUETTE

Evidently they are not to relieve suffering

“**N**O, MA’AM, I ain’t gonna go to no horsepital.” Old Uncle Jake pleaded and scolded and would not go; he preferred to die among the known discomforts and filth of his own cabin.

In my part of the country it is very common to hear the darkies cry out so, in utter terror, “Please suh, boss, doan take me to no *horsepital*.”

Ignorance? Superstition? Obviously. Unnecessary and absurd terror? Well, I am not so sure. For here am I, supposedly modern, scientific, a faddist for efficiency, community organization, etc., etc. And I feel pretty much as Uncle Jake did. Once upon a time I used to say briskly, coolly, “Why, of course, a hospital is the only place for sick people.” That was before I had been in hospitals. Now that I have been inside of them as a patient, I am not so convinced that hospitals are for sick people. Why *are* hospitals, anyway? After being in some of them I have the absurd feeling that they are for doctors and nurses, with the sick people just necessary evils — stage properties, perhaps.

Now, nothing very terrible ever happened to me in a hospital. I have no tale of horrors to relate. Nobody

ever sewed up the extra towel or the scissors in me, nor swapped any babies on me, nor gave me blood poisoning for lack of sanitation — nothing like that. This is merely a commonplace account of a reaction against hospitals that has grown in me until it has now reached the boiling over point, all from relatively trivial causes. But these trivial irritations reveal, I believe, a philosophy back of hospitals which is not trivial, and it is against this finally that my fury is directed.

The other night I went to a hospital, a big one in the largest city of one of our Eastern seaboard States. I went because I had been traveling north in a condition of extreme pain, and I had reached the point where I felt I had to cast the responsibility on some one else. Once I would have held that hospitals are: (1) places organized for the relief of suffering; (2) places where a suffering man or woman can let slide the burden of deciding what he ought to do next about coping with his suffering. Both these suppositions are wrong. I knew they were, but the other night I was too sick not to turn hopefully once more to the concept of a hospital that had been inculcated in me

long before my own experiences began to give it the lie. Down in Tennessee I had been having this pain in my head and I had found relief in a glass of corn, nicely aged in the wood, whiskey being one of the pleasantest methods of checking neuralgic pains. I had also been to a dentist, who said he thought that there was nothing the matter with my teeth except that they needed cleaning. Then I had been to a specialist who said that my tonsils were all right as far as he could see and my sinuses looked clear, except the ethmoids for which he gave me some drops which I faithfully used. I had also been to a general practitioner who said I needed cod-liver oil or thyroid extract and gave me some medicine said to be full of vitamins, which I took as long as I could by telling myself that the awful smell was really like caviar on a large scale. A very large scale. Then a medical student said this was giving me kidney stripes under my eyes and that it was really decomposed animal grease, and the next time I took that cold slime I thought heroically of caviar and was sick for six hours. The whiskey really did help my head. Only I left it behind.

Then I started traveling and the pain started getting bigger. It was a life-size pain before I got to Washington. I took forty-five grains of aspirin within a short time, and decided to call it a day on aspirin. Then I tried Marston's theory, a psychological one, of not struggling against the pain, accepting it, observing it, timing it, welcoming it back like an old friend. I have had this work with some pains, but not with this one. You might shake it by the hand like a brother but it would haul away and

hit you a sock on the nose just the same.

Next I took a bunch of luminol tablets, a little flock, and slept mercifully for five hours, waking in the yelling stage. The pain had by now grown to be quite a big boy. My hostess offered me "a little dram" but I did not know her bootlegger; then she said she'd had a similar pain and she had some morphine tablets. I stuck one in my bag and started out. Of course we have all been taught that we must never, never take medicine prescribed for another person. Actually, I do prefer to know what I am taking so I did not plan to use that tablet.

But I did. The drug store would not sell me any codeine, and it took so long to rouse a doctor, get a prescription for codeine and get it filled. The anonymous pill could have had dynamite in it; I'd have tried it just the same. This is one of the beauties of our drug prohibitions, we can not buy what we ought to have and so take anything we can get our hands on. The advantage of getting codeine by prescription was that the timorous physician mixed the codeine with something that made me sick, and made the mixture so mild that five grains of aspirin did a better job.

And so, and still, *pain*. A collapse in a restaurant when I tried to eat something. Pain in every tooth, equally, in both cheeks, in my forehead, my nose, pain that threatened to blow my head off and I wished it would hurry and get the job done. So I went to a hospital, craving a shot of morphine, a night's sleep, a nurse's ministrations, somebody to manage things for me, hoping that by morning I would have enough sense

to begin the weary round of specialists again.

THE hospital was told that I was in extreme pain. A wheel chair? Dear no, I can walk. But no, I must go up in the wheel chair. Two giggling little girls tried to push this along; they almost ran me into half a dozen doors, scaring the life out of a person who was holding on to her head like an enlarged egg likely to break before a whisper, and had a terrible time getting me into the elevator. I should have stood up and walked, but you see I was in the docile mood of dodging responsibility. Mother knows best. Wasn't that what hospitals were for? To know best?

A supervisor fluttered up to me and I was pushed — by the little girls — into various rooms. At first I was so sunk that I did not understand the supervisor's chirping. Finally I realized it was a choice of rooms. They all looked horrid, so I said the cheapest. After fifteen minutes two little girls got the bed made. By that time the clerks were on my trail. Hospital records must be made. Suppose the patient died before you found out his mother's maiden name? Suppose the patient died before you had a record of the number of miscarriages Mrs. So-and-So, aged sixty, had had in her youth? Suppose, oh horrors, the patient died before you found out all the sources of her husband's income? Efficiency? Here it is. The clerical department of a hospital, guaranteed to torment the patient's first hour.

Finally, I am left alone and get myself into bed. A friend with me goes out to say that I have had nothing to eat, the dinner hour being past

and that I would like something simple. Word comes back eventually that they are trying to decide what specialist to call in, and that "when the doctor comes he will prescribe the patient's diet." I have not asked for a doctor; I do not need one; at the reception desk downstairs they have promised me that I can get the dose of morphine and a night's sleep without calling in a specialist. I need an interne or a nurse with a little hypodermic in her hand — and oblivion. But this, being what I need, is what I can not have. Hospitals have a system, especially the system that requires the attendance of a physician. Did you, in your ignorance, think that you could go to a hospital and ask for relief from pain? Did you think you could get into a hospital as easily as that? Heavens, no, it is like going to jail. You have to be sent there. The physician would not get a fee if the interne were allowed any function. Do you know what the interne is for? He is the scapegoat. He is the person that the hospital is always trying to find. He never is found. I have often wondered where he hides.

The frightened child who was "in charge of the floor" was well-meaning enough, but completely intimidated. She was in charge of the floor, of the patients, but far down in the mysterious hierarchy of the hospital. After a lapse of a considerable period of time — I was still in pain — I realized I would have to do a little thinking for myself, though this was what I had come to the hospital to avoid. Sometimes the hot water bottle had seemed to mitigate my pain, so I from my fearfully hard and back-bending bed, take up again the re-

sponsibility and ask my friend to go ask for a hot water bottle. The nurse was sorry, she said, but she was not allowed to give this till the interne came. Well, where is the interne? Oh, they are trying to find him. My friend who has been seething with rage for the last half hour — she knew I was suffering, you see, and wanted something done about it, an attitude probably unethical for a hospital staff — declared that she would leave the hospital and go get a hot water bottle. Then she tried to find some one down stairs with some authority. But the hierarchy was now completely invisible, no one anywhere but this frightened and ignorant child in charge of the floor. After much activity on the part of my friend, we heard through the open door a little voice telephoning up to the Angel Gabriel, or one of those who dwell on high, saying, "And she says she'll go out of the hospital and bring in a hot water bottle."

Shortly thereafter it was discovered that regulation 932, A second, permitted the hospital to supply a hot water bottle under such circumstances. When I stuck this against my icy feet — there was not enough cover — the little nurse exclaimed, "Oh, I could have let you have it for your feet, but not for your head." So if you go to this hospital, remember to say you want the hot water bottle for your feet.

Having warmed my feet, I put the hot water bottle to my cheek, where the little nurse was not allowed to put it and so lay, now grimacing and drawn in pain, now a little drowsy with the heat. Finally, an interne came out of hiding! A nice lad am-

bled in and took my history all over again, had I been married, how old was I and which side of my head was the pain on. The right side? He looked serious and went away. Then he came back to make sure that I had said it was on the right side. He said — he really was a nice lad — that he had had just the same kind of pain driving up from North Carolina after his Christmas vacation. Then he said he would have to call the chief of staff and get the specialist on eye, ear and nose and likewise throat and then he went away. He looked nice in his uniform. Internes should, I think, be decorative, since they are not allowed to be anything else.

More than two hours had now passed. My face was now twisted in a constant grimace. Nothing happened. Nothing continued to happen. Should I arise and go to a hotel and call a physician? How I wished I had done that in the first place! A Negro bell-hop who would take instructions would have looked much better to me just then than the starched blue and white nurses. Should I take more codeine, more aspirin, more luminol? All were there in my bag tempting me. But I did not know about mixing these with morphine, and I knew I had to have morphine. So I held off and held off. Then I felt I could hold off no more. At least I would take one tablet of aspirin. Just after I swallowed this, the specialist walked in.

THERE was a bedside manner for you! Really beautiful, impressive, confidence-generating. God had come. I relaxed trustfully as soon as I saw him. Then he told me that as soon as he came into the room he knew

that my eyes were very bad. He was surprised that I did not have double vision. I ought to spend several days having my eyes examined, with drops.

"Do my eyes have anything to do with my pain?" I asked. "No," he said, and, "How old are you?"

"Doctor," he said to the pretty interne, "I would like to look at the sinuses with an illuminator."

Confusion followed. There was not one on the floor. The interne said he would go for one. He was very polite. The doctor said he would go for one. He was very polite. After they had been polite to each other for a while they both went.

They were gone one half hour, thirty minutes, you know, with sixty seconds in each minute. But they got the illuminator. You had to hand them that. They got what they went after. The relief of the aspirin had long since worn out, but I was still a little hopeful. Such a good bedside manner.

Now a supervisor appeared from somewhere, although she had not been able to function when there was no one around but the little student nurse. She had a manner, too, a splendid manner. With an air of mystery she hustled my friend out of the room, and the poor girl went, wondering what mysterious and private matter was to follow. The lights went out; they looked at my sinuses, without the sacrilege of a laywoman looking on; the doctor delivered quite an instructive little lecture to the interne, who was apparently getting his first glimpse of a sinus. Oh, yes, my sinuses were all right. Lights up again. "Doctor, did you notice what is wrong with her eyes? I can even

tell with a glance — you noticed her eyes, didn't you?" The interne was caught. "Oh, yes," gulped the poor boy, "I thought I noticed something — well, something, about the — the — right eye." There followed a little lecture on eye movements, for the interne's benefit and to let the doctor show off. He liked showing off.

"Doctor," I said with a certain desperate determination, "I've been in great pain. I want something to bring me relief, so that I can go on home tomorrow and get suitable treatment started."

"We'll fix that up," heartily, beautifully; you couldn't help but feel cheered by the tones of his voice.

He went away. The interne went back to where internes hide. The nurse went away. My friend went away. Now is the time to say that an hour and a half eye examination in New York City the next week failed to reveal anything specially wrong with my eyes; it has occurred to me that several days of intense pain might make any eyes look a little queer. But now I was alone in the hospital, most terribly alone. I began to be terrified. It was like an appalling slow motion picture show, like a nightmare. What if nothing ever came? It was more than three hours from the time of entering the hospital before that welcome syringe appeared. I had been so afraid it was not coming, and that all the struggle for relief would have to be started in the middle of the night. Delightful feeling, lost in a hospital — one of those places of refuge and solace, you know.

But then I got the shot. Nice doctor. Nice nurse. Good hospital. Oh, heavenly. Drowsiness, the pain re-

treating. It's there, it's like choir boys singing outside the door. Will it come nearer, as in a great chorus, or will it die away? Oh, good fairies of morphine, let it die away.

One hour passes. Two hours. The water pipes in my room are playing a terrible tune, bang, bang, bang, bangety, bangety, bang. It is midnight. I am not asleep. I am not even sleepy. The choir boys of pain are still singing outside the door. Suppose they come back. I am terrified, sick with fear. The little nurse comes. I ask her to make sure of the method of getting hold of an interne, and getting permission for another shot if my pain gets worse. The child is scared and brings the supervisor, who is very cold, like a headmistress with a naughty child. "You've only had the morphine two hours. It has not had time to take effect," she lies. "But if it doesn't, is there *some one* in the hospital who can give me more?" She grows still colder: I am about to be sent down from school for impiety. "You may be certain that if you need anything you will be given it." Another lie. I know it is, despairingly. She knows it. It is past midnight, you are alone in a strange city, in a hospital whose systematized indifference is far stronger than you.

I whisper to myself, excellent advice. Try not to mind the banging pipes. Maybe you have forgotten. Perhaps morphine is slow in its action. Believe it is still to come.

Oblivion for one half-hour, delicious deadness. *Bang, bang, bang.* The hot water pipes are off again. I am very wide awake and have a fever. Temperature half a degree. Also, I am hungry, nothing further having been said about that diet

that was to be prescribed for the patient when the physician came. The little girl had made me at my request some orange juice, but hungry as I am I can not drink it, thick with sugar and with some strange taste indicating a dirty spoon.

The choir boys are singing again, along with the plumbing, but they are singing softly. Light sleep then until five o'clock. Ring for the nurse because I have drunk all my water. Nice child, she continues to mean well. Wouldn't I like the bedpan? No, thank you. But she must have a "specimen" before seven. All right, let's get it over with.

At six the choir boys have come back rather strong with their pain song. I know it is advisable to catch these pains young, before the whole facial nerve joins in. And I am hungry and feeling slightly experimental. Another little girl is on duty, more stupid than the first and not so well meaning. I tell her the nurse said I was to have something for the pain when it started up. She listens and goes away. Forty-five minutes pass. I ring again. Fifteen minutes later she comes. What about that medicine? "I called the supervisor," she answers virtuously, "and she said the day nurse would take care of you." "What does that mean? That she'll give me a bath or give me something to stop the pain?" "I don't know — she wouldn't let me give you anything."

Nothing happens until eight o'clock. The day nurse comes. She has had no instructions about pain, but she gives me a bath with her kind and gentle hands, and she rubs my back with alcohol. How pleasant this would have been last night.

Breakfast comes now, with a card on the tray showing that the dieticians had prepared this especially for me. One half glass very sweet, tepid orange juice, one cup of sleazy cocoa. I never did like cocoa but I drink it so as to get something inside me.

My friend comes in, a busy woman, stopping away from the office to see me. She has been waiting half an hour because the supervisor said I was having a bath. "When the bath is finished, the door will be opened," so ran the solemn pronouncement. The supervisor had indeed looked in on me some fifteen minutes earlier, to see me sitting up in bed with a tray before me, but all the same she had left my friend sitting outside.

But now the doctor has come, and all is well. Genial, splendid, still talking about my eyes. "You held out on me," I inform him gravely. He understands me. "I gave you a light dose — are you accustomed to a heavy one?" I do not argue. The night is past. I did not get worse in the night. I have not had the quiet and relief I came for, but now all I crave is to leave, to go seeking relief somewhere else. It has been an expensive light dose of morphine, but why argue?

OF COURSE my trouble was a tooth that was trying to blow off the roof. I finally got to an able dentist and it took him two visits to find the villain. Now that the pain is gone I can laugh at the hospital. My last hours there were really funny.

After the cheering visit of the doctor, the restful bath, the cup of cocoa, I suddenly feel sleepy. My friend goes away, giving instruc-

tions that I wish to sleep. I doze pleasantly. A nurse, briskly waking me, "Here's your medicine. You are to take one every four hours." This is written plainly on the box and practically all patients can read. The doctor has also told me about the every four hours, but the nurse has to wake me up to tell me. Else how can nurses feel important? Then sleep coming kindly down again.

Then loud voices in my doorway. I rise up and say, "Get out of here." Silence. Presently a nurse, a little disturbed. "Mr. So-and-So wishes to get a blood test." It is known that I am leaving within the hour, but the system must go on. Suppose I died, and they did not have a blood count, to go with the urine analysis? I submit. Mr. So-and-So is nice. "How long have you had that cold?" he asks. He is a laboratory technician, so he does not have to show off and detect strange maladies in my eyes. He is able just to make a commonplace observation. "Over a month," I answer him and think that neither the doctor nor the interne had observed the cold, or perhaps they did not care. I'm sure they didn't care.

Now the nurse keeps trotting around, and I pant for an hour's sleep. I tell her I do, please put another blanket on me and go away. She does this and departs, promising to be right back. But I don't want her back. When she returns I carefully explain that I am leaving in an hour, that it is not necessary to change my bed or bring fresh towels. *Please leave me alone!* She is a nice girl, she means well. It is probably against the rules, but she lets my bed

alone. But nothing will persuade her to leave me. She putters here and there, and has at last to be driven out with violence. . . .

HOSPITALIZATION services appear to me to be based upon three theories, none of them right. First, that all patients are imbeciles. Ask your nurse to tell you what the thermometer reads, after she has taken your temperature, and note the condescension in her glance and the callous way in which she lies to you, not even troubling to make the lie seem plausible. You are an imbecile. You would never know you were feverish, unless she told you. I meet this situation by keeping my own thermometer on the table beside me.

The second theory of hospitalization is the theory of omniscient knowledge and understanding, expressed in an overpowering smugness. Whatever is needed, will be done. What the doctor orders, what the physician prescribes, these be sacred things. Within the hospital the doctor can not be wrong. Outside, many physicians show an admirable humility; within, they quickly assume the attributes of God. Now it would be very pleasant if they were God, if they could be so all-knowing and all-wise, but considering what they are is it not time that this hocus-pocus was laid aside, along with the amulets of the medicine men, their predecessors in primitive tribes?

The third and worst theory is that mechanical nursing is the best. Nurses should be robots. They must not think. They must not even see, except what they are told to see.

Above all, they must be blind and deaf to what the individual patient is going through. There is no room for individual reaction in the nurse's training. She must be rigid, un-deviating from the rule, she must wait on authority no matter what happens to the patient. Kept in ignorance, schooled in a lack of intelligent interest in the case, selected apparently from a very low intellectual level, she is turned out a little robot, starched and sterilized, incapable of the normal behavior of an ordinary human being.

Nothing very bad, nothing hopelessly bad, ever happened to me in a hospital, but if I can help it I am not having any more. I know one really good hospital, run like a hotel, in Pennsylvania, but even it might fail me another time. I hope there will not be another time, for I have deserted my modernism, my emphasis on laboratories, technique and latest methods to feel just as Uncle Jake did. There are staring signs in front of hospitals, with the word *Accident* and an arrow showing where the ambulance is to go. I shiver whenever I see these signs. So many chances every day for an accident for any of us! I have not been in that way yet, so I do not know if they wait to learn your grandmother's maiden name before they tie up an artery, or perhaps only your mother's. I don't know. I don't want to find out. If I am run over on any busy street corner, and have a few bones broken here and there, I don't want an ambulance clanking its way to any hospital; instead I'll say, like Uncle Jake, "Don't take me to no horsepital, oh, please sir, jus' leave me lay!"

Mother Tanner

BY JOHN LINEAWEAVER

A Story

UNLIKE so many mothers, Mrs. Tanner did not expect that things would ever again be the same between herself and her son, once he had married. She said so to every one, smiling bravely: "A daughter's a daughter all her life; but a son's a son till he gets him a wife." There was nothing truer, was there? she asked. And when some of her listeners, remembering what mother and son had been to each other and reflecting that now, by her own indirect admission in an unguarded moment, Mrs. Tanner would have very little left to live for — when some of these listeners demurred, she simply shook her graying head, still smiling bravely, although by this time there was more often than not the suggestion of tears in her aging eyes, so pitifully, so innocently blue — so like an unhappy little girl's, as people said — behind her cheap, horn-rimmed spectacles.

But Mrs. Tanner never actually broke down. However sorely her feelings were tried, she always retained control of herself. She simply got very quiet for a moment — a moment which was always very unsettling for her listener — and then went on in almost, but not quite, as

firm a voice as ever, making a valiant effort, as every one could see, to be cheerful about it. No, she wanted James to be a good husband above everything, she said. She wanted him to be happy. It was what she had hoped and prayed for: all she asked of life, now that Mr. Tanner was — gone. She didn't intend to interfere at all. She had seen enough of that. She wasn't even going to let him give her any money, though he was doing so well at the Works and could afford it. She wasn't going to be a drag on him, a burden on his wife, in any way. She intended to take up her sewing again, which she had dropped when James had had his first salary raise, partly on account of her eyes, and she guessed she'd get along all right, although it might be hard working up a clientele again just at first.

At this point in the conversation her listeners, their sympathies tried beyond endurance, generally reminded her in a delicate way that Mary Townsend, the girl James was marrying, was popularly considered one of the most comfortably fixed girls in town. They quickly learned that Mrs. Tanner had taken that into account. It was just all the more rea-

son, she said, why she didn't want to take any help from James. He would need all he could get together to keep up his end, to be the man of the household. She had seen some of these unions between rich girls and poor boys in her time. Deliver her boy from anything of that sort! Besides there was always the danger the Townsends might think that she and James had had an eye on their money — not, of course, that the Townsends were like that. They were, of course, the nicest, kindest people in the world, and Mary was the sweetest, loveliest girl. A mother couldn't wish for a more womanly little person for her son. But, well, one couldn't be too careful, could one? when so much, when everything that mattered, in fact, was at stake.

Usually James was not among those present when these conversations took place. He was down at the Works, earning some of that salary which Mrs. Tanner would never share, or he was calling on Mary, giving Mrs. Tanner a taste of the loneliness which was to be her lot. But once in a while, when the listener was a lifelong intimate, like Miss Emily Schroeder, their neighbor, for example, he was. And at first he had been heard to demur as vehemently as the listener. Yes, and more so. But toward the end, as his wedding day drew closer, he didn't. He simply got up and left the room. He did it rather ungraciously, too, without regard for what his mother's feelings undoubtedly were. And this behavior tended to clinch the opinion which many of his mother's intimates had always had of him, and which was not very high.

They remembered, talking him

over, how, as a child with a father who was simply no good at all and finally proved it by running away, his mother had slaved and pinched to keep him always a little better dressed than the other boys, and how ungrateful he had been about it. Miss Emily Schroeder recalled that she had once caught him tossing one of his dear little hats into her garbage can; and some one else recalled that she, too, had had an experience of the kind, although just what she could no longer remember. It was remembered also how he had wanted to leave high school and go to work, and had even got one of his teachers, who was one of those new-fangled educators and shortly thereafter lost his position, to intercede for him. He was just a spoiled, ungrateful young man, they decided, bottling and labeling once and for all the suspicions of twenty-five years. Such behavior now, of all times, just went to show what he was and always had been. And then they added that, of course, there was his good-for-nothing father — like father, like son.

Miss Emily Schroeder, who perhaps knew him better than any one else, who had had the opportunity of observing him all his life and now sat in on the above-mentioned occasions more often than any one else, even thought that Mary Townsend ought to be warned about him. Love is blind, as every one knows, and possibly Mary had never seen him as he actually was, as she must expect him to be after the first full flush of lovers' days had worn off. Miss Schroeder, however, never carried out her design. For by the time she had consulted enough people about it and had got their signatures on her

petition, as it were, Mary Townsend, amazing and disappointing those who had always been fond of her, had turned out to be as unworthy as James her fiancé. From dropping in on Mother Tanner every day, if only for the fewest of minutes, as she had done at first, she had stopped visiting her almost entirely. And there had been several unpardonable incidents. She had sent back the gift of a silver bowl, which Mother Tanner had sold her grandmother's gate-leg table to buy, and this, it was understood, with James's approval. She had even been silent when some one praised Mrs. Tanner's character in her presence. And she had never once suggested that Mother Tanner help choose her trousseau.

But if any one expected Mrs. Tanner to complain of this treatment, he was sadly mistaken. She never said a word. She never, indeed, gave any hint that she noticed it. If anything, her public opinion of Mary grew higher. She could never get enough of talking about her, it seemed, and as time went on it was all people like Miss Emily, who knew, could manage to listen in silence. If it had not been for the fact that Mrs. Tanner was talking only to bolster her feelings (as could be told by something indefinable in her manner) they would certainly have had to speak out their minds.

And meanwhile the weeks were coming and going, the wedding day was drawing closer and closer.

ON THE day before the wedding Mrs. Townsend's sister — Auntie Christine, as Mrs. Tanner had already, bravely, begun to call her — gave a luncheon. It was to be just

a little family affair, and, of course, Mrs. Tanner was asked. And she was so happy about it, so pleased; as if, Miss Schroeder remarked, she hadn't expected it . . . as if she wasn't worth the lot of them, they and their bank accounts put together!

She was up at dawn that day. James claimed to have heard her since six, and when he finally came downstairs he found her busy over her wash tubs, with a morning's work half finished.

"Why, what on earth are you doing, mother?" he asked, just as though, Miss Schroeder went on, he didn't know she had been killing herself all week, getting his things ready, and she with her heart the way it was! And when she answered, instead of being grateful, he flew into a rage. He raved and ranted, reported Miss Schroeder, saying how he had told his mother over and over again to send his clothes to the laundry. And she just standing there, trying to smile, and not even answering! When he had finally stopped and left for work, she had merely taken off her glasses, wiped them shakily on her apron and said: "Poor boy, he's so unnerved . . ."

But she, too, was unnerved, Miss Schroeder saw. She was pale, there were lines around her mouth, and her hands were shaking visibly. She had not looked well all week, and Miss Schroeder was worried. She had determined there and then, Miss Schroeder said later, to stay with Mother Tanner until that morning was over.

And stay she had, while Mother Tanner washed and while she ironed, while she beat up a cake she wanted to take to the Townsends, and while

she cleaned the rooms and made the beds. (She had always refused to have a maid in the house; it wasn't right, she had always said, to use *all* James's money on the housekeeping.) Miss Schroeder even stood by while she dressed, and afterward sat with her in the front window, waiting for James to come home early, as had been arranged, and drive her to the Townsends.

And it was there, in the parlor, waiting for James, that Mother Tanner had said the only words against Mary that any one had ever heard. It had been so little — scarcely a criticism at all — that Miss Schroeder would never have remembered it, if there had ever been anything else. She had merely remarked in passing how little Mary thought about clothes. "She has always had so many, you know," she had said, "that she has never really had to think about them. I do hope James will realize that and be patient . . ."

So the morning had passed. And finally it was noon, and James had not arrived. Mother Tanner had been growing more and more nervous with every passing minute. And finally, at five minutes after twelve, she rose.

"James has forgotten me or been delayed," she said. "I'd better start."

"Oh, no!" Miss Schroeder replied. "You mustn't do that. Why, it's miles!"

"Not miles, Emily," Mrs. Tanner said, smiling that sweet, sad smile. "When James was little I used to traipse all the way out to Point-of-Pines with my sewing. I guess I am still young enough to walk thirteen city blocks."

And regarding her, Miss Schroeder had known there was no use arguing.

"Very well," she said, rising. "I shall walk with you." ("I could have beaten that boy," she added when she repeated the story.)

And so they had started, Miss Schroeder holding on to Mother Tanner's arm and guiding her step, which was more faltering than she had noticed it to be before. It took them fifteen minutes to go four blocks, and Miss Schroeder was in no way surprised when, at the corner of Seventh and Elm Streets, Mother Tanner suddenly said, "I can go no further," and began to weep, sagging over on Miss Schroeder's shoulder.

"I just kept my head, I don't know how," Miss Schroeder said, talking about it later, "and hailed a cab. I can't say how I got her into it, for by that time she was already unconscious. But I did. I managed it somehow . . . Oh, that boy will pay in the hereafter for the way he's treated his mother!"

They arrived back home just as James, nearly distracted, he said, (though some, as Miss Schroeder told him, might think different) drew up in the car. He had been searching all over town for them, he said, had called the Townsends finally and not finding them there, had given up and returned. He carried his mother into the house, while Miss Schroeder telephoned for the doctor.

And when the doctor came and told them that, although Mother Tanner would recover, she had nearly had a stroke and must have no excitement, James had done the only thing he could have done, so that Miss Schroeder could not think

better of him even for that. He had telephoned Mary, and after a half-hour's talk and an interview later that afternoon, they had decided to postpone the wedding.

It was wonderful, Miss Schroeder thought, that the news, when she heard it, did not appear to effect Mother Tanner in any way for the worse.

Deserted Sheep Pasture

BY FRANCES FROST

Now a red fox runs where sheep
Were wont to pasture years ago,
And everlasting climbs the steep
Hillside where the slow winds go
That once were musical with bells
Hung from wandering woolly throats.
Now within the cobalt wells
Of morning, death, the lean hawk, floats
And falls upon the shivering mouse
And haunts the grass-nest of the hare,
Or swoops on jewel-weeds to rouse
The huddled chipmunk quaking there.
The seed-pods of the thistles break
Where once the plaintive bleating blew
Among the junipers that shake
In silence now. The meadow-rue
Stirs softly, and the ghosts of sheep
Lie down in the lonely sun to sleep.



Oriental Tom-Toms

BY H. B. ELLISTON

Japan enjoys a victory, both military and diplomatic, for the first time

LORD CROMER, the great British pro-consul, once said that in a complex political problem there is always a key-point, if you can find it. Japan is becoming a complex political problem. All the world this winter will be waiting anxiously for the first sign of her retreat from the extreme position which she has assumed in Manchuria in defiance of the world's collective system, as reflected in the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, whose implied condemnation of Japan's conduct has now been affirmed by the League Commission of Inquiry under Lord Lytton. Let us, then, follow Lord Cromer's advice, and, in the hope of finding the key-point in the Japanese attitude, select a starting point that gives promise of leading to the required goal.

One which, I think, will make many dark places clear is seemingly irrelevant. It is the Japanese partiality for assassinating their leaders. The record since the start of the Manchurian adventure on September 18, 1931, is startling. Two premiers, a senior general, the leading industrialist, the foremost financier — such is the year's toll of life. Many

others, including the Mikado himself, have also been the target for either knife or bomb, with more or less serious results in every case except the Mikado's. As French government used to be described as tempered by songs, so government and public life in general in the land of the cherry blossom may be said to be tempered by assassination.

Leaders in all countries expose themselves to the fanatic, the crazy, or the super-patriot. But in Japan assassination is almost respectable. Deep down in the national make-up the feeling exists that there must be something praiseworthy in such an excess of *esprit* as impels a person to despatch a leader. Sweet and honorable it may be for a Japanese to kill a compatriot for his own country. The people admit that the death penalty is necessary for the safety of the State, and in general impose it; but an assassin "whose heart within him burns" may none the less be acclaimed a hero as his remains are borne to their last resting place. Even if the act reveals a giddy head rather than a burning heart, there is bound to be some attempt to establish in favor of the perpetra-

tor a high and disinterested motive.

Such super-patriotism is the price that Japan is paying for a sixty-five year old regimentation of patriotism. Commodore Perry knocked at the door of a country still hermit and feudal. The size and armament of his ships showed the Japanese that they could no longer remain aloof from the world. They were likewise persuaded that if they wished to remain an independent entity they must put on the modern trappings of nationalism. For ten centuries the source of national authority, the Mikado, had lain dormant—kept in monkish seclusion by the dominant feudal lord. Now the dust was brushed off the throne and in the new Mikado a genius stood revealed, the Emperor Meiji, who proceeded to wake up in true Rip Van Winkle style. The occasion did, indeed, produce the man for the Restoration (or as the Japanese themselves call it, the Renovation) of 1868. Around him, moreover, gathered as great a coterie of statesmen as ever assisted at a national rebirth. They went to work systematically in educating the people to feel, in a way that the Japanese had never felt before, that all their privileges in life came direct from a terrestrial All-Highest who was but one remove from Heaven itself.

Though, with the passing of Meiji, the throne lost a good deal of its personality, and, by reigning instead of ruling, became more or less institutionalized, it has lost none of its force as the dominant motif in the national life. *Lèse majesté* has become sacrilege, patriotism a religion and nationalism a personal vanity.

How deep rooted are all three, in spite of the latter-day and much-

boosted progress of democracy, was occasionally revealed prior to the Manchurian outbreak. The world was amused, for instance, when it learned that the preamble to the Kellogg Pact saying that the treaty was signed "in the name of their respective peoples" caused a parliamentary crisis in Japan. The democratic ascription was the trouble. A bit of phraseology that seemed harmless to every other signatory without exception—monarchies and oligarchies as well as democracies—fell foul of the theocracy which had been so sedulously erected on top of Japan's national constitutions. So concerned were the legislators as to the bearing of this seemingly innocent phrase on their national institutions that to their present chagrin they entirely overlooked the necessity pointed out by one wise old member of the Privy Council that Manchuria should be reserved from the operations of the Pact. The Japanese omission to do in Manchuria what the United States and Great Britain did in regard to the American continent and the Suez area respectively was in great part, I would not say wholly, explicable by this preoccupation.

The greatest single change in Japan from the Meiji Restoration came in the behavior of the *samurai*, beau-ideal of Japanese manhood. Samurai were the knights formerly in attendance upon the feudal lords. They were in the habit of exacting an accounting with their swords, without benefit of prior argument, for any insult, fancied or real, to their masters. They propped up the feudal power. Under the training of the Meiji statesmen, their feudal

loyalty was transformed into allegiance to Emperor and State, a process that, in a similar circumstance, took many long years in England, until, in fact, Henry VIII was able to dominate the country. In Japan the training was expedited by the allowances which were made for the *samurai* and their imitators in the expression of their neopatriotic sentiment. A diverted loyalty was enough. They were not taught to civilize their quick tempers and to keep their hands off their sword hilts.

Thus if Japanese super-patriots draw the sword in reparation for real or fancied injuries to the State, Japanese leadership can not criticize them too harshly without criticizing the whole philosophy of Japanese political training.

Naturally the result has often been very embarrassing.

THE craziest of Japanese assassinations deprived the country of Japan's "great commoner," Premier Hara, in 1921. He was stabbed to death as the result of a foolish pun. *Hara* means "belly" and *bara-kiri*, "cut-belly." *Hara-kiri* is a form of suicide accomplished with a short sword and was formerly a privilege allowed to gentlemen in place of execution but is now a favorite method of calling attention to the country's woes. Hara's murderer, a young railroad employe, had been discussing Mr. Hara's alleged misdeeds with a group of co-workers. "A lot of people talk about *bara-kiri*, but precious few do it," exclaimed the youth. His hearers jeered. "Well, you'll see," he retorted hotly, "I will cut—Hara," omitting in his anger to say "com-

mit" before "cut—Hara." According to witnesses at the trial, supported by the prisoner's own confession, the pun supplied the inspiration for the stabbing of Mr. Hara. Still many Japanese felt called upon to do honor to the half-wit. They considered that he had done well in showing his displeasure with Hara; consequently, the State, fearing a demonstration, decided not to impose extreme punishment.

In this case the State acted on a recent experience. One of the greatest demonstrations celebrating an assassin occurred just prior to the Hara outrage. The victim was Japan's richest man. He was murdered by one of a group called *China ronin* (literally, "masterless man," but in this connotation, "rough-neck"), who cause so much trouble in Chinese-Japanese relations that many observers hold that those of them who live in Shanghai were more responsible than anybody else for the precipitation of the recent Shanghai "war." Though the assailant was executed, nevertheless he had a magnificent funeral. In attendance was a huge concourse of *Sosbi*, or professional bullies, who are generally used as bodyguards for politicians, as *agents provocateurs* against labor groups, as hirelings for patriotic associations, and the like. But, in addition, immense crowds of the general public and the labor unionists, for once like-minded with the *Sosbi*, shared in the tribute.

In most cases a leader is assassinated over a political question. One of the most promising stars in the diplomatic service was done to death in 1913 because of his alleged responsibility for a loss of Japan's

"face" in foreign affairs. Chinese soldiery had killed two Japanese barbers in the streets of Nanking. A super-patriot, taking the insult to heart, invaded the foreign office in Tokyo, and despatched the chief of the China section. He then spread out a map of China and committed *bari-kiri* on it. Japan forgot the loss of this rising diplomat in lauding the misguided criminal's patriotism.

A similar tragedy, which, however, did not end fatally, occurred thirty-five years ago over the negotiations with the foreign powers to revise Japan's treaties. The statesman in charge was the Marquis Okuma, later called Japan's "Grand Old Man." A young patriot thought him too complacent, and to mark his displeasure, threw a bomb at him, as a result of which action Okuma lost a leg. There were two remarkable features about this outrage: first, the Japanese erected a shrine to commemorate the deed; secondly, among the subscribers was Okuma himself, who said that though the young man was mistaken he meant well!

Any slight to the Emperor is surer to bring retribution with knife or bomb than disservice to the State. What is deemed a slight would seem very trivial to Westerners, even to those who are subjects of monarchs. Perhaps the most amazing example happened twenty-five years ago over a visit paid to an imperial shrine by a Minister of Education. Without thinking, the official used his walking stick to move aside the curtain of the shrine. For this he fell victim to the anger of a silly youngster in whose befuddled mind the gesture spelled *lèse majesté*. The minister was one of Japan's greatest states-

men, but he is now forgotten, while a tablet honors the deed of the bemused patriot.

Assassinations such as these had one thing in common. They were individual affairs. In the orgy of the last twelve months, however, there is evidence of brotherhoods devoted to patriotic blood-letting. Of late it has been revealed to the world that they belong to Fascist societies either drawn from or encouraged by the young officer personnel of army and navy. The premier society has a programme as comprehensive as Hitler's. It is anti-capitalist as well as ultra-nationalist. Before September, 1931, it was concerned over the "unholy alliance" at home between capitalist and politician, which, it contended, was ruining Japanese agriculture, and therefore sapping the foundations of the State.

THE place of agriculture in Japan needs some emphasis because the romance of Japan's industrial growth has given the impression that Japan has ceased to be a predominantly agricultural country. No more fundamental mistake could be made. Over fifty per cent of Japan's population are still on the land. Agriculture still commands the largest amount of capital as well as labor of all productive enterprises. But the battle to keep Japanese agriculture abreast of the food requirements of a nation which increases its population by a million a year has gone against agriculture. The soil, though constantly revitalized with immense amounts of fertilizer, simply can not do the work. The experts say, indeed, that it has entered upon the stage of diminishing returns, and adduce an impressive

array of statistics to prove their thesis. Hence the burden of supporting the swollen population has been undertaken by modern industry, which has grown into the State's pampered child. No capitalist country can show the record of subsidization of industry prevailing in Japan. Abuses under a tariff system have proved to be unavoidable in any country. In Japan, under a tariff and subsidy system, they have become chronic, and have been interspersed every now and then with unsavory scandals. But, as in every country, the farmers are not united, and the army and navy, eighty-five per cent of whom, officers and men, hail from the land, have focused the discontent.

Moreover, Japan's prestige in the world was felt (before the Manchurian episode) to be suffering from the same disease of retrogression. Since the Washington Conference foreign as well as home policy had been influenced by the industrialists of Osaka, Japan's Manchester. On the theory that you can not prod a customer with a bayonet and expect him still to buy from you, Osaka dictated liberalism toward China. It may be true that you can not jack Chinese customers into buying Japanese goods, but experience had not proved the reverse — that you could encourage them to buy those goods by dandling them. For China trade had dwindled, and the world depression had made it dwindle further; so that in the military mind the net result of a liberal foreign policy in terms of cash was nil, while the price paid in the decline of prestige was overwhelming.

The Japanese military were more

Japanese in their method of phrasing the twin issue. They said that Japan was getting "soft," so that there was danger of a loss of the spirit of old Japan, the *samurai* spirit. In Manchuria the opportunity arose of reviving it. Manchuria is called the "first line of defense" against the "enemy." All general staffs have an "enemy," somebody to train against, somebody as a target for their tactics; and in Japan it is Russia. The conquest of Manchuria would seal up Japan's defenses, which before September 18 last year were out on a very precarious limb, ending in mid-air at the terminal of the Japanese-concessioned South Manchuria railway, Changchun, now "Manchukuo's" capital. There is ground for the suspicion that the military made their own opportunity. Japanese soldier guards were seen practising the capture of Mukden several days before the Chinese allegedly tore up the tracks of the South Manchuria railway and precipitated the beginning of the Manchurian adventure. Anyway, the event occurred, and the Japanese military machine immediately swung into action.

If there is one place where Japan is always likely to reveal its regimentation in all its regalia, it is Manchuria. Manchuria is a shrine where hosts of Japanese shed their blood during the Russo-Japanese War of thirty years ago. It is also a rice bowl, a life-line, as the Japanese call it; provider of a good deal of sustenance — beans, coal and iron — to a people always harassed by a population problem, now crushed under the weight of the world depression.

Even in normal times the Japanese agrarian population lives on the

ragged edge of penury. Its problem is a real one, that of wringing a living from an unwilling soil; not the Alice-economics problem of keeping down production, as in the United States. The average holding is .9 of an acre. In the United States it is 31.7 acres. Even the simple wants of the Japanese farmer can not be satisfied on the diet produced by such a tiny plot. Two things are therefore constantly on the Japanese farmer's mind. One is the cash price he can get for the side-line that he is forced to take up. In most cases this is one or other process in silk culture—growing mulberry leaves, rearing the cocoons, or reeling the silk, sometimes all three. The other is the assurance of a continuous and cheap supply of fertilizer.

Both problems are related. If the Japanese farmer can not get a fair price for his silk, fertilizer, no matter what price it is, is dear. How little silk has yielded of late years in the land of its production may be appreciated from the way prices have tobogganed on the New York Raw Silk Exchange. In 1929 they started to slide at \$5.25 a pound and they reached \$1.05 this year. Added to that trouble came the threat to the source of much of the fertilizer, Manchuria. Beancake is one of the four fertilizers used on Japanese farms, and it all comes from Manchuria, which exports to Japan twenty-five per cent of Japan's takings of fertilizer from abroad. Manchuria is thus a rice bowl for Japanese soil as well as Japanese stomachs.

IN SUCH an emergency as occurred in Manchuria the military acquire under the constitution the

power to control the course of events in the affected spot. But hitherto there has always been a certain deference to Government opinion during these emergencies. On this occasion, however, the Government was left completely in the lurch, though neither Washington nor Geneva seemed to believe it. It found itself not only being pushed from behind by the military but having to read about accomplished facts in Manchuria from the newspapers, facts which it had been denying in foreign chancelleries. Several times, when caught in this situation, it threatened to deprive the army in Manchuria of its supplies; but nothing happened to their orders, and it was evident that something unusual was afoot. This came to light on October 16 last year. The wife of a colonel, overhearing the details of a projected *coup d'état*, gave information to the police. A round-up was ordered. Nothing has yet appeared in the Japanese press about this counter-coup, but it is understood that about a hundred officers were arrested, and sent to an interior fortress. Papers seized by the police were found to implicate not only the bulk of the army and navy officer-personnel, but personages close to the throne. The investigation had thus to be dropped like a firebrand, and the Government fell, while the general staff changed hands.

The new dispensation, under Premier Inukai, who lasted until his assassination on May 15, pursued such a vigorous policy in Manchuria and China that the surmise is tenable that it was the piper of a tune called by the young military through the

new Minister of War, Sadao Araki, one of the men to arise out of the world depression who should be watched. For months the anomaly persisted. To the world Japan's policy seemed two-faced. But it was really three-faced. First, the Government put up a front to show that the form of representative government still existed. Secondly, while the emergency existed, the responsible military leaders were constitutionally in control. Thirdly, the military leaders followed the dictates of the young officers, now able to come out in the open. So Japanese newspapers toward the end of last year began to refer mysteriously to the "White Terror," meaning the army Fascists, who eventually dispensed so drastically with Inukai, a man who, though carrying out the ultra-nationalist policy abroad, was nevertheless too much of a politician of the old school to fulfil the Fascist demand for reform at home. The reason for tolerating him was that, though Hitlerism dominates Japanese thought, there is no Hitler. This accounts for the latest reprieve for responsible government in the choice of Viscount Saito, a man of enough character to raise him above the suspicion now entertained toward all politicians, to head a super-party Government, as the civilians' last chance before the military Fascists come in. If he had not recognized the puppet State of Manchukuo, which world diplomacy is now trying to persuade Japan to disown, that event, in all probability, would have happened.

The military Fascists were unsure of the complete regimentation of Japan until they had proved Japa-

nese gallantry in the field and until the world had demonstrated both Japanese isolation and the fissures in the world's collective system.

The Japanese are neither gratuitously nor rampageously bellicose. Troop trains left Japan for the Siberian front ten years ago with, to my own personal knowledge, scarcely any display of popular enthusiasm. That episode—the Allied Intervention after the War—was as much disliked in Japan as later it came to be disliked in Washington. But in Manchuria, as I had said, all the elements were present for the kindling of national ardor. Nevertheless the Manchurian operations did not provide the opportunity for that gallantry which was necessary to quicken the national pulse. This came in the Shanghai "war." During the military operations against the Chinese Nineteenth Route Army the Japanese newspapers called attention to the amazing number of casualties among the commanders, majors and colonels in proportion to the total. Evidently the medium-rank officers were leading, not urging, their men into action. Their exploits, and those of their men, filled Japan with enthusiasm. Two in particular made them feel that the "softness" in the national calibre to which the Fascists had called attention had hardened again. One was the quixotic feat of three men who, during a swift advance, threw themselves, their pockets full of bombs, on a dense barrier of barbed wire, allowing their comrades an unimpeded passage. The other was the successful air fight with the American aviator in Chinese employ, Short. Japan had always entertained a half-afraid feeling that

she was no match for Westerners in aerial combat. This fight removed that feeling.

The world attitude also played into the hands of Japanese military ambition. I shall not go into the history of the last twelve months of note-writing, emission of doctrines, and international pow-pows. Much has been written about them. There is a key-note running through them all, and that is the intimidation of Japan. At the start of the affair particularly, the world trod very sharply on Japan's Achilles' Heel. The theorists, who are responsible for what passes for public opinion on questions outside its ken, began academically to reappraise the treaties obtained twenty to thirty years ago giving Japan the title to its "State within a State" in South Manchuria—railroad and land concessions chiefly. The last meeting of a distinguished American organization, for instance, devoted hour after hour to a public wrangle, provoked by the Manchurian affair, on duress as applied to the validity of treaties. These pre-occupations were encouraged for months by "high League circles," presumably the Secretariat, in the comments that furnished the background for the newspaper correspondence from Geneva. Imagine a mishap perpetrated against the Panama Canal by the Panamans, and then think of the repercussion in the United States of similar discussions in Geneva and elsewhere about the validity of American treaty rights obtained thirty years ago. At a time which to Japan was one of national peril such discussions over what right she had in being in Manchuria at all were calculated to make the

entire country curl up in the patriotic shell made by the Meiji statesmen.

At the same time world intimidation was hesitating, lacking in cohesion. It was the half-and-half type that so often defeats its own object. I feel convinced that had the United States been as coöperative with Geneva in September, 1931, as she later proved to be, Japan would have accepted the original proposal for a joint commission of investigation, a proposal which was later exhumed as the Lytton Commission by Japan herself only after the military had got completely in the saddle, and had divested Japan's diplomats of responsibility. Nationally as well as individually Japan has hitherto suffered from a kind of inferiority complex. She has been content to follow the great powers where they have led, even in China. Her subservience has cost her dear. She has gone from one frustration to another. In 1895, as the prize of the Chino-Japanese War, she got her teeth for the first time into Manchuria. But at the request of a coalition of powers headed by Russia, she was compelled to let go, only to see Russia a few years later take what she had abandoned. Then she has always felt that, though she won the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, she was outwitted in the peace by that consummate diplomatist, Count Witte, who even succeeded in making a breach in the hitherto pro-Japanese sentiment of the United States. Again, during the Great War, she essayed to gain a superior position in China. Once more she was balked, this time by President Wilson. During the Siberian Intervention, in

which she was invited to participate by the same President, the ardor of her imperialists returned and they dreamed of "watering their horses at the Urals." But at the Washington Conference Mr. Hughes brought them to heel, and obtained the withdrawal of all the Japanese forces from Siberian territory. Nowadays, as the result of the various naval agreements, Japan is supreme in her own home waters, and is therefore sufficiently strong to oppose any dictation in the Far East from outside; but if she has been faced with a strong diplomatic combination at the onset of the Manchurian trouble, the old unwillingness to run counter to world sentiment would, I feel sure, have reasserted itself.

SUCH a success would, of course, have settled nothing. The welkin would have rung to the tune of "the peace machinery has been vindicated"; but the price would have been the postponement of the day of reckoning, with even more "gigantic collisions" than those that Mr. Newton D. Baker now envisages as potentialities in the Far East. For, if precedent is of any value, the success would have led to the further intimidation of Japan into returning to a most unsatisfactory *status quo ante*. And, like the Biblical Martha, she would have nursed the further reverse to her bosom, and prepared, as Bolivia has now done, for *Der Tag*.

All who have the slightest acquaintance with Japan know how bitterly she has fretted over the historical setbacks to the "manifest destiny" decreeing her establishment beyond question on the Asiatic main-

land. Sometimes the feeling has come publicly to the surface. This has occurred when fresh light has been thrown on past diplomatic reverses by new revelations. The last occasion was Major H. O. Yardley's book on the way he decoded for Mr. Hughes all Japan's secret messages to and from her delegates during the bargaining attendant upon Japan's deflation at the Washington Conference. The book was serialized in the main Japanese newspapers. Now they knew the reason why they were outmaneuvered! One party was playing with loaded dice! However, if liberalism in China had paid, if the world had rendered more than lip service to economic internationalism, if the world depression had not come, these resentments might eventually have evaporated. The "ifs" failed to materialize. Consequently, all the old grudges have come out, and Japan feels that the overtures from world diplomacy in connection with Manchuria, even in the sheep's clothing of the Kellogg Pact, disguise the same old wolf—the one that kept her, from 1895 to 1921, from settling down comfortably on the Asiatic mainland. What is more important, now that she has tested her wings and finds that they can carry even in the tempest of world protest, she is not afraid of the intimidation that used to make her cave in. For instance, the massing of the American fleet in the Pacific, of which few Americans are aware but which the Japanese read about every day in their newspapers, is now quite an idle threat.

It is this new Japan that is engaging the world's concern. Japan has become a psychological expression.

Talk to any Japanese and you will come in contact with the exhilaration of a nation which has taken a plunge into unknown seas with unquenchable faith in its destiny as its chart. Even the Communists have become Fascists. To use the Japanese phrase, the people have become infected with the *samurai* spirit. How real is this condition was illustrated for me in a letter which I received from a university student in Japan last April. He wrote:

Even a slip of words in disparagement of the War Office is enough to make the speaker a victim of a serious wound or breakdown. The phonographs in cafés and restaurants that used to send out sweet melodies of waltz and jazz are today sending out sonorous choruses of war songs. War pictures and plays are being staged at every music hall and theatre. Even the confectionery sold in the shops has changed. "Patriotic Dumpling" and "Victorious Ricecake" are better sellers today than "Flower-Viewing Dumpling" and "Cherry Ricecake," even in this flower-viewing season.

That certainly sounded like a note from a bristling nation. The present generation still remembers how even Occidental nations themselves can beat the tom-toms during war-time. But the bristling in Japan, while fed from streams which, *mutatis mutandis*, would have had precisely the same results in an Occidental nation,

has its own peculiar roots. It was the manifestation of these roots that accounted for the Occidental exasperation last fall which made world statesmen at Geneva go off at half-cock in telling Japan to clear out of Manchuria by a certain date. Because of these roots world opinion is regarding many facets in the Japanese conduct over the last twelve months with the bewilderment that overcomes people in the presence of a phenomenon. I would venture the opinion, however, that if anything is calculated to melt the excessive militarization of national opinion in Japan, it is the Lytton report, with its attention to realities which, as Coventry Patmore once said, is the beginning of wisdom. Japan would secure under this policy the fulfilment of half a century of unsuccessful diplomacy on the Asiatic mainland. In exchange she would be expected to reacknowledge Chinese sovereignty so formal that it would allow for autonomy for Manchuria under what seems to amount to Japanese guidance. Some have said that the tragedy of the Lytton report is that it has come too late. I can not think so yet. What is the tragedy, it seems to me, is that it should have appeared necessary to win it by the exercise of force.



The Elusive Mr. Craig

BY ALICE STORMS

An accidental encounter with Edward Gordon Craig

“JEAN, this steak is not cooked at all! I can't eat it. Take it away!”

Heavens! What an irascible gentleman! On second thought, why should such a speech betoken a gentleman at all? The fact remained that it did, and that it also greatly enhanced the steak's importance.

A startled silence hung over the dining room for a moment, interrupting mothers' polyglot admonitions to children to mind their table manners. My own feelings were a mixture of delight at the promise of unexpected zest in store, and of resentment at coming upon distracting elements in the suburban hotel where I had expected to be sufficiently bored to be able to finish the Book.

A dozen words from an invisible gentleman had relegated my consideration of Chapter Five to the middle distance and concentrated my attention on the tangible silence behind me (for no neck-craning would bring the owner of the Voice into my line of vision).

In a few minutes, Jean, looking very much worried, hurried past me, watched more or less surreptitiously by every one in the dining room. As usual, the silver platter was “*très*

chaud, Monsieur,” but Jean's tone was distinctly timorous. In answer, the Voice, rippling over a chuckle, grew suave, and even vaguely, humorously apologetic: “One has to roar like a lion sometimes to get any attention.”

A mild little white-haired man in the corner shook his head deprecatingly. “Oh, I don't know about that, I never roar and Jean always serves me last—I suppose he wants to give me the choicest morsel as a reward for patience.”

In answer, there came a gleeful laugh, kindly, a bit rueful: “Some people don't need to roar, Mr. Warren. And they are lucky. I wish I could be just naturally and frankly a lamb!”

Why has no impresario ever put on a play with half the actors behind the scenes answering those in front just for their own pleasure? What limitless possibilities! When the Book is finished, I may look into them!

“By the way, have you been down to the little cinema near the church this week?” The Voice was making conversation, as though atoning for the outburst of rage. “That Spinelly is an *actress*. How she could play Lady Macbeth. Of course she's

a rollicking comedienne, but she should not waste her talents. The picture is a little *risqué*." Here the voice must have turned to a "sup" by his side. "What is it called? I've forgotten."

Almost inaudibly came the desired information: "*Amour à l'Américaine*."

A whimsical laugh. "Yes, very amusing indeed. Though you, as an American, might not find it so. Anyway Spinelly should be playing Lady Macbeth."

Spinelly was settled for all time, though she did not know it. And Mr. Warren was dazed—what did he know of Spinelly, or *risqué* films?

A chair scraped on the floor. Evidently roaring lions waste no time over luncheon and conversation. When a thing is done, it is done. A tall figure loomed beside me, nodded with perfunctory courtesy and strode from the room. A moment later, the same tall figure appeared in the garden framed by the open window. Against the ivy-covered wall in the brilliant sun, there was something cameo-like about the clear-cut profile, the fine head with its white hair swept straight back. He lighted his pipe, picked up his hat and disappeared through the gate. It was not until he was gone that I realized that the hat was of the broad-brimmed kind generally recognized as part of actors' more or less affected stock-in-trade. In his case, any other hat would have seemed a contradiction—so clearly did voice, walk and bearing bespeak the artist born and bred.

To my credit be it said that instead of following the match-trail he left behind him, I spent the afternoon

on Chapter Six. I did not, however, resist the temptation of going into the garden before dinner in the hope of catching a glimpse of my unknown celebrity. For once virtue was rewarded beyond its expectations, for the celebrity slipped stealthily into the empty dining room and laid something on one of the tables with all the mischievousness of a small boy. Then, well-pleased with his prank, he sat down unconcernedly in his place to wait for the dinner bell.

The plot thickened as he half rose in ceremonious greeting of a lovely, starry-eyed little girl of eleven or twelve, followed by her father and her very beautiful mother. He returned at once to his book as the little girl pounced on the envelope with questioning, pleased surprise. It was she who danced across to the donor, so absorbed in his book and his dinner, that he looked up with ferocious mien at the intruder. Evidently the ferocious mien had its desired effect, for it melted into the kindest of twinkles as the child laughed, bobbed her curtsy, smiled her thanks and ran back to her place. Her mother, smiling delightedly, leaned nearer to the child and read: "A little prize for Margaret to give her patience to wait for the Grand Prix for musical excellence."

Margaret's eyes shone with natural childish joy in the attention of some one she liked; but her mother was visibly impressed. "You spoil her, Mr. Craig. When she grows up she will cherish that wood-cut as her most precious possession."

Mr. Craig? The elusive Edward Gordon Craig? The man who has been accused of all the crimes known to the theatrical world? Of extermi-

nating actors and authors and managers, of putting in their places masks and super-marionettes and scenery — even of substituting himself for them all? Could this be the man whose ideas the theatrical world had greedily gobbled up — reviling him unmercifully the while? Fate was indeed kind — and Chapter Seven and all the others could wait. Of course, I might not get a word out of him, but even Edward Gordon Craig could not prevent my watching and listening; he could not keep me from talking with Margaret's mother — perhaps even his secretary, though I fancied that her professional scruples might outweigh her pride in the "master."

As he came in from his after-dinner walk with his ever-present pipe, he strode across the garden, apparently oblivious to its occupants. At the door, he turned, his coat swinging from his shoulders—Don Juan? Hamlet? Again it was Margaret he singled out. "I'll play some music for you," he said, and disappeared. A perfect exit.

A few moments later, he looked down upon us from an upper window, like one of his own marionettes, or a mischievous Guignol.

"Do you like that one?"

Margaret answered ruefully, "I couldn't hear it."

His laugh rang out. "I haven't played it yet, but if you were polite you would say you liked it anyway!"

Then he set his phonograph on the window ledge and in the gathering twilight, he played Chopin and Bach; appearing in the window to announce each new selection, absorbed in the business of the moment, enjoying the concert he was

giving for a little girl as much as any production on the stage.

The music went on till darkness fell, a square of light filled the window, he appeared silhouetted against it, bowed. The shutters closed upon him: "*E finito.*"

THE next morning my revision of Chapter Eight was being somewhat disturbed by shouts and screams from below, when suddenly a merry chuckling laugh rang out, grew ironical, Mephistophelian, mad — till the noisy children stopped their play, stood a moment transfixed gazing up at the house, then turned and ran panic-stricken out of sight. The wild laughter trailed off into quiet and I sent a silent vote of thanks to Gordon Craig.

At luncheon, a little apologetically, he remarked to Mr. Warren: "I hope I did not disturb any one this morning. Those damned children made so much noise I couldn't work, so I used the only means at my command to make them understand that there are pleasanter places to play than under my window. The chief of police will probably be coming along to take me to a padded cell, but at least I finished my book in peace, and I shall probably be far away before they get to my case. Excellent thing, laughter, Mr. Warren."

Evidently, I had no time to waste — should I try the secretary or Mr. Craig himself, or Margaret's mother? I had decided on trying the lion when he set my decision at naught by going off immediately after luncheon. But as it happened, the apparent misfortune was really a piece of luck, for Margaret's mother had a

whole set of the *Mask*, and *Scene* and even *A Production* and *Hamlet* and *Bookplates* — and would be very glad to let me look at them. Only I should have to hurry and to promise not to tell, for she had to return them during the afternoon in order that they might be packed in preparation for Mr. Craig's departure. So while she kept a sharp look-out to warn me if Mr. Craig should return, I turned the pages of the *Mask*.

I had to be content with turning the pages rapidly, seizing here and there an idea — just as the theatre has always done! Here was the drawing of the antique theatre at Orange which had first shown him the dramatic value of tiny figures in great doors with deep shadows and straight lines. There was a diagram of a medieval multiple scene, precursor of his own. There were other tributes to the past, thus brought within the reach of the theatre of today: to medieval church rites with their perfect dramatic unity and discipline: to the *Commedia dell'Arte*; to the Elizabethan stage. There were masks and supermarionettes — all the groping and experimenting that have filled Gordon Craig's days in his long search for standards for the theatre, for "*lettres de noblesse*" that would bring it into its own. As Delacroix or Bourdelle drew the same foot or hand or bit of drapery a hundred times before setting it in paint or molding it in clay, so he had set down a hundred aspects of the same scene, dug up all the experience of the past and wondered about it.

He has been hailed — or reviled — as an innovator, yet what appeared here most clearly and perhaps most surprisingly was his intelligent "lean-

ing" on the past. Everything in the theatres of all times and all places had been turned to account, adapted to modern needs, tinged with his personality epitomized for the use of the theatre of today. As Manet painted in the manner of Velasquez, or Goya, and still was Manet, so in the pages of the *Mask* Gordon Craig's ideal for the theatre, for actors, and acting and plays and settings appears embodying elements taken from many places and yet distinctly itself — a plea for a symphony made of all the crafts that make up the arts of the theatre — a symphony in which each would be given its proper place.

As my hostess grew increasingly impatient, I turned regretfully from the *Mask* and *Scene* and their story of tireless seeking for the theatre's touch-stone, to *A Production* — the perfect record of his marvelous representation of *The Pretenders* in Copenhagen in 1926. Here the "wheels go round" visibly — for of the many scenes so carefully drawn that no engineer could doubt Mr. Craig's technical skill, most were intended only to create atmosphere — not to be actual plans for stage use. And the scenes that were used and those that were not meant to be used are commented upon by Mr. Craig.

Regretfully again, I closed *A Production* over which I could have pored for hours, and opened the Cranach edition of *Hamlet* turning its pages with bated breath. If ever the essence of tragedy has been set down on paper it is in that marvelous edition, where blacks and grays of varying tones and every line of figures and backgrounds breathe bleak hopelessness.

But these are not things to be regarded under the pressure of a possible interruption, so I turned back to the *Mask*, and my mental pursuit of Ellen Terry's son from the days when his one ambition was to be "a second Irving" to the time when he put on the *Pretenders* in Copenhagen. What a debt of gratitude he feels to his mother, and to Henry Irving! Yet in spite of his mother's disappointment when he, "a born actor," left the stage to pursue the theatre, he continued resolutely on his way. And what joy he got from those performances of the Purcell Opera Company which showed him the limitless possibilities of the stage — till then bounded as far as he was concerned by Irving — and set him to seeking a technique which would permit "the significance of the spoken word to be carried through the actor to the scene he moved in." Eliminate actors and spoken words? Not at all. One might experiment with silent actors moving in an atmosphere created for them (not in a picture-post-card reproduction of a place!); one might even try the effect of an empty scene with words coming from behind or above, or marionettes and masks. But the purpose behind all the experimenting was to create a scene — a place — to enhance the value of the actor and the spoken word.

Others have more or less hesitatingly followed in his wake, but even Max Reinhardt, who has gone as far along Mr. Craig's path as any producer since the days when he changed the whole style of his theatre because he realized the possibilities of Mr. Craig's ideas, has fallen far short of Mr. Craig's own goal. Isadora

Duncan doubtless renewed his confidence, though even she did not see as far as he. And how Eleanora Duse, who saw in him the actor's only escape from fetters, must have reveled in the *Rosmersholm* he created for her.

I was marveling at the universality of the man's theatrical knowledge, and agreeing with George Jean Nathan that Gordon Craig must certainly have made the "greatest individual contribution to the stage" of modern times, when a "There he comes!" sent me scurrying down the stairs.

As luck would have it, I met Mr. Craig coming up. He smiled. And I ventured to ask if he would help a poor journalist to earn some jam for her bread.

"Of course," he answered, "if you will promise not to ask me to paint scenery for a fluffy-haired star. I will meet you after dinner in the garden."

THE nod with which he favored me as he stepped out into the garden that evening was nothing if not perfunctory, and I had some qualms as I followed him. They were forgotten, however, as we walked under the trees where kings had hunted, where lovely ladies had met their knights, where noisy children play. For he talked and talked, leaving ideas disconcertingly in mid-air, as if to say: "You go on from there." Jest or earnest? Both perhaps.

"What should I most like to do, you ask, if I could choose? Why now that I think of it, quite frankly, I believe I should like to stay where I am and do nothing for the rest of my life. No, I am not really tired, but I

am tired of doing things for the theatre and getting none of the percentages. I suppose you think I should be satisfied with getting the credit, don't you? For instance, one could live for weeks on what Sir Oswald Stoll said the other day. (You know who Stoll is — the one and only impresario of London!) Well, he said that I brought the theatre to life, that my influence is seen in every great theatrical production of modern times and will probably be felt for 300 years to come! Think of that!

"I must admit that I am rather surprised, for I had always thought that Molière brought the theatre to life and that it had been dead ever since he died! Even before Molière, though, people had brought the theatre to life — theatre men, of course, not literary men who sometimes draw up a careful contract and give the theatre a little bit of their time.

"But I do like to hear Stoll say, like Hecate in *Macbeth*: 'Now, well done, I commend your pains' — for I suppose I have done something; but I can't help wishing he had added the second line — you remember? — 'And every one shall share in the gains.'

"I hate this talk about money as much as any one, but I can't help it, because I haven't any. You wouldn't hear me say a word about it if I had — that would be ill-bred."

Did he think, I wondered that he had to live up to his reputation for being mercenary?

"You think I am joking? Well, strictly between you and me I am just coming to what I should most like to do. I should like to sit down at

a table with a nice white piece of paper and figure out what my share of the gains would be up to date. Then I should like to see a law passed giving every one the right to claim what is due him. I should only claim a fourth of mine, which I suppose would come to about £25,000.

"Isn't that serious enough for you yet? You must have been taking lessons at Geneva, where they say to the fellow who has nothing: 'Don't ask so much — get ready to give us something.'

"But you asked me what I should like to *do* not what I should like to *have*. It is a little hard to *do* anything if you *have* nothing, I must say. But I'd like to do a lot of things. To begin with, I'd like to get a hut to live in — my own.

"Where? Good Heavens! As near Dijon — or Paris — as possible. Why Dijon? Why Paris? Perhaps because Cherbourg is so near New York. I have always wanted to visit my friends in America. I'd like to see those little theatres of yours where my notions have been put to the *best* and the *worst* use possible. Of course, if I had lived in London I could have sailed from Southampton, I suppose. So perhaps I choose Paris or Dijon because the English have recently been good enough to settle a question which has long puzzled me.

"Heavens, no! They haven't given me a theatre! What a question! But there has always been rather a doubt in my mind as to whether one could, being an Englishman, decide to live for the rest of one's life in France, in America, or in some other country. To clear up this point to my own satisfaction, I went to England and

hung around for six months, to see if there was any room for me. Though I am a free lance, I didn't want people to say, 'We couldn't find you — you spend so much time in Italy.' I wanted to be on the spot, in case any one might feel that I could be of use.

"But no one did. Of course one or two made me silly propositions about doing a little bit of scenery here; or conniving at the indiscretions of a manager there — changing the style of my work so that it might almost be recognized as his; sinking my own small personality in his greater one, so that I might do something 'pretty-pretty' on his stage, which he might label 'high art.' There was not one suggestion which any serious artist could possibly entertain for a moment.

"So you see, that's settled. There is no longer any question of my living in England. I am free to settle where I will, and it is a relief to have the matter cleared up definitely."

In spite of the tone of persiflage, his disappointment was poignantly evident. His tragedy was, in its way, the tragedy of Cyrano, or Chantecler, or Don Quixote, possessed of an ideal, convinced of their own power and unable to impress the people whom they longed to serve. But, while I was waxing maudlinly sentimental, he had gone on.

"I suppose you want to know what I think of the theatre today? Unfortunately, I have not seen your American theatre working, and before one can pass judgment, one must see and hear a play, an opera, a farce, a variety show and the rest in action. But I can tell you something about the English theatre. You may

be surprised to hear me say that it probably contains as much talent today as the Russian Theatre which all critics admit is worthy of all praise. That is a catch phrase, but for once it happens to be a true one. The Russian theatre *is* worthy of all praise.

"And so, I repeat, is the *material* in the British theatre. Besides, we have a curious pull over the theatre of every other nation on earth because of that fellow Shakespeare. There's no getting away from Shakespeare — he wrote in English and you just can't translate him. I ought to know, for I was brought up on Shakespeare — read him every day, played him for fun when I was a kid and played him in dead earnest with Irving for eight years.

"Of course, there are people who say that he is not so compact a dramatist as Molière, that he is not so much *of* the theatre. Maybe! Goethe said he so far transcended the theatre as to be rather impossible on the boards! But as an Englishman, I should say that Shakespeare still awaits the proper representation. If any ass of an impresario heard me say that he would probably ask, 'Well, why don't *you* show us one?'

"But he wouldn't realize that this question of really producing Shakespeare has to be gone into thoroughly as scientists go into the analysis and application of some new element they have discovered. Radium, for instance. That can't be 'vamped' any more than Shakespeare can.

"Most modern impresarios, you see, are eager to exploit artists' stray thoughts and get the credit for them; they haven't time for thorough systematic scientific development of a

dramatic area — and that is the only thing that interests me. I have no desire to show off what I can or can not do. And certainly at my time of life I can't compete with those people who put on revues and try to turn Shakespeare into a glorified Offenbach — glorified, and 'very artistic.'

"Perhaps you, being American, do not fully appreciate the significance of that 'very artistic.' It is a distinctly British expression, I think, which runs and twitters all over England. Let some impresario ring up the curtain on a lilac background, against which two ladies in silver dresses are silhouetted, facing to the right and to the left. Let them stand there a long time, looking very pensive — very pensive indeed: then let them begin to dance very brightly. I assure you that the whole of England will say, following the impresario as he taps with his baton: '*Very artistic*' — the whole of England, mind you!

"Now it is obvious that neither I nor any other pretty serious worker will dream of having anything to do with that sort of rubbish. Then, in addition to this stuff there is a good deal of what is called 'leg business,' of course; and a tremendous lot of the funny man, with his *doubles entendres* and *risqué* situations which are so *artistically* done that you can find nothing *horribly French* about them, though, of course, the *horribly French* seems to me to be free from all vulgarity. But you Americans know all about that, for although I have not seen your comic pieces, I have heard about them, and I know that they contain all the best elements of the Continental comic pieces.

"But to get back to the English

theatre. I said we have as good material in England as they have in Russia. You wonder probably what becomes of it. Here is the answer: the conditions under which this excellent talent must work are absolutely destructive of *all* talent. Even Stanislavsky or Moskwine, who are as you know very fine Russian actors, would slowly have to stop being intelligent and original if they were subjected to the conditions which English actors must accept unless they want to be out of work. They would learn that unless you convulse English audiences exactly as they have been convulsed for a century or so, you simply can't amuse them at all, for they absolutely refuse to be amused.

"For just as there is a certain way for the conventional Englishman to come out of his front door, walk down the steps, turn to the right, walk down the street, say something to his friend — just as this rite is gone through with by millions of Englishmen, from millions of front doors in millions of places every day of the year, so there is one way for a comedian to act — and unless he acts in that way, he is no good. Now what can you do with such a public?

"On the other hand, those same English audiences love to see the foreigner come in and do things in his own way for a moment — it gives them such a pleasant sense of good old English superiority, it flatters their vanity, for no English audience will admit that it can't understand this foreign stuff. But it won't be long till those good English audiences will be saying that there are limits beyond which good behavior can not go. And they will object to

Giovanni Grasso because he simply pours his personality on the stage — and explodes. Well, that is perfectly good Italian acting, though many Italians have told me how delightful they find certain English ladies and gentlemen on the English stage. These ladies and gentlemen strike them as so pleasant, so well-bred. And indeed there is no theatre in the world where you can see a better representation of a lady or a gentleman. It is my opinion that any theatre anywhere could gain a great deal by studying certain English actors and actresses who perform these two rôles to perfection.

"The playwrights? Their talent is so great that, like Shakespeare, they are unactable. Certainly no higher compliment can be paid to English dramatists of today! Of course, there are some burly pushing folk who get their paradoxical plays on in a paradoxical manner; but these, I would have you know are the 'better-than-Shakespeares.' Strangely enough there is a third lot, who are really first class and who now and again get a long run for their money — I mean to say, *and* their money.

"I wish I had something to say about Noel Coward, but I have never seen any of his pieces. I have an idea that I should applaud vehemently at the end of each act. I did hear a part of one of his plays on the gramophone once. I forget the name, but it struck me as an astounding interpretation of life. I heard the record through, and thought to myself, 'What a common bit of goods!' Then I thought again to myself, 'What an extraordinary talent Coward must possess!' For I know that the piece could be really beautiful in

the strong sense of the word if interpreted by two actors of a different calibre — perhaps I mean my lady and gentleman actors. But then, the lady and gentleman actors would not be able to give it so much force. So there you are again: Coward goes in with Shakespeare!

"However, I am thoroughly prepared to admire Coward, because he writes his own play, produces it, acts in it and actually — so I am told — rings up the curtain, which I have always felt to be one of the most difficult tasks — except that of ringing it down — in the whole theatrical craft.

"THAT is enough about the British stage — let's talk about the stage as a whole. Consider the opera — *William Tell*, for example, or *La Bobème*, or for that matter, any play or any ballet. What is all this, now. Come to it quite simply, as about eight hundred million inhabitants of the earth would come to it. They would look at each other in astonishment. 'Why should people,' they would say, 'look at us like this? Why should they open their mouths, and puff up as if they were about to burst — even the great ones? Or why should they bounce up and down in this bird-like fashion? Why assault us with their acting?' Haven't you often at the opera wondered suddenly what all the noise was about?

"That wasn't really a digression, for I imagine it explains English acting. English actors have probably felt as you do, as I do, and they have said, 'Let us behave, at any rate, like ladies and gentlemen.' And they do — but if one behaves in an entirely lady-like and gentleman-like man-

ner, one can't get across the foot-lights.

"What are we to think of a stage on which we find that the more beautiful and finer the work, the less visible it is to the spectators? No other art can have this terrible indictment brought against it. We take the trouble of going around architecture to look at it; we go nearer to painting — or stand further off. We make some effort. Whereas in the theatre, we are fixed in our seats, and it must come to us.

"So the problem is, as you see, how to be as catastrophic as great tragedy, or tremendous comedy, and at the same time, so fine that your performance is gentlemanly and lady-like. Isn't it strange that nowhere but on the stage is it impossible to have something queer, interesting and yet very refined? You may have it in eating and drinking: oysters and caviar are acquired tastes; calvados, vodka, all kinds of liqueurs are strange and interesting — and not at all appealing to what is called the 'vulgar' palate. But on the stage there can be nothing of that kind."

Pacing along under the trees, puffing at his pipe, lighting and re-lighting it eternally, he was again thinking aloud, as he had done all his life to the puzzlement of all those who would have things finished and pigeon-holed. Was he trying to baffle me? I knew, as plainly as though he had told me, that as far as I was concerned he had done with the stage. I was to make what I could of his observations, and praise and criticism — to decide for myself where he was in deadly earnest, where he was joking, where he was simply wondering.

So I risked a question about his own accomplishment, expecting instant annihilation. It was not as devastating as I had feared, though he fairly exploded: "Oh, why *will* you bring it back to *me*? I so much prefer to talk about things I like or dislike — not about my own things, about which I can't have an opinion!" He went on, "Everything I ever did interested me." (Even a phonograph concert for a little girl, I thought.)

"But if I had to choose say four or five distinct things and forget all the others? Why, I couldn't get along without my eight years' apprenticeship with Irving," he puffed hard at his pipe, "nor my first three productions — you remember? — those musical pieces by Handel and Purcell, *Dido and Aeneas*, *Acis and Galatea* and the *Masque of Love*. Then, of course, I should have to keep the *Mask*, and my book on *The Art of the Theatre* and the *Hamlet* — if it weren't packed, I'd like to show you that." Little did he suspect our villainy!

"And why would I choose those particular things? The reason is very simple. I was not interfered with while I was doing them. Any artist will understand that!

"At least that is true of all of them but the first. There I was interfered with all the time — but Henry Irving did the interfering. That was quite different. And I have found that the rules under which the few good theatres of today work are practically the same as those he taught me. I don't mean that he ever maintained that there was only one way of acting, of producing, or of lighting. And the results he ob-

tained were different from those of the best modern theatres. His method was not the same either. But the principles underlying both the method and the result were the same, those principles of work and discipline, of care and attention to ordinary simple things.

"It is very odd, but there is hardly anything you learn to do in this world, any calling you go into, from which these principles can be absent if you wish to excel. And that is the real trouble with the world today — people too often fail to observe these ordinary working rules, chief among which is perhaps this one: *'too many cooks spoil the broth.'*

"That is the trouble with Europe and with America — with the whole world: too many cooks. Can you hear the shrieks of the same old gang? 'Tyranny! Autocracy! Dictatorship!' Exactly. That's just what it has to be, and when anything better can be found — good luck to it! But a million years will come and go, and nothing better will be found — not for this earth.

"Where would Italy be? Where would the King of Italy be if he had failed to realize this? The worst of it is that in a theatre you can't seize the power as you can in government. A political dictator first of all takes good care to have behind him the necessary force — not merely the force of personality but the positive physical force of so many hundred thousand men. He seizes power, keeps everybody quiet, carries on at ten times the pace, with ten times the common sense, toward good results."

He was a long way from the things he had done. But why he

had not already left me sitting alone in the deserted garden was a mystery. I was determined to make the most of the gifts the gods had provided, and pulled him back to himself.

"AND now you want a life history?

A Good Lord! You know, my parents were both artists. My mother had been on the stage since she was six, but I didn't get on till I was seventeen. I have always wished I had gone on at seven. I taught myself to draw with the help of some friends — how I should have liked to go to a good art school, for drawing lessons in schools aren't as good as real art school courses. I even learned to play the piano, though I never could read music except with the greatest difficulty. However I had 'a good ear' and later on I set some verses to music, Heine's and some old English verses. I don't know whether the result was of much value, but I do know that I should have liked to study music, too, in the proper way.

"I was, as I said, eight years with Irving, acting small parts and then I spent three years trying to find a different way of doing old theatricals. When at last I found it, I started practising it instantly — or at least the part I had found — trying to evolve the rest as I went along. Of course you know that I got no encouragement in England. If I could have gone on for six or seven years, I should probably have found the necessary financial support that such work must have. But you will admit that a year is not enough to show the value of anything. And besides, I am not very clever at intrigue — nor am I any sort of business man. So I was

unable to wheedle people into giving me a theatre.

"There! it doesn't take long to tell, you see!"

Of course he had left out some of the most interesting years. I should have liked to know all about that short-lived Theatre Arts School in Florence where at last it seemed that he could have the opportunity he had longed for, only to see it swept away by the War. But I fancied he might not like to talk of the dream which had had so sad an awakening, so I turned to other channels.

"What do I read for pleasure? This is worse than the Inquisition — and I shall never talk to another American journalist as long as I live. But while I am at it, I suppose I may as well go the limit. I read the best and the worst books I can find! I read the essays of Montaigne when I can have quiet and have no need to worry for the morrow — so you can imagine that I don't read them often. Then I read Lord Byron's prose — and all the biography I can find. But when I am troubled for the morrow, and recently that is almost every day, I read pleasant things like *The Mystery of the Hansom Cab* and *Ballyboob*; I seldom read a novel heralded by the *Times* or the *Morning Post* as one of those books which deal with the 'deep subconscious emotions of the writer!' — for which I do not give one dried fig. I can not see how people can be so lacking in emotions themselves as to have any desire to enter into those of the said gentleman, especially if he is a real gentleman! The more gentlemanly those subconscious emotions are, the more appallingly tedious they become.

"Haven't I talked enough? Do

you want me to say that I adore the cinema? Well, I did adore the cinema once when I was a poor working man with no time till evening to go out and see a show. In Florence I used to go to three or four in one evening! In those days no one went earnestly to the cinema — you just fell in and fell out. The film didn't last very long; the seats were not comfortable. There was no idea of catering to the stupid, snob part of humanity — I mean our preference for plush-covered, eight-sprunged *fauteuils*, beautiful alabaster lamps with lighting that goes slowly up and slowly down, music that groans and twirls and all that nonsense. I am talking of 1908 and 1909, you understand. Very few cinemas then, if I remember correctly, had orchestras or anything of that kind. The solemnity of the cinema's artistic mission had not been discovered. And in those days if you saw a comedian, he was an ordinary comedian, and generally very good indeed. I don't believe it took more than a week or so to make a film then, and you forgot it in less than a week. Nowadays it takes at least a year to make a film, I am told, and it takes more than that to forget it. So all the advantages are on the side of the old film.

"These new ones are slightly ossifying — yes that is the word! Ossification is setting in, and the theories of dynamics and shock values are upon us. Or rather they are upon *you* for I'm off. Good-bye! Merry Christmas! Come and see me when you come over again!"

He disappeared into the house — in fact he disappeared altogether, for his table was empty the next day, and all the days following.

Come and see him, indeed! Where?

An Error of Identity

BY T. J. CAULEY

Who are the submarginal farmers that the economists say must be eliminated before agriculture can regain its former prosperity?

AN INCREASING group of economists believes that fundamentally an adjusted production will build up a wealthier farm population. This does not mean lesser total production, but lesser submarginal production. It does not involve the stopping of progress, or the lesser use of machinery, land, or labor. It may, in fact, involve the greater use of all three. It does involve the turning back of unprofitable land and the ridding of agriculture of incompetent producers by permitting the free play of the weeding process of price."

This is a quotation from a recent book written by Professor Bernhard Ostrolenk, called *The Surplus Farmer*.

Professor Ostrolenk is correct in saying that an increasingly large group of economists is coming to hold this view concerning the fundamental process by which farm relief is to be obtained. In their writings and various public utterances of other sorts they have made a good showing toward proof of their contentions. All orthodox economic theory, from David Ricardo on down, is on their side. Professor Ostrolenk, in fact, in the little book cited above supports

his view with what most of his readers, no doubt, have considered unanswerable arguments.

What type of farmer do economists and others generally have in mind when they speak of the "submarginal farmer" or the "incompetent producer"? Usually it appears to be a farmer who employs small scale methods, utilizes hand labor as against machinery, and does not specialize in the production of any single crop or type of live-stock. Further, he is thought of as carrying on these operations on poor land, either from the standpoint of its lack of fertility or its remoteness from markets or both. He is the "hill-billy," the "backwoodsman." He raises a little patch of corn, a little dab of potatoes, and other dabs of various other crops. He has a few head of scrub live-stock which subsist largely upon what the Lord provides. His methods are traditional, not to say superstitious, rather than scientific. Of business efficiency he has none.

This is the type of farmer who is to be removed from agriculture for his own good and for the good of the industry as a whole, and the process

by which he is to be removed is that of the "weeding process of price," which is to say that he is to be driven into bankruptcy by the low prices of farm products and thereby eliminated as a producer.

If this is the type of farmer who is to be eliminated, what type is to be left to carry on agricultural production? The type is described in almost glowing terms by Professor Ostrolenk:

A few farmers with foresight and the available capital have been able to make use of them [all the vast variety of new and improved machines for use in agriculture]; but the vast majority is still farming as in the days before the tractor. The vastly increased production during and after the World War in spite of lessened farm help must be attributed to this small minority who had begun to avail themselves of these extraordinary aids to production. Their influence contributes to the surplus. And that surplus must rise as more farmers come under the spell of a mechanized agriculture. But a second phase in the agricultural revolution, and one more significant than the mechanization of agriculture, is the metamorphosis of the farmer into a business man. For years agricultural colleges in every state had been graduating groups of young men who were returning to the farms with new ideas. The high schools were supplementing this work with the younger boys who could not go to college. Extension systems of agricultural colleges brought to every hamlet the latest information on the newer agricultural methods. By institute demonstrations, lectures, fairs and exhibits the farmer was introduced to the results of researches that were laying the foundation for the agricultural revolution. Crop production and animal husbandry were raised from superstition to a science. These newer farmers studied markets, and demanded and received more accurate information about crop movements, intended plantings, market demand, and distribution agencies. They adjusted their production to costs, scrutinized coöperation from the realistic platform of results, and timed their farm operations with the availability of labor.

They rewarded the introduction of new varieties with their full patronage; they appreciated the value of seed selection; studied fertilizer tests; acted on the new principles of soil conservation; and vigorously fought the inroads of insects and pests. Farming ceased to be a personal vocation to them dependent on weather or whims, and became an industry and science, with reasonably exact forecasts in production for each unit of land, labor and capital employed.

THE chief difficulty in the operation of bankruptcy as a process whereby the submarginal farmer is to be removed from agriculture is that bankruptcy, the "weeding process of price" spoken of above, is a pecuniary process. That business man or that farmer goes into bankruptcy who can not meet the pecuniary obligations which arise from the operation of his enterprise. If there be no pecuniary obligations there can be no bankruptcy, in the strict sense of the term; and the point is that the group of farmers who are generally considered as being submarginal do not typically incur any serious pecuniary obligations.

On the bare face of it, this probably appears to be a wholly unwarranted statement. As a matter of fact, however, it follows simply from the fact that the farmer of this type does not have the opportunity or the occasion to incur large financial obligations. His total purchases are, to begin with, small; and in the second place, they are in most cases cash transactions, for the very adequate reason that he does not have access to credit to any appreciable degree. A partial exception to this is to be found in the case of a certain class of tenant farmers in the South who typically obtain credit from the local merchants upon the endorse-

ment of their landlords, but this credit is strictly limited as to amount and really represents an obligation of the landlord rather than of the tenant.

Generally speaking, the route of escape from bankruptcy in time of financial stress lies in the reduction of the costs of production, given a certain selling price for the output of the industry. The typical small scale farmer, as described above, can, and generally does, accomplish a reduction in his costs of production simply by lowering the scale of living of himself and his family. Under his technique of production, the chief item is that of labor, and the labor is furnished by the farmer himself and the members of his family. What do these workers receive as wages? Even in good times they usually receive nothing more than "a living," and in hard times the farmer of this type automatically lowers his labor costs by lowering the scale of living of his family. This process can be, and as a matter of fact is, carried to almost unbelievable lengths. It does not result in bankruptcy, for bankruptcy is a pecuniary phenomenon consisting of an excess of liabilities over assets; and a farmer of this backward, relatively self-sufficing type simply is not subject to it.

On the other hand, the comparatively few farmers who have industrialized their farms, in that the purchase and use of complex machinery and specialization of production constitute industrialization, operate them according to the pecuniary pattern; and these enterprises are subject to bankruptcy in the regular sense of the term. Farmers of this type regularly purchase machinery

and other forms of equipment and supplies in large amounts, thereby incurring heavy pecuniary obligations, either in the form of debts or of heavy fixed charges. Their production is typically specialized to the extent that their incomes are derived almost solely from the sale of a single crop or other product. They have a negligible income in the form of commodities which can be immediately consumed by the farm family. They operate on such a scale that the hiring of much labor is essential. This labor force must be paid money wages in advance of the sale of the crop in the production of which it was employed. None of these items can be appreciably reduced in amount by a mere lowering of the standard of living of the farmer's family, and the aggregate of them is too large to be influenced significantly by scrimping on the grocery bill and things of that sort. It is this class of farmers that is, it would appear, particularly subject to bankruptcy in the way in which bankruptcy may operate as an eliminator of unfit producers.

But obviously enough, these industrialized farmers are not the "incompetent producers" to whom reference is made in the above quotation. They are, on the contrary, what is considered the very highest type of farmers. Nevertheless, in spite of their manifold economic virtues, the available data indicate that they are the ones who have been eliminated from farming by the "weeding process of price" during the past several years and not the "incompetent" farmers operating on "submarginal" land. The highest rates of farm bankruptcy since 1920 have been in the Mountain States and the West

North Central States, exactly the two sections in which capitalistic or industrialized farming has been developed most highly.

It may even be argued that the "weeding process of price" is not really effective in reducing the farm population when the need for such reduction is greatest at all. If the process did function, the greatest exodus from the farm would occur when farm prices are lowest in proportion to non-farm prices, as they have been for the past two years. As a matter of fact, the farm population has shown a considerable net gain during this period, this being the first gain either relative or absolute which the farm population has experienced since 1920.

Farmers as a class simply are not eliminated from farming in the same way as are manufacturers, for example, from manufacturing: for the quite adequate reason that the great bulk of farms are not organized and conducted as pecuniary enterprises. A non-specialized, non-industrialized farm is about the only remaining escape in this land and country from the vagaries of a capitalistic system which has been decidedly groggy of late.

During the school year of 1930-1931 I helped to make a land utilization study in the Champlain Valley region of Vermont. In the latter part of August, 1930, we checked the number of abandoned farm-houses in the area. The general business depression was under way by that time, but it had not become nearly so severe as it did later, as is a matter of common knowledge. A year later in August, 1931, we again checked the number of unoccupied farm-

houses in the area and found that it had declined by about twenty per cent. Many of the erstwhile abandoned houses had been occupied during the year by families which had moved out of the depression-ridden factory towns of New England, in spite of the fact that farm prices in general and the price of milk, the chief product of these Vermont farms, in particular had declined enormously in the meantime. I asked one of the newly arrived farmers why he had come back to the farm at such a time, and he answered that on the farm his family at least had a roof over its head and a fair amount of something to eat, whereas in the industrial city which he had recently left they had had neither of these. Which impressed me as being a reasonable answer. And essentially the same sort of thing has happened all over the country during the same period.

THE argument continues: "A judiciously directed migration of a million or more farmers from the farm to large industrial centres, probably, would be absorbed just as readily as have been the eight million immigrants coming to this country from Europe during the decade of 1900 to 1910." It should be said in fairness that this sentence was probably written or at least conceived before the present debacle in urban industry occurred, although the book in which it is contained was not published until 1932. In any case, it has a strangely hollow ring just now.

Granting, however, that a million uprooted farmers could be thus easily absorbed by urban industry, the point is that the first million farmers

who will be chased off the farm by low prices will *not* be the million who are least competent according to business standards and located on the poorest land. They are, on the contrary, much more apt to be the ones who have bought flocks and droves of new tractors, trucks, gang-plows, harvesters, improved doodads and gadgets in general, in the typical manner of a fairly small down-payment and the remainder due in instalments, to operate high-priced land, bought on credit, in the finest farming sections of the country. The implement dealers will have repossessed the machinery and an insurance company will have the land, while back up in the hills and down in the pine barrens, the "submarginal" farmers will be found doing business as usual, the only difference being that they will be a little more "submarginal" than they were before.

If the economists and other friends of the farmer are interested in seeing a "judiciously directed migration of a million or more farmers from the farm," they had best select some method other than that of "permitting free play to the weeding process of price." This phrase sounds well enough, but the process doesn't seem to work out in the manner anticipated.

The only way in which the majority of "submarginal" farmers can be got out of farming is literally to starve them out, and self-sufficing farming is one of the slowest methods of starving to death. Some observers have maintained that in spite of its slowness it is also one of the surest methods, but the past three years would tend to indicate that there are

other methods characterized by equal, if not greater, certainty, and much quicker in operation.

It is not in the backward, non-specialized agrarian communities of the South and Southwest that the need for public relief to prevent starvation is so urgent at the present time, but in the "large industrial centres," to which it is proposed to shift a million or more farmers. The net effect of doing this just now would be to give the Reconstruction Finance Corporation a still broader field in which to demonstrate its powers of rehabilitation by the lending of money to urban industries and municipalities, which might be something, but not much in the way of farm relief.

A farmer lounging on the courthouse lawn in a little town in Tennessee said, "When a farmer starts keepin' books he'll go broke shore as hell," in which he apparently said something closely approaching a profound truth. But "submarginal" farmers do not keep books and do not conduct their farming operations in the bookkeeping spirit, so to speak. And consequently they do not go broke, any more than the wild Indians ever went broke. At times they pull in their belts and at other times they let them out a little, but by and large they keep on farming.

And strangely enough, a bushel of corn when eaten has the same power to sustain life when it is selling for fifteen cents as when it is selling for \$1.75. This power is to be measured, if at all, in such units as calories and vitamins, which matters are not influenced by the processes of pecuniary evaluation in the market places. The like is true of pork sausages,

scrambled eggs and blackberry preserves.

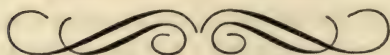
It might be noted further that sunsets and the blooming of roses are phenomena which are not subject to the exigencies of the business cycle; and, quite inappropriately, it is more often the "submarginal" farmer than the industrially efficient one who is influenced in his decision to stay on the farm by such considerations as these.

All of which may be interpreted as fairly raising the question of just who is the submarginal farmer. When is a farmer submarginal? Possibly a logical answer would be that the submarginal farmer is the one who is so poorly adapted to the environment in which he is attempting to operate that sooner or later it becomes necessary for him to go elsewhere. And on the other hand, the supramarginal farmer would be that one who has so adapted his technique of living to the existing conditions that he is able to continue to live in the same environment year after year with no very appreciable change in his methods of production or his standard of life. Looked at in this way, isn't it possible that the

type of farmer who is generally considered submarginal isn't submarginal after all? No attempt will be made to settle the issue here; the question is merely raised.

And in the same connection, what is submarginal land, or "unprofitable" land? Might it not be argued that the most unprofitable farm land in recent years has been the fine Iowa corn land, and other lands of comparable grade, which was bought for \$600 an acre back in the days of the golden haze which spread over that section of the country in 1919 and the early months of 1920? Certainly it has been easier to "make a living" since then on poor land than to pay off the mortgage on such one-time high-priced land.

Before you can eliminate the submarginal farmer you must locate him, something which I am not sure has been accomplished as yet. It may be, after all, that Professor Ostrolenk and the others have hit upon the most effective method of eliminating the submarginal farmer; but if they are right as to the method, they are wrong as to the identity of the victim, which is, it would appear, the graver error.



The Modest Novelists

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

Among all classes of men and women, they are the only ones who have not given us panaceas — at least in their books

DURING the past few years much has been said and more written about trends and aspects of modern fiction. Faint reverberations of the once desperate conflicts of Humanists and Anti-Humanists still linger in the air, and the enthusiasm which in bygone days hailed the "stream of consciousness" method as the only completely admirable one is not yet entirely forgotten. Yet at least one marked change in modern fiction has passed unnoticed: the all but entire disappearance of the panacea novel.

Not so very long ago, our novelists were more than ready to propound remedies for practically every social and spiritual ailment known to man. Often the remedies, and the methods of suggesting them were, if not precisely the same, at any rate very similar. There was a time when marital fiction was mainly concerned with the taming of the rebellious female, usually by her strong, silent and much misunderstood husband. When the lady submitted, the story ended. A little later, the marital novel became concerned with the wife's economic independence. Most, if not all, ills to which marriage was

subject were to be healed forthwith either by the wife's continuing her career (it was almost invariably a career) after marriage, and thereby producing a bank account of her own, or else by her willingness to relinquish it forthwith and become a simple nurse and housekeeper. The capital and labor novel was more one-sided, and usually proclaimed trades unionism or socialism as the one possible cure for strikes, lock-outs, poverty and greed. This type of novel frequently centred about the return of son or daughter from college or travel to confront a capitalistic parent, rebuke him for his improper conduct of the factory (it was almost always a factory) over which he was a more or less absolute ruler, and become a prominent figure in a strike; after which father usually saw the light and developed into a leading exponent of what was then known as social justice. Another, and no less favored variation of this type of panacea novel was the conversion of the rich "Society" girl by the poor and humbly born but excessively noble young man, who either married her after she had renounced her "tainted" fortune, or helped

her to use it as a means of "social service."

These were outstanding examples, but there were many others, more or less affiliated with them. The novel whose hero or heroine learned "reality" and the "true meaning of life" by temporarily residing in a slum; the very popular type whose worldly and selfish heroine was turned into a model of all the virtues by being compelled for some more or less — usually less — convincing reason to take care of an extremely small child; the yet more popular all-for-love variation, in which all woes were supposedly shed at the altar; the religious novel, the anti-divorce novel, the art-above-all novel, the redemption-through-parenthood novel; each of them differing in many ways, yet all alike in that they suggested some panacea, either for particular forms of social or personal ailments, or for the general ills of humanity at large.

Suddenly as margins in the 1929 stock market, all these have vanished. The shelves of the book sellers, the columns of the book reviews, know them no more.

IF YOU want to realize how thorough the change has been, take a look through some of the more notable novels of the season, and see how many of them offer or suggest any cure, any palliation even, for anything at all. The fundamental difference between the novel of yesterday and that of today lies in the fact that yesterday's novel looked forward hopefully to a better time, and often suggested some way by which the coming of that better time might possibly be hastened; today's novel

only presents conditions and situations more or less as they are, but with neither suggestion for nor apparently any faintest hope of improvement.

Take for example that very real and consequently very painful novel of the depression, Catherine Brody's *Nobody Starves*. She shows us two factory workers, a girl and a young man, who fall in love and are married. The ceaseless haunting fear of being out of work, the desperate hunt for jobs when those they have are lost, the bewilderment and helplessness and deadening despondency are presented clearly and so forcefully that the insecurity of these two, typical of so many between whom and starvation there is only the thin ice of precarious employment, makes you feel that the lives of all you love and your own too are threatened. But of suggestion for improvement there is none. The novelist of yesterday would in nine cases out of ten have had some sort of remedy to propose, some method of social regeneration which in his opinion at least would make such suffering impossible. Miss Brody sets forth the conditions of unemployment as we know they are; nothing more. Already in his inherently tragic story of a small business in a London backwater, *Angel Pavement*, J. B. Priestley had portrayed the insecurity of the white collar class; and like Miss Brody, he had no cure to offer.

Another English novel, Phyllis Bentley's remarkable *Inheritance*, traces the rise and decline of an industry, and the relations between its employers and employed. Beginning with the attempted smashing of the

frames by the starving Luddites, the story goes on through the agitation against child-labor in the mills and the Chartist rising to the depression of today, showing the point of view of each side — and suggesting no way out. The change in mental attitude of the mill-owning Oldroyds from a genuine care, affection almost, for the cloth they make to interest only in the money for which they can sell it, though it has much to do with their fortunes as a family and is mainly responsible for their downfall, has little if anything to do with the social ills the novel presents. The first Oldroyd loved cloth; but that fact did not lessen the unemployment resulting from the substitution of those frames which now seem so primitive for the hand-labor which was more primitive still.

Miss Bentley's rich and absorbingly interesting novel has been highly and justly praised. Her theme is the rise and fall of a Yorkshire family whose background is a great industry, a theme which would almost certainly, a few years ago, have resulted in a panacea novel; a few years ago, but not today. Now the emphasis is laid upon the incalculable power of heredity, a power which is, too, a determining factor of Pearl S. Buck's superb novel, *Sons*. As in the youngest Oldroyd, David, there develops an intense interest in the family mills and their history, so in the son of the war lord, Wang the Tiger, there develops a passion for the land, inherited from his grandfather, Wang Lung the farmer, and his grandmother, O-lan. In China as in England the wheel goes round full circle, and the end returns as nearly as possible to the beginning. Francis

Oldroyd wanted to take his son away from Yorkshire; Wang the Tiger tries to turn his into a warrior; both are defeated by what used to be known as the call of the blood, that mysterious force of heredity from which there is no escape and for which there is no remedy.

The relations of men and women in the holy but difficult married and in the less holy but quite as difficult semi-married state were once almost as provocative of panaceas as those of capital and labor. But look at the way Edith Wharton deals with those of the semi-married in her new novel, *The Gods Arrive*. Her heroine, Halo Tarrant, whom readers of *Hudson River Bracketed* will remember, leaves her husband and goes abroad with Vance Weston, the young writer in whose genius she believes. The resulting situation is developed with all Mrs. Wharton's well-known skill and understanding, developed logically and with a sureness one does not even question, until Halo Tarrant, separated from her lover, returns to her old home on the Hudson, and there prepares for the birth of her illegitimate child. This is the point where interest grows tense. What is to become of Halo and her baby? How will she behave, how will others behave towards her, when she is in a position which, despite all present-day talk of freedom and the woman's right to complete sexual liberty, still remains distinctly unconventional, at least in the class to which Halo belongs? And what about the child? How is it to be brought up? Dozens of questions arise. But having brought her heroine thus far, Mrs. Wharton evades every issue. The only solution she can offer is to make "an honest

woman" of Halo in true Eighteenth Century fashion. She presents her problems; then disposes of them by means of a reconciliation in which, it may be incidentally remarked, the reader does not believe for a moment.

A FEW years ago, novelists often addressed themselves to mass difficulties, or else to such dilemmas of the individual as might be considered existent in the lives of many. Today, they are turning more and more to those which concern only the particular individual or group involved, and are consequently beyond reach of any panacea. Consider two such very different writers as John Galsworthy, latest winner of the Nobel prize, and William Faulkner, writers alike only in that each has power, and that each can handle his own particular style remarkably well. Mr. Galsworthy's new, exceptionally interesting and very beautiful novel, *Flowering Wilderness*, is the story of a fine and lovable woman, a lady in the best sense of that most abused of words, who would gladly have given all for love, and of a man who had violated the code of his caste, and was not sure himself whether he had done so for reasons justifiable or altogether ignoble. The different ways in which different people regard the thing he did, the revelation of character and dexterous setting forth of social comedy are beyond praise. There enters too the question of how far defiance may be carried without degenerating into degradation, the yet larger question "how far a person might go to save his life without losing what was called his soul," and both remain unanswered. Both are more or less

interwoven with Dinny Cherrell's love affair, but it is Dinny about whom the book revolves, and her troubles are the result of circumstances practically unique.

In Mr. Galsworthy's story, most of the people have somewhere in them "a vein of pure gold," even if it is only of the nine-carat value Fleur ascribes to Wilfrid Desert, but though gold is not entirely absent from Mr. Faulkner's novel, is indeed somewhat obtrusively present in the character of Byron Bunch, the general impression left by the book is one of foulness and corruption. Joe Christmas, its most important figure and the one the reader best remembers, has Negro blood, and that black strain seems to creep wormlike through his entire personality, leaving behind it a trail of slime, slime which smears itself over almost the entire story of lust and violence and murder. The novel has power; there are touches of compassion and of understanding; there is excellent phrasing too, and the swing and rush of dramatic narrative. Though at times it makes you long for a bath and plenty of fresh air, Hightower has at the last his longed for vision, and in his realization that he is an "instrument of some one outside myself," in his glimpse of the *Light in August* forming a halo full of the faces of those he has known, faces he now sees touched with a new serenity, the book rises to a plane far higher than that level of brutality, lewdness and nymphomania on which it lingers so long. But if it has any remedy to offer the Joe Christmases of this world, torn between what the older writers knew as their higher and lower natures, that remedy is—

death. For it was death which at last freed the Joe Christmas of the book from his polluting black blood.

It is perhaps this very hopelessness, this sense of ills for which they have no cure to offer, which sets so many writers to work producing detective stories or tales of adventure. Yet adventure story though it is, tale of an uncharted island on which there is a wonderful treasure, and of the one woman and three men who go to seek it, J. B. Priestley's *Faraway* is no less a tale of lost dreams than is his *Angel Pavement*. The wicked triumph, and not only is the treasure lost, but all else as well. William Dursley, in whose not very exhilarating company we journey, finds the delicious-looking fruit tasteless, the lady of splendor and romance a shallow second-rate creature, easily fascinated by the cheap graces of a movie actor. Yet though adventure leaves him longing for home and security, home and security, when attained, prove deadly dull. The apples of the Hesperides may dissolve into dust and ashes; but for him who has once sought them the ordinary, orchard-grown variety have lost all lure and savor. Adventurous, entertaining, splendid novel though it is, rich in characterization and in arresting comment, Mr. Priestley's tale is nevertheless a story of life's emptiness and futility. In the days of the panacea novel, such a book would have ended either on a note of high romance or of hard-won serenity; not so this 1932 novel, *Faraway*.

THIS same sense of having no remedy to offer for present-day perplexities is quite probably what

is driving other authors back into the past. E. M. Delafield's brilliant and ironic *A Good Man's Love* belongs to the last century, while Francis Brett Young's very enjoyable romance of *The House Under The Water* tells of a Victorian family, the Tregarons, and of Nant Escob, their ancestral home in Wales. Beautifully written, as full of the sounds and scents and spirit of "Wild Wales" as Mr. Galsworthy's novel is of those of the English countryside, its central figure, Griffith Tregaron, splendidly conceived and set forth, *The House Under The Water* is a notable novel, but a novel of the days that are past, with no concern for present ills. Du Bose Heyward is yet another who has gone back to the last century. His *Peter Ashley* is a young Charlestonian, a Unionist, caught up in the passions of the days immediately preceding the outbreak of the Civil War, those momentous days when South Carolina seceded joyfully from the Union, and the Stars and Stripes still waved over Fort Sumter. That little while, when the flower of Southern civilization was in full bloom, Mr. Heyward has seized and transfixed in his pages, crystallizing into words the gaiety and hopefulness and pathetic lack of foresight, so that we see and sympathize and could almost weep over the blindness of these gallant gentlemen and lovely ladies, so totally unaware of the tragedy swiftly approaching. *Peter Ashley* is a book of beauty, of an almost Greek sense of oncoming doom; and of nostalgia, a nostalgia of which the author is himself perhaps not fully aware, though it permeates his book.

For if the present-day novel is

devoid of any hopeful looking to the future as a time when the remedies it suggests will cure the ills of the present, it is often filled with a longing for what has been and is no more. The nostalgia of Mr. Heyward's *Peter Ashley* develops into something not unlike bitterness in Ellen Glasgow's *The Sheltered Life*. There the past appears embodied in that brave and kindly gentleman, General Archbald, whose memories of his bygone years give us one of the finest chapters in recent fiction, and in beautiful Mrs. Birdsong, a creature nourished on illusions, turning her lovely back upon reality, yet always fine, always courteous and exquisite and charming, while the present takes shape in the form of that shallow, treacherous little cat, Jenny Blair Archbald. Old-fashioned Commander Ivybridge, again and again referred to as belonging to the past, is by far the most lovable person in *Faraway*. The already mentioned Galsworthy novel casts more than one glance backwards, a glance in which the effort to banish longing is plainly visible. Far more definite than any of these in its wistful turning to what has been is Sir Philip Gibbs's very worth while novelized comment on modern England, *The Anxious Days*. Here we see the young men and women of today drifting rudderless on uncharted seas, and here, very significantly indeed, we find them struggling at last to set their course by the stars of the old tradition, "honour and honesty and self-sacrifice," the old "traditional loyalty in a time of danger," while the hero of the book is an ex-naval officer who believes in "playing the game," and even in

doing one's duty. Whether Stephen Compton's ideas and ideals are ageless or not, their acceptance marks a change from impatience with the past and visioning a Golden Age in the future to an insistence upon a return to the past as the only means of transmuting the present from lead to silver, gold being more than can be reasonably expected. For this return is presented, not as a panacea but a kind of tourniquet which will at least prevent bleeding to death.

The passing of the old-time panacea novel is perhaps made more striking by the contrast of the old-timer with the one notable panacea novel of recent months, Charles Morgan's *The Fountain*. For what this book offers is a philosophy of defeatism and of retreat, that essentially Eastern idea of withdrawal, of passivity in place of activity, called "the contemplative life." And it is a rather startling illustration of the temper of the time that this novel should have been among the most successful of 1932 publications. It suggests a remedy of sorts, and in these days of disillusionment and bitterness and disgust, when the joy of living seems a phrase ironic or utterly meaningless, there are many to whom, it would appear, any remedy is welcome, even one which implies a relinquishment of the more virile, more positive Anglo-Saxon ideal.

THERE are, of course, two ways in which this all but complete disappearance of the panacea novel may be regarded. It can be looked upon as marking the extinction of hopefulness. Social and personal miseries are set forth, with no

insistent, "Do this, and all such wretchedness will end," without even any challenging, "This is so; now what are we going to do about it?" Often the implied suggestion is that none of us can do anything, and there's no use in trying. Things are as they are, and hope of cure no more than the veriest chimera. The modern novel may thus be considered as preaching, sometimes avowedly, often tacitly, a gospel of futility and despair. We are disillusioned; and courage and faith and hope and loyalty are dead within us, for all these are illusions.

But there is another way of regarding the passing of the old belief that all ills, or even some specified ones, can be cured by the quick and painless process of applying a particular balm. Some of the proposed balms we have in fact already applied, and been taught by results that though they may help an especial ailment, they often provoke others while healing the one. Educating women, for instance, giving them the suffrage and training them to earn their own livings, has not proved a cure for all the problems of marriage, as many once expected that it would. Doing away with some difficulties, it has developed others. That the more intelligent have lost faith in panaceas can therefore be regarded as, in part, the result of experience.

In part as the result of experience, and more as a symptom of approaching maturity. For while we have, no doubt, lost much of our pleasant though unreasoning hopefulness, starting gaily forth in confident expectation of finding a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is in the main an indication and a prerogative of extreme youth. With maturity approaching, we cease to believe in fairy gold, learn to analyze and weigh the probabilities of acquiring any gold at all, to look forward more clearly, to accept facts as they are and life as it is, uncovered by those softening veils of illusion which our immaturity once spread over them, realizing that improvements, if they come at all, must come by degrees and very slowly, since the course of evolution is seldom swift and miraculous cures, if plentiful in legend, are painfully rare in fact.

Unwarranted expectations, like the sentimental evasions so often accompanying them, are indicative either of deficiency in mental development, or of intellectual cowardice. So it may well be that in the almost total disappearance of the panacea novel we should see a symbol, not of despair, but of a new kind of courage, the kind of which we shall perhaps have most need as we slowly and sometimes rather reluctantly begin to grow up.





A Bomb Goes Off

BY MAX WYLIE

An Occurrence in India

OUTSIDE the rain was falling, the winter rain of North India. It was a dismal sound, not like rain at all but like the steady swish of grain going down a chute into a cargo boat. Wrapped in a heavy overcoat, I sat close against the chimney piece and watched the weak flames in the grate as they blackened the *kikar* sticks without burning them. It was intensely cold in the room and I got up from time to time to move about, to climb up and down on benumbed feet, and to flail my arms vigorously about my body. Abdul came in silently — he had kicked off his shoes at the doorway — and asked me if I were ready for my tea. I looked up at him obliquely and smiled to myself. He was wearing a cast-off overcoat I had given to him the year before. It was many sizes too large for the Moham-medan and dangled down from his spare shoulders like a ragged blanket.

"Yes, bring the tea, Abdul. Bring enough for two. Durga Das will be in soon."

"Very good, sahib." He touched his forehead with his finger ends, his hands concealed within the long tubes of his coat sleeves. After he had gone, I poked at the miser-

able patch of fire and resumed my seat.

Presently I heard the loose shuffling of Indian sandals on my verandah and a moment later Durga Das Sharma stepped into the room. He was a fine looking Hindu of about twenty-two, very sharp of feature, clear-skinned, reserved yet watchful of expression. He was the best friend I had ever made among the Indians. He smiled quietly, threw off his blanket and stood facing me with his back to the fire.

"You are ready to come?" he asked, wiping rain from his face.

"Too early," I answered. "Anything connected with universities is apt to be late, commencements especially. We might as well have a little tea before we start."

"Very good." He sank down to his haunches and thrust his arms out before him, resting his elbows on his knees. "I hope you are wearing your gown?"

"I don't think so," I answered. "I'm not in the procession and there's not much sense —"

"By all means, you must wear it," he cut in, lifting his left hand quickly to explain his point. "Indians measure wisdom by the length

of a scholar's beard, the number of his degrees, or if he is young like yourself —"

"By the gawdy colors in his graduation hood," I offered. Durga Das nodded, his eyes bright with agreement.

"Exactly so, sir."

Abdul came in with the tea tray and set it down on the centre table. He salaamed to Durga Das who looked up and tossed the servant a pleasantry in the vernacular. Abdul was pleased, despite his hatred for the Hindu as a class. He poured out two cups and brought them to us at the fire. Then he went back and stood behind the table, watching us with patient solicitude. Durga Das sipped carefully and said nothing for a few moments. Finally he began to smile. I thought I knew what was on his mind.

"Yes," I admitted, "I've been warned again."

"You don't enjoy being threatened, perhaps?"

"I don't mind being threatened," I answered, setting down my cup, "but it might be annoying to be shot."

"It is nothing, I assure you. It will come to nothing. Indian students —" he shrugged at his own summary — "inflammatory but not effective."

The remarks related to a brief and bitter episode of the week before. A political prisoner had been executed for the murder of a British police officer. My sympathies were pro-Indian for the most part but, this particular murder had rankled me so deeply that I had forbidden any of my students, under penalty of a heavy fine, attending the anti-British demonstrations which followed the

culprit's funeral. A wave of mob hysteria had invaded the city at the time, and students from all of the colleges, including the one with which I was affiliated, had cut their classes for two days running in order to participate in the demonstrations. I had fined the students as I had promised and they had retaliated by warning me to leave the country if I placed any special value on my life.

"I can't get very excited about it," I said. "The English get them by the bucket, and nothing much seems to happen to them."

"It is nothing," Durga Das repeated, rising to his feet. "I think it is really time to go now. It will be crowded."

I got up also, slipped out of my overcoat, and sent Abdul for the gown. He came back in a moment, held it up, and placed it carefully over me. While I hooked it down the front, he slipped the flamboyant hood over my head and adjusted its satin folds over my shoulders. He was very much impressed with the regalia, and whenever I was obliged to appear at university functions in the bright shroud of my obscure office, he begged to accompany me — at the proper distance, of course — and spent the two or three hours proudly pointing me out to other servants gathered at the doorways. I told him he might go along but that he would first have to go out in the rain and get us a *tonga*. His little head bobbed up and down with gratitude and he dashed out of the room and ran across the muddy compound in his bare feet. In a moment he was back to say that there was a *tonga* at the door.

Durgas Das and I went outside and climbed into the back seat. Abdul got up in front with the driver. I could tell that I was already the object of my servant's pride for the driver, after clucking at his skinny horse, turned half around and looked at me with interest. We bumped along over the wet road, finally pulling up in front of the hall where the annual convocation of the university was to take place.

"SOMETHING is going to happen today," Durga Das said. I looked at him curiously but his face remained expressionless.

"In that case we won't miss it anyhow," I answered. We got down and I paid the driver his ten annas. I sent Abdul to the doorway of the hall to find out if there were any seats left. Durga Das and I walked up to the wide verandah. Abdul met us to say that the main floor was crowded but that there were seats in the gallery boxes. We went up the stairs and found a box with four empty seats in its second row. The first row was occupied by young Englishmen, professors from various colleges throughout the city. I knew all of them. They said hello and waved me to a seat behind them. Then they saw that I was accompanied by an Indian and they turned suddenly away and paid no more attention to us. Durga Das and I sat down. Abdul lingered behind, looking down at the crowd from the doorway.

The commencement exercises were a tremendous bore. The graduates of thirty-nine colleges came forth to the dais, one delegation after another, and received their diplomas from the hands of the Provincial

Governor, the official provost of the university. He was a tall and dignified Englishman of about fifty-five, magnificently uniformed and bemedaled. He passed out the diplomas with the imperturbable patience of an hour-glass running its sands out. It took about an hour and a half. The audience made a great deal of noise, whispering, chattering, laughing and applauding. Durga Das and I chatted back and forth, exchanging views upon the types represented by the different colleges. After the diplomas were distributed, the prizes and scholarships were awarded, class poems were read, long and dismal speeches were made. Finally it was over. The military band played the first bars of *God Save the King*, then broke into a brassy recessional. The Governor stepped down from the dais, followed by his aide and a dozen dignitaries of the university. The audience rose, the English professors in front of us standing particularly erect. I stifled a yawn and rose with the rest, thankful that the ceremony was over for another year.

Suddenly there was a pistol shot, a brittle and terrifying sound. The band stopped playing. Durga Das clutched at my arm. Women in the audience beneath began to scream. I looked over the railing. The Governor fell in the aisle, got up again and ran forward in a crouching position, his arms protecting his head. A young Indian standing at the edge of the aisle behind the long lines of police escort quietly emptied his revolver at the fleeing Governor. Not one of the police moved to interfere. They were paralyzed with horror. They just stood there with their heels together and their guns

at present arms. The Governor disappeared beneath the gallery, running low in the direction of the robing-room. The students stampeded over the backs of chairs, jammed through the doorways and smashed windows in their panic-stricken struggle to get out of the hall. The English professors in front of us jumped up cursing and ran out of the box. The last one, Tomlinson, whirled on Durga Das, punched him viciously in the mouth, and sent him sprawling among the chairs. Abdul saw it happen and tripped the Englishman as he raced to the head of the stairs. It made me sick, for the stairs were steep. I grabbed Durga Das by the arm and pulled him to his feet.

"Let's get out!" I shouted above the clamor. "Around the gallery and down the other side." We ran hard, Abdul clinging to the flying folds of my gown so he wouldn't lose us.

In thirty seconds we were in the rear compound of the hall. I turned to Abdul. I didn't know quite what to say to him. I didn't see how Tomlinson could have escaped death, plunging headlong down such a perilous staircase.

"Listen, Abdul, go back to my rooms and stay there. If anybody comes, tell them you've been there all day. I'll be back later. You can be getting my supper." He listened carefully, his face working with worry and attention. When I had finished, he salaamed and disappeared behind a clump of drenched rosebushes. Durga Das and I walked across the grass and climbed over the wall at the end of the compound. We emerged upon a street that led up to the bazaars.

The rain was still coming down steadily. We walked rapidly up the sticky bazaar streets for two blocks and stopped in at Sohan Lal's shop for something to eat. I pulled off my gown and rolled the ruined garment into a ball, placing it on the cross-bars beneath the table. An unkempt Hindu waiter came over and I ordered a pot of tea. Durga Das ate a *chapati* and a bowl of curds. We sat there for an hour, talking over the excitement in the hall and speculating on its effect in the colleges and in the province generally.

"What happened to the Governor, Durga?"

"If His Excellency is alive, he is fortunate to be so," the Hindu replied without hesitation. "What do you think?"

"I think you're mistaken. You had the right hunch before, but I think you'll find that it's some of you Indians who were killed." I drank from my cup and looked at him. His lip was badly swollen. "How does your mouth feel?" He put a hand to the injured spot.

"It's nothing. Perhaps it is worth the satisfaction it gave to Professor Tomlinson." I said nothing. Durga Das smiled at his own twist.

Neither of us noticed that darkness had settled until Sohan Lal lit a gas flare in the rear of his shop. The dim yellow glow of the mantle flickered over my companion's face, intensifying its pallor. He looked at once weary and capable of an eternal weariness. He turned to the sound of loud voices at the street side of the shop. Three or four students had dropped in, and seeing us seated in the corner, hurried over and began to talk so fast that neither of us

could understand what they were trying to say. I singled out one of them, a wild-eyed Bengali who had been in one of my classes two years before, and pulling him by the sleeve, asked directly into his ear:

"Did they kill the Governor?"

"No, dash it!" he said, and the group launched into another boisterous discussion. We got the report piecemeal as their voices gradually subsided. The Governor had been shot in the thigh and in the shoulder, neither wound being at all serious. One of the other shots had pierced the neck of an Indian policeman and killed him instantly. Another had struck an English lady doctor in the abdomen. She was in the hospital. Scores had been trampled, among them an English professor.

"Who was it?" I asked quickly.

"I didn't hear," the Bengali answered. "Some say Harris, some say Tomlinson. His neck was broken, they say, whoever it was. It should have been the whole bloody race!"

That's the way it always went, I thought. Indians somehow never got their man. I wasn't thinking of Abdul's tripping the Englishman, but of the way Indians went about their revolution. They rarely got their man, not even when they waited till they had their victim in a corner. And how glorious they thought the whole thing! It angered me, their cheap bravado, their false courage, their cowardly creeping upon a man to kill him. There was a large element of the Indians that would do it. Some of them were doing it all the time. And for some reason it angered me all the more because they always bungled their assassinations. They never succeeded

in making that grand gesture of heroic martyrdom that was the only true motive at the bottom of their wretched attempts. They succeeded only in making fools out of themselves, fools because as often as not they went to the gallows for the murder of men they hadn't aimed at, their own compatriots half the time. I was thinking these things but I finished by saying them. Vatsayayana, the fiery young Bengali, turned on me furiously.

"*You* are against us then?" he barked.

"I'm against a show like today," I said shortly. "So is Durga Das. So is any Indian who is capable of thinking. If you want a revolution, why don't you have a revolution, instead of an afternoon of miserable, meaningless pot-shots? Anybody would think you all belonged to a sewing-bee."

The Bengali grew gray in the face and spluttered with impotent rage before he could find his voice.

"You traitor!" he squealed in a high falsetto, "An American that pretends to love liberty but sides with the bloody British —" I jumped up and clapped my hand over his mouth. Indians were twisting around in their chairs and peering in from the streets.

"Shut up, you fool!" I said evenly. "If you want to talk, come down to my house —"

"Yes, do shut up by all means," said Durga Das, cutting in. His eyes never changed their expression, and so looking at him steadily he cursed the Bengali in his own rich vernacular through many disgraceful incarnations. Vatsayayana lurched back in his chair and glowered at us

with blazing eyes. Then with a great effort, he composed himself and got to his feet. He drummed nervously with his nails on the metal top of the table and smiled out of the corner of his mouth.

"All the same, Professor sahib," he said with mock respect, "even an American might get pricked one day at our sewing-bees." I said nothing. The Bengali turned and went out, his friends following after. Durga Das watched till they had gone, then turned to me.

"He's a bad actor, this Vatsayayana," he remarked. "I wonder if it is he who's been sending you —"

"What of it?" I shrugged. "The genus is common enough." We left Sohan Lal's soon after and stood chatting under the awning at the street, with the rain from the lead pipe thumping on the canvas. Then we shook hands and the Hindu went up the bazaars and out of sight in the rain. I climbed into a *tonga* and rode home.

IN THE rooms once more I switched on the lights and tossed my gown to the sofa. Abdul was sleeping on the floor before the fire. I prodded him with my foot and told him to bring me something to eat. He jumped up and smiled sleepily.

"This is you — this is ev'ning good, sahib? *Tik?*" he asked in his awkward English.

"Sure, everything is all right, I guess. Just get me a little supper." He salaamed and went out the back door. I walked into the bathroom to wash. Presently I heard Abdul return, and with a friendly tinkle of china, set the dishes down on the table. I came back into the room,

sat down at the table, and ate my supper, while Abdul stood behind my chair, coming forward from time to time to pass me a dish. I decided not to say anything about the Tomlinson episode, and finished the meal without speaking.

Abdul cleared away the dishes. I went over to the sofa, picked up the gown, and went into the dressing room to hang the saturated garment on a hook. I could hear Abdul moving about in the living room.

"Abdul, be sure to get me up by seven tomorrow," I called. But Abdul never answered me. Instead there came a terrific detonation and a heavy, painful pounding against my eardrums. I was hurled violently against the wardrobe and my face crashed against the upper shelf of it. I dropped the gown, clutched at the shelf to keep from falling down, then reeled back to the wall behind. The light above me was swaying back and forth and I wondered in a second of dizzy abstraction why the bulb hadn't been shattered by the shock. I turned from the wall and ran to the doorway of the living room. All of the lights were out. The hot, acrid sting of powder smoke rose to my nostrils and my eyes began to water.

"Abdul!" I shouted. But there was no sound. I stepped quickly into the room. The cold air from outside was coming in steadily. All of the windows had been blown out, and the smoke was sifting its way up in puffy gray smudges. Embers of the fire were scattered over the rug. I kicked them back to the grate.

"Abdul!" I shouted again, but the Mohammedan didn't answer me. Dazed and half-frenzied I looked around for him. I could see dimly by

the light that came in from the dressing room, but I couldn't see Abdul anywhere. The centre table with all its dishes had completely disappeared. My desk had fallen over on its back. The sofa was a torn tumble of springs, shreds and stuffing. Then I saw a slight motion in the corner. I ran over and knelt down. It was Abdul flung in a heap against the wall. He lay propped half upright against it and his legs moved back and forth as if he were

trying to run. I peered into his face. His eyes were upon me, eyes full of terror, pain and supplication. I raised him to a sitting position and slipped him out of his overcoat. Both of his hands were blown off at the wrists. His shirt was torn wide open and soaked with blood. I looked at his chest and recoiled with a shudder. It was impossible that the man could be living. As I knelt there trembling and looking helplessly at him, his eyes closed and his head fell to one side.

Grand Manan

BY LE BARON COOKE

WE THREW rose petals
From the cliffs
Of Grand Manan,
And watched them swirl,
In eddies of brightness,
Far down
To the Fundy tide,
Then ride away
On ripples of silver.

The Witch-Woman

BY W. A. BREYFOGLE

A Story

THEY had come up through the broad Hungarian plains where the shepherds turned to stare as they went by, and through the pleasant cities of Austria where no one paid any attention to them, and past Salzburg and out of Austria, into Germany. In another week they would be in Munich, in time for the *Oktoberfest*. It is then, when strong beer has made all men kindly and generous, that the gypsies reap a rich harvest, their music finding favor with their audiences. A long road to come, but the road was their home. They were accustomed to travel. And in any case, they were nearly there now. From where they stood the roofs of a village showed golden in the sunlight of late afternoon. Big Josef pointed to them. "Mittenwald," he said. "We stop there for the night."

No one in the little band answered him. He was the chieftain, with whom decisions rested. Besides, he was in an ugly temper and silence was the part of the wise man. Carlos hunched his violin-case higher on his weary old shoulder; Franz communed with the gaudy porcelain bowl of the big pipe he was smoking; Pettul sat in silence on a bank of dry

grass. One rests when one may. The women had put down their cloth-wrapped bundles and sat now beside them. Only the girl Marla was still standing. Franz managed to catch her eye and smiled at her. That was all.

None of them resented their leader's bad temper particularly. It was the privilege of all in places of authority, chieftains, burgomasters, God. If one were going to rebel at it one would be in rebellion all the time. Marla shared this opinion with the rest, if, indeed, she gave the matter any thought at all. Other things engaged her attention just then. She leaned against a huge wayside boulder and let her glances wander down the road that would bring them to the village. What wind there was blew her dark hair across her eyes, and she put it aside with a slim, tawny hand. The silver circles in her ears glinted in the sun like gold. The silken kerchief she had bound over the top of her head that morning had slipped down now and lay on her shoulders, disregarded. It was the one touch of color about her costume. In all other respects she was dressed against the dust and bright sunshine or driving rain of the

open road. The beauty about her was a matter of her firm young body, her natural grace and her impassive, regular features.

"Let us go!" big Josef grunted. He strode ahead, leaving the others to catch up with him. Marla, with Franz, was close behind, but he did not turn to speak with them. It was noticeable that, when he was angry, which was not seldom, the worst of Josef's black mood was always reserved for Marla, his dead brother's daughter, as if he had resented her living on when his brother, whom he loved, was dead. It was hard to understand. Sometimes he wished she were in another band, not always there to remind him of her father.

Well, things would be better when they came to Munich, where there were lights and crowds and merriment. In the village there was never a penny to be picked up. The peasants were too careful of their thalers for that. He turned to the rest of the band and issued his orders. "We will make our camp on this side of the village," he told them, briefly. "It is a poor place, nothing for us. But I shall go in myself," he went on arrogantly. "Franz, I leave you to look after Carlos. If he gets away from the camp, he will be helpless. The women, of course, will stay with you."

Carlos, who was from Valencia, spoke only Spanish and Romany. He did not understand a word of German.

The church and houses of Mittenwald were close at hand now. To one side they could hear the roaring of the Leutaschklamm where the pent waters of the mountain stream hurl themselves down into the mist and

whirl and thunder of the deep, narrow gorge. But elsewhere all was peaceful about them. The houses of the villagers stood foursquare and secure, built against the winter storms and the sudden winds from the mountains. The broad, uneven shingles of their roofs were held down by big stones; sometimes a householder had adorned one of his white walls with a Virgin painted in bright colors. Their doors were elaborately carved, for they of Mittenwald are skilful with the chisel. From father to son they are wood-carvers and violin-makers, and as craftsmen there are few to equal them. They could hear the bells of the cows as they were brought down from the higher pastures, the intermittent barking of a dog not far away. In a meadow by the side of the rapid stream they pitched their camp.

That was the women's task, and none of the men offered to help. They sprawled at ease on the dry autumn grass while the shabby tents were set up. Marla arranged stones and built a fire of sticks between them. Big Josef had strolled away to the path that led down from the pastures. When a man appeared driving the cows home, the gypsy nodded to him and gave him a civil "*Grüss' Gott!*"

"*Grüss' di' Gott!*" the man replied, staring. He wore the short leather trousers of the Bavarian peasant, and his knife was in its place at his right thigh. The short sleeves showed his brown and powerful forearms; his shirt was open on his deep chest. But Josef saw that, for all his stature, he was hardly more than a boy. If he had met the fellow on the road he would have

ignored him, but now there was something he wanted and he minded his manners.

"We have just come to your beautiful village," he began. "We are camped yonder, so as to disturb no one." He pointed at the low tents. "There are women with us—I wondered if you could let us have some of the milk from these fine cows."

Anton Furler continued to stare, but he answered politely, "I think so, as soon as they have been milked. It is good to be generous to those in need," he added parenthetically. "I will bring the milk in half an hour and perhaps some of the trout I caught this morning as well. Will that do?"

"It is very kind of you," Josef said, elated at his own success. The fellow must be a complete fool. It is good to be generous to those in need! Pettul would appreciate that. "But I could come for the milk and the trout," he offered humbly. "It's a long way, and you are perhaps tired."

"I'm never tired," the young man said with pride. "I'll be glad to bring them." He flushed a little. It seemed like disloyalty to Mittenwald to admit, even to himself, that he was hungry for the sight of a new face, for novelty of any sort. He waved and turned away. "In half an hour!" he cried.

When he brought them such gifts, they could hardly order him away. He sat just inside the circle of the firelight, watching them with a frank curiosity, answering their questions but putting none of his own. In particular he watched Marla moving about in the flickering, ruddy light and Josef, following his

glances, chuckled to himself. When their supper was over Josef got up to go into the village and Anton Furler, with obvious reluctance, arose to accompany him. The leader seemed surprised. "Why not stay here?" he suggested. "You'll find them glad to have you and, as for me, I'm only going to talk to some of your old men. I'm sure you wouldn't enjoy that. Stay, and tell them what it's like in Mittenwald." He pressed Anton gently back into his place and disappeared into the darkness.

ONE by one, old Carlos first, the gypsies crept into the tents and fell asleep. Pettul's snores and Franz's deep breathing could be heard by the fire which Anton was tending for Marla. The girl was not at all sleepy, she protested. She was younger than the others, he must see. Did she look tired? Anton found the veiled sibilance of her pronunciation enchanting. There were no girls in the village at all like her. He tried to tell her so. But a surprising change came over Marla's face as he spoke. Those village girls, they would still be buxom housewives when the roads and the rough weather had made of her a withered old crone, like her aunt, or like Pettul's wife. Sad to think for how few years any young man, let alone this handsome boy, would find occasion to tell her she was beautiful. Sad to think of returning, on the morrow, to her uncle's unpredictable moods, to the long, weary day on the roads and the hard earth for a bed at night. The deep peace of a night of stars bent over Mittenwald, and she looked up to find Anton's eyes fixed upon her and surprisingly near her own. "You

have been very kind to us," she murmured, even while her heart was fluttering, "and I shall never forget. My uncle, he thinks only of what he can get for himself, but I shall remember you, and not only for the milk and fish you gave us."

Then it was natural that she should find herself in his arms, and his lips pressed to her own.

And on the whole Big Josef was not sorry to have her stay there in the village. He frowned at her air of defiance when she told him, but Anton Furler was close behind her and behind Anton were seven sturdy peasants, friends of his. Besides, Marla was of little use. She could play no instrument and she sang badly, to say nothing of reminding him of his brother. Let her stay! He even, at the instance of Pettul and Franz, gave her a handful of golden coins for a wedding-portion, although Anton Furler had asked for nothing. And then it was the road that led to Munich for the rest of them, and for Marla it was the rest of her life in a house in Mittenwald.

ANTON FURLER was a peasant-farmer and a hunter. That made it easier for her than if he had been a home-keeping craftsman, like so many in the village. It gave her the long days to accustom herself to four friendly walls around her and a roof above, while her husband was out in the fields or on the hills. She put away her silken kerchief and tried, without notable success, to dress like the other women in Mittenwald. Her earrings she still wore, but only because Anton liked to see them. She went to hear old Father Otto sing Mass in the church on Sundays; she

busied herself with cooking savory dishes against her hungry lord's return from the open air. "*Kinder, Kirchie und Küche!*" For church and kitchen she could answer, and perhaps the child would come, to fill out her woman's life.

He was born on a night late in June when the warm rain pattered on the roof like a benediction. The midwife put him in the crook of Marla's arm. "A fine boy!" she said, and Anton kissed his wife and, very gently, his son, and went off to treat his friends to all the wine they could drink. They called the child Paul, and the gypsy-girl lay in the great bed, pale and happy. No one could say now that she was not a good wife, that she had not forgotten the old ways, but was still a gypsy at heart. The little Paul was her living refutation, and she loved him for more than his own sake.

And in fact, every one was very kind to her. The women spoke to her as to one of themselves when they met at church or on the bank of the stream to wash the clothes on summer mornings. Father Otto came to pay his pastoral call and gave mother and child his blessing before he left. She went with the others to weddings and funerals and to help when there was sickness or where a child was born. She had a name for skill with herbs. Anton never regretted his romantic marriage. He sat at his door-step on warm evenings, dandling his child on his knee, and the smile his wife gave them both had in it nothing of the wandering life, the strange wisdom and the secret tents of her tribe.

But the good days came to an end. That year the autumn was

warm and long, lulling them into a false security. Windless, golden days succeeded one another, as if a charm had been laid on all rough weather, and winter were never to come again. In the fields the work was all done for the year, and Anton had nothing to occupy him but the hunting he loved. The great bulk of the Karwendelberg hung over the houses of the village, its steep peak dim in the autumn haze. Late in October, and still the only fires they built were for cooking and their doors were open the whole day long. Marla set the child's cradle there to let the sunlight and such air as was stirring get at the crowing baby. There was nothing evil abroad to hurt him, even at his tender age.

Anton stooped over the cradle on his way out, to dig his son gently in the ribs. "I may be late," he told his wife over his shoulder. "I want to get a deer today, if I can, and they are feeding high up in this weather. Don't worry if I'm not home by dark."

"There will be a good moon," Marla answered. "I'll have supper ready for you when you come back." She came to kiss him, for they were still lovers. "I almost envy you, up in the high hills on a day like this, but we'll be waiting here for you, and hoping you have had good luck."

"Next year I'll take you both with me," Anton promised. "He will be big enough by then."

"It is true, he is growing like a giant's child."

TOWARD noon, with the fickleness of weather in the mountains, clouds began to drift across the sky, harried forward by a sudden wind

from the northeast. They lost the sun from sight and the vast shoulders of the Karwendelberg grew vague and indistinct in a cold mist that drove down upon the village. They closed the doors, casting uneasy glances at the lowering sky. Boys hurried out to the pastures, to bring home the lowing, restless cattle. They made what haste they could, but before they were back in the village the snow was falling, swirling in great flakes about the corners of every house and piling in tiny, fantastic drifts on the sills of the windows. Men who were out of doors hurried home, shivering, to brush the sudden snow from their clothes. It was hard to remember that the morning had been sunny.

There was nothing any of them could do. In the big room at the Inn friends of Anton Furler's who knew he was out in the hills shook their heads gravely over their wine. It would be madness to go after him. He was the best hunter and the best cragsman in all Mittenwald. If Anton could not find his way home, no one else could find it for him. They sat there the whole afternoon, growing more and more grave. Old Father Otto went off to comfort Marla, but the storm was still raging outside and his words sounded hollow to himself, even. At midnight Anton had not returned.

That storm brought in the winter upon the village, but slowly the weather improved until they could venture out. At a bend of the stream, a mile from where it bursts forth from the echoing gorge of the Leutaschklamm, they found what they knew must be Anton's body. "In that storm he could not have heard

the roaring in the gorge," said Heinrich the smith. "He must have fallen in." They looked down in silence at the body, held fast in thin ice along the shore. It was fearfully battered, but violent death was not uncommon in their hills and their faces showed no horror, only sorrow and a sort of bewilderment. They took Anton home to his wife, and, after two days, he was lying in the little churchyard, among his peers.

Because she was a gypsy, Marla kept her grief to herself, and if she wept it was when she was alone. Father Otto praised her for that, but Mittenwald wondered. In the enforced seclusion of winter, gossip is always current, busy with magnifying all that comes to its many ears. It was Gretl, the smith's wife, who spoke out first. She stirred her steaming teacup and gave it as her opinion that Marla's conduct was unnatural. "With her poor husband not two months dead," she summed up, and then, no one knows what put it in her foolish head to add, "Of course, she's a gypsy."

A stir went through the little circle of women. Wilhelmine Krafft wriggled uneasily on her chair. She had not been married very long; she was not used to gossip. But Christina Braunberg, Father Otto's housekeeper, paid deference to her hostess's opinion. "I hadn't thought of it that way before," she admitted, "but there is a great deal in what you say. We can hardly expect her to act like one of ourselves."

A tacit hostility to the absent Marla made itself felt in the room. Wilhelmine Krafft was the only one to speak a good word. "She must

have loved him," said poor Wilhelmine. "They have a child."

How ignorant the girl was! They fell to instructing her, and she retracted her heresy in confusion. Of course, she should have known that for the begetting of children love is superfluous. Outside the early evening began to draw in, hiding her blushes. Christina Braunberg, a spinster of canonical years, looked over her shoulder at the darkening square of the window. She shivered a little and drew nearer the fire. "They say gypsies are often witches," she offered in a low voice.

The women looked at one another. Heinrich's wife nodded her head after a little. "When we were washing side by side, she always got her clothes whiter than I could get mine." "It was wonderful how her garden grew," said another, and still another, who had children of her own, spoke venomously, "Her boy has more good looks than his share. He doesn't take after his father." But it was reserved for Wilhelmine Krafft to loose the most telling shaft. "No," she agreed, "he is very like his mother. And she is still young, no doubt she will marry again." That settled it.

BECAUSE he had been their priest for forty years, Father Otto heard the whisperings before they were many weeks old. He gave the shrinking Christina an unexpurgated piece of his mind, mentioning hell-fire as a possibility not wholly remote from those who speak ill of their neighbors. For a time the rumors hid their heads. But it was not in nature that those rebuked gossips, for Christina was at pains to share her scold-

ing, should feel the more kindly toward Anton Furler's young widow. Especially since she prospered so well, even without a husband. Her hens were laying when there was hardly an egg to be had elsewhere in Mittenwald. There were no deep drifts about her house and the windows were always warm and bright. Those who went by heard her singing inside and had no way of knowing that it was for the gurgling child in his cradle near the hearth. It was a gypsy song, not such as they sang to their own children. How was it that she, without a husband, fared apparently so much better than the other women of the village? Hunger was never very far from the rest of them during the winter months. "I think she does not need a husband," said the smith's wife, and her friend repeated the remark, "Possibly she was not sorry to see Anton out of the way," and then it was, "She may have had something to do with his death." In a week they were sure of it.

"Mother of God," prayed old Father Otto, "Thy Son is murdered again by the tongues of little men and mean, and the Kingdom is yet to come. Do Thou instruct their ignorance and purge away their envy, Mary, full of grace! As for the cure of souls in this village, it is my charge and the shame of these children is my shame. But I am an old man and I am very weary. Send Thou Thy angels to them in their sleep, Mary ever-virgin!" He got up heavily from kneeling on his stiff old knees. It was bitterly cold in the little church. The dim January daylight streamed through the windows, but there was no spirit in it to quicken the painted

glass into life, and the altar was dull and tawdry. It might be that God and His great saints were weary of men, as one wearies of watching a buffoon after a time. There was nothing but the brave flame of the candles to show that faith and hope were not wholly dead.

That was such a winter as no one could remember in Mittenwald. A dead cold numbed the air outside their doors and they shivered, even by the stoves. Fodder for the cattle ran short when April came and they had to kill some of the great-eyed, starving beasts. Marla, who had been careful to buy hay in the autumn, brought her cow and her two goats safely through the winter, and there was always milk for little Paul. But she was as glad as the others when spring came, late, but with a rush. In that wakening of the years she missed Anton sorely, but it was something that there was warmth in the sunshine again, that the snow was gone from all but the sheltered corners and a green was beginning to return to the grass. It was good that the winter was over. If only the nights were not so lonely and so long!

But one forgets such sorrows, one has to. There was the child to play with, and in the afternoons now she could take him in her arms and go walking through the winding streets of the village. It was a long time since she had had speech with any of her neighbors, she thought. She was sorry to see so many of them thin and pale, as if the winter had told upon them heavily. They hurried past her, too, with no more than a perfunctory greeting. They must have had a great deal to do.

Spring was short and hot, and not even the near-by mountains could deliver them from the merciless, sudden heat of the summer. In June no rain fell, and the streams dried and shrank. The crops withered before ever they came to growth. An unaccustomed dust blew about the streets on the hot wind and settled in every crevice. A cow that belonged to the smith died in the pasture, its gaunt ribs sardonic against the withered, scanty grass. Marla — she had carried water from the shrunken stream to her kitchen-garden until her whole body was one ache — sat with little Paul in her lap, crooning him a song, some thoughtless doggerel she remembered from her own childhood:

We have a charm to sway the weather;
We shall not hunger, you and I!

A scuffling sound outside the window made her glance up. Christina Braunberg was just passing by. Father Otto's house-keeper had lost some of her comfortable flesh lately.

THEN the plague came. Wilhelmine Krafft's tiny, new-born baby was the first to die. Its pink skin turned black in spots, it choked a little and then it was dead. The distracted girl hung over the tiny body, repeating its name and shaking it quite fiercely until they had to take her away. In two days she was dead herself. Marla came to be of what service she could while Wilhelmine was still alive, and something stirred in the dying girl's brain at the sight of her. "It's her doing," she muttered weakly. "She's a gypsy; you couldn't expect her to be like one of ourselves." Then she died.

That, Marla thought, was because

her mind had wandered. She didn't know what she was saying. The gypsy-girl went home and washed her whole body carefully in water as hot as she could stand. Only after that did she approach little Paul. He, at least, was still healthy, even with so many children sick and dying in Mittenwald. The plague struck at the very young and the very old. Dizzy and nauseated one morning, Father Otto was dead by night-fall, and the women gathered in the smith's house found no tears for him. "It is only just," they declared. "He always took her part."

In the streets there was utter silence. A new priest came to bury Father Otto and stayed to bury many of the old man's parishioners. Hardly a house but had its cross of straw in front of the door-step, hardly a mother but had a child to mourn, or an old father. There was no merry-making that summer. They went about with fear on their faces. It was manifest that, even after such a winter and such a summer, God was still angry with them. There must be an uncleanness in their midst.

Heinrich the smith was a man every one knew. The children of the village played about his smutty forge unrebuked; their elders came there in the winter to talk. There was something forthright and honest about Heinrich. His heart was as warm as his forge-fire and his friendships were as strong as his arms. It was not his fault that his wife was a shrew. They liked him none the less for that, knowing how easily a young man is deceived in a girl he thinks to marry. Heinrich himself paid scant attention to his wife. His whole in-

terest was bound up in his son, a shock-headed, big-boned boy, much like his father in appearance. And when young Fritz fell ill, it was as if the sun had gone out of the sky.

They hung a golden cross about his neck on a heavy golden chain. They got the new priest to say masses for him, and Marla came with her pots of dried herbs. Every one gave place to the gypsy. They fell back into a muttering circle about the stove while she concocted her soothing brews. There was a sharp intake of breath when she was heard to mutter words of Romany above it, although, if they had but known, she was only trying to remember the exact proportions of her recipe, to get it perfect. The child drank listlessly, and when she took her hand from behind his head, he fell back upon the hot pillows. Blotches of a purple-black were already coming on his cheeks. "It is too late," Marla said sorrowfully. There was no other word spoken. They let her pass in silence toward her home.

There was no great variety of food but they need not go hungry. She made ready the simple meal for little Paul and herself, a thin cake of rye-bread baked over a fire of sticks, and a big bowl of goat's milk. Then she put the child to bed, lingering over his perfect little arms and legs, his dear, drowsy face. It was a hardship to lay him in his cradle. And how heavy he was growing! Her arms ached with his weight. Anton would have rejoiced in their son, but Anton was very far away now. She had to face the rest of her life alone.

On the hearth the sticks of beech had burned down to coals. Waves of heat ran over them. Marla raked

them together and crouched, gypsy-fashion, in their warmth. The words of an old song came to her.

We have a charm to sway the weather;
We shall not hunger, you and I!

It brought back the old days, the sunlight and the shabby tents, the cities of Austria and the wide Hungarian plains, the winds and the rain they never minded, and the white road stretching far away before them. Very far away, even as far as Mittenwald and Anton and little Paul, a roof over her head. She came slowly to herself. Some one was shouting outside. She got to her feet quickly, but the door was burst open before she could reach it. Heinrich the smith and, she thought, the whole village were there.

THE smith's face was flushed as if he had been drinking. But that wasn't it. "Take the gypsy-brat," he cried, and pointed at the cradle. A wave of men flung forward, hurling Marla back. "If my son has the plague," Heinrich shouted at her, "then yours shall have it, too. They shall spend the night in the same bed. Bring her along!" Two or three of his friends seized Marla. "Let her watch! If she has any charms, she can say them then!"

Ridiculously, all that concerned her was that they had left the door open, the house would get cold. The rest was negligible; it was simply a grotesque dream and would pass.

She saw, as if it had been far away and no concern of hers, that they were in a strange room. Heavy hands held her by the wrists and elbows. Other hands had thrust a child, absurdly like Paul, into a bed where another child lay already. She wanted

to point this out to them, but something struck her across the lips and she held her peace. It was only a dream, anyway. The salty taste of blood was in her mouth, part of that same dream. Angry faces swam at her and receded again. One of them was very like her Uncle Josef's face.

All around her the faces grew pinched and gray. Far off she could see Paul sleeping as he always slept, one soft fist doubled under his rosy cheek. So it was all right. Beside him, the face of an older child was growing white from minute to minute, but Paul was asleep. That was natural. Marla could so easily have fallen asleep herself. If only they would not shout so! Didn't they know that she was tired from the long day? If they knew, they didn't care, for they kept on shouting.

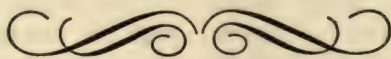
"That's where she sent poor Anton to his death, take her there and the child, too! Heinrich, it's no use — Fritz is dead. There is nothing left but to kill the sorceress and her son. Then God will pardon us, He will surely pardon us!" A sea of faces stormed along beside her. They must have left the room for it was dark now and rain was falling about her. She could hear a roar that sounded like the Leutaschklamm, but she knew that was impossible. She had only stepped out for a minute with little Paul, leaving the door open.

She must hurry back and close it.

The roar was very close under her feet. She heard gasping voices. "Have you got the child there? Then — one, two, three and away!" Then there was nothing but the world opening beneath her and a merciful cessation of that pinching on her arms. She felt herself falling. Over her head the sky split in a sudden, sinister splendor. Then it was all over.

But for Heinrich and his fellows it had only just begun. The lightning flickered along the peaks and nearer, at their feet. Their bravado faded. All the world leapt at them in eerie flashes and sprang back again, as if they had been found unworthy. "But surely it was right," poor Heinrich argued with himself. "She was a witch and her son was tainted, too. It is better that they should both be out of the way. And every one knows she sent her husband into the Leutaschklamm; why should she not follow, with her son? My son is dead!"

They slept that night uneasily at first, as if expecting some fearful summons, then heavily, wearied out. In the morning the air was washed clean and pure, the heat and the drought were past. Above their mountains a rainbow stood in the sky, the sign of God's forgiveness. From red-rimmed, bloodshot eyes they saw that the storm was over.



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



tration had displeased the voters, but by and large, the voters went to the polls merely to say they did not like the way things had been going.

The retiring President, used to the more exact habits of the engineering profession and of the business world,

PERHAPS one of the Land-scaper's New Year's resolutions should be to let politics and public affairs alone, and stick strictly to books. But before swearing off, and before passing along to a consideration of the available reading matter, one or two stray thoughts demand to be made public. To a fairly unbiased student of government, the election held in November is unusually interesting for this reason: It is a striking example of an overwhelming popular mandate that represents no real expression of public opinion upon any of the myriad important questions that face this country and the rest of the world today. Of course, it may be assumed that the anti-Prohibition vote helped to elect Roosevelt, and it is certain that there has been a most extraordinary change in sentiment on the liquor question since the early part of the present year; economic pressure has apparently made serious breaches in the ranks of the Dry forces. But other than this, the total effect of the election was a violent and overwhelming protest against the depression. It is true, to be sure, that here and there in the country specific acts of the Adminis-

tration must have a deep feeling of puzzlement as he looks back to 1928, when he was given a huge vote for two reasons: first, Republican prosperity, and second, Al Smith's Wetness and his Catholicism, neither of which had anything to do with Mr. Hoover's own abilities. Now he is turned out of office for reasons quite as remotely removed from reality. . . . There must be something profoundly wrong with a political system that is so wholly controlled by momentary prejudice, and in which calm judgment has no place; even if the voice of the people is the voice of God — and what a difficult bit of dogma that is to swallow these days — the voice of the people seems to be used mainly for incoherent shouting, rather than for any articulate expression of considered opinion. At any rate, the situation leaves Roosevelt with a free hand; the mandate is as vague as his promises and plans. A clean slate

is therefore available; it is evident that President Hoover is going to help the new Administration all he can and at the same time reorganize the shattered ranks of the Republicans, thus putting the Democrats to the supreme test. For once, they hold all the cards, and as consistently interesting as these last troubled years have been, the next four promise to be even more so.

Still Plenty of Books

THERE will still be time left for books, however, and plenty of books. The records show about nine thousand new titles for 1932, about a thousand fewer than in 1931, and a real reduction which is quite likely to go farther in 1933, to the general good of all, except, perhaps, authors; as dark as are the prospects in most professions at present, authorship offers even less than the others. The chances of having a manuscript published at all have been reduced, and the chances of having a book sell after some bold publisher has gambled upon it are so small as to be hardly worth considering. Not, to be sure, that this will bring about any marked drop in the production of manuscripts, because people write for a number of reasons besides the hope of making money; trying to persuade authors that what they have written is of no importance is exactly as easy as trying to persuade a fond mother that her favorite offspring is at best no more than a normal child. In these days, the most familiar phrases in letters to publishers go something like this: Because of the Depression, I have plenty of time on my hands, and so I thought I would write a novel, or if not a novel, a play, or a

book on How to Do Away with Unemployment, or How to be Happy Though Jobless. . . .

Books On Our Problems

SINCE we started on a serious note, the future of our country, let us look first at the recent books that have a direct bearing upon our problems, domestic and international. Walter Lippmann's comment on the state of affairs has been gathered together in a volume called *Interpretations* (Macmillan, \$2), a collection of editorials and addresses touching upon many subjects. Allan Nevins did the editing, a good enough guarantee of its quality. Through his contributions to the New York *Herald-Tribune*, Mr. Lippmann has become the most widely influential journalist in the United States at the present time, read from coast to coast, and his writings accepted as gospel. He writes clearly, simply and directly, and very often thinks the same way, although not always, by any means. There are times when his thinking goes suddenly soft; the backbone of realism has been removed from it, and the emotional quality completely overrules the intellectual. But what he writes is invariably readable, and most of it worth reading. This collection makes a sort of history of our own times, as Mr. Lippmann touches upon all the major questions of the day. A far more solid work for the serious is G. D. H. Cole's *A Guide Through World Chaos* (Knopf, \$3.75), in which an eminent English economist explains the state of world affairs since 1929, and foresees vast changes in the whole structure of capitalism if it is to survive. He is himself a

Socialist, but his book is free from propaganda, and he writes intelligibly. It is a pity to dismiss so important a work as this with no more than a few lines, but there are many other books to be written about.

Alcohol and Man

IF THERE were any suspicion that science might play a part in determining the ultimate fate of Prohibition, the Landscaper would give a hearty recommendation to *Alcohol and Man: The Effects of Alcohol on Man In Health and Disease*, edited by Dr. Haven Emerson, and published by Macmillan at \$3.50. This is more or less of a last word on a subject that has been argued about for generations, a careful scientific investigation, the results of which confirm any common-sense consideration of the question of drink. On the whole, it will give little comfort to the Prohibitionists, and it seems likely they may need a lot during the next few years. Science has evidently made some progress since the days of those marvelous charts that used to hang on the walls of schoolrooms, depicting the horrors of alcohol, and particularly its effect upon the human interior. Little wonder that a generation growing up with those charts got itself conditioned against liquor, even if later experiments seemed to prove that the charts were, to put it mildly, exaggerated. The Landscaper has often wondered how American Prohibitionists could ignore the successful use of liquor in most European countries, although their argument would be, no doubt, that they were much more concerned with its unsuccessful use in this country. At any rate,

Dr. Emerson and his collaborators have done an admirably thorough book on Alcohol; it should furnish material for arguments for years to come.

The End of the World

A GROUP of engineers at Columbia University has been working for several years on a survey of American industry, and the first of their findings are just now reaching the public. They are discovering that improvements in machinery which have taken place in the past thirty years are likely in time to make a new economic system necessary, in which prices as we know them will be abolished. Their statistics are most alarming, so alarming as to exercise a morbid fascination; one's only real protection against them is that every age has had its prophets of disaster and the world has continued to stagger along without paying much attention to their warnings and lucubrations. There is a partial breakdown of the price system implicit in *The Abolition of Unemployment* by Frank D. Graham, professor of economics at Princeton (Princeton University Press, \$2), an interesting small book, with a carefully worked out plan that strikes this observer as entirely impracticable. Dr. Graham would have all the unemployed put back to work producing goods that are needed; they would be paid with compensation certificates, which would have to be put into circulation at once in order to receive full value for them. It is very hard to see how this plan could work within the bounds of the existing system, and the answer is that it will not be tried even if it would

work, but it has been carefully thought out, and many of the obvious objections answered.

A complete study of the War debt situation is as timely as the book on alcohol, already mentioned, and far more likely to be useful in settling the question, as War debts do not touch the average citizen directly enough to arouse his prejudices. *War Debts and World Prosperity*, published by the Institute of Economics of Brookings Institute, and edited by Harold G. Moulton and Leo Pasvolsky, is a compendium of all the available information, with many charts and tables, and some conclusions, the principal one of which is the world would be better off if War debts were obliterated at once and their collection would be just as injurious in the long run to the creditor nations as the debtor. In other words, this group of economists thinks we should do with good grace what we are obviously going to have to do with either good or bad before we are through with this highly important and vexing question. William Kay Wallace's *Our Obsolete Constitution* (John Day, \$2) is a frontal attack upon what the author considers our outworn governmental system, a closely reasoned and convincing book that ought to be widely read, especially if it is true that any real increase in governmental efficacy and efficiency is tied up, as Mr. Wallace argues, with profound changes in the whole system.

Two Kinds of Crooks

THAT something needs to be done is the burden of Denis Tilden Lynch's exciting and dramatic *Crim-*

inals and Politicians: The History of the Rackets' Red Rule (Macmillan, \$2), which tells again the sorry tale of the alliance between the real bosses of this country and the underworld. Mr. Lynch is a first-rate political reporter, and he gives names and dates. It is not a new story, but it is a chapter in American history that needs to be brought to a close, a cause for blushes on the part of every one who cares anything about his country. New Yorkers know enough about it, and there will be no change in this respect so long as Tammany runs the show.

Two Triple-Starred Books

BEFORE passing on to more definite classifications, the Landscaper would like to take the time to give an especial recommendation to two recent books that seem to him of the widest possible interest. One of these is Volume Four of Mark Sullivan's informal history of these United States, *Our Times*, the other, Burton Rascoe's *Titans of Literature*. Mr. Sullivan's latest volume (Scribner, \$3.75) covers the years between 1909 and 1914, and contains upward of two hundred and fifty delightful illustrations. It begins just before the World War got under way, and covers every conceivable variety of subject, from the kind of corsets women were wearing to the dissolution of Standard Oil, a complete and most entertaining picture of a period that seems suddenly to have receded into the far distance. It was the Ford period, the period of nickel movies, of Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries, of the Turkey Trot, of Halley's Comet, and of an America that was concerned over nearly everything in the

world except the fact that Europe was about to set itself on fire. . . . On the whole, the Landscaper considers this volume even better than its predecessors, even more genuinely significant. It has the utter fascination of a well-kept scrapbook, and at the same time, it is history. Naturally its strongest appeal will be to those of us who were in the midst of events between 1909 and 1914, but the younger and the older ought both to find it delightful reading. It deserves a very high rating among the interesting books of the past twelve-month.

A Large Order Filled

MR. RASCOE'S volume is an attempt to write a history of literature single-handed, and in terms of the outstanding personalities that have been behind the production of the books the world still reads. It is published by Putnam at \$3.75, and is a large value for the money. Such a task as Mr. Rascoe has assumed would be enough to make most people too solemn for any use. But he wears his scholarship with a difference; he has managed to write an extraordinarily readable book about a string of writers that runs all the way from Homer to Dreiser. Many of the single essays are admirable as examples of vital and penetrating criticism, and the general average is high both from the point of view of scholarship and style, but what matters most is that the entire book is delightful to read, consistently lively, and never bromidic in the slightest degree. Mr. Rascoe has done the classics a service in writing this book, dusted them off, as it were, and allowed us to see them as something

alive and appealing. His is a volume that should by no means be overlooked.

Mary Austin's Life

OF BIOGRAPHIES and autobiographies recently published, there has been none so important as Mary Austin's *Earth Horizons* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), the life story of a remarkable woman who has seen much of this country, come in contact with all sorts of people, and managed to get her own valuable thinking and writing done at the same time. Her peculiar mysticism, which comes from her love of the "folk," is well set forth in this book, which rises to heights of real beauty when she writes from close to the earth. It is a book that richly deserves to be read by every intelligent American, a book that is really a part of the life of the country during the period covered by Miss Austin's lifetime.

In his *Porfirio Diaz* (Lippincott, \$5), Carleton Beals has given us a valuable study of one of the most interesting figures in contemporary history, done against the full background of a long period, for Diaz ruled Mexico as an absolute monarch for twenty-five years. Mr. Beals's years of residence in Mexico and his study of the country's history show to the best possible advantage in this excellent portrait, which will not be superseded for years to come, if ever. It is, in fact, a model biography in that Mr. Beals worked from first-hand sources, and deserves as much credit for his research as for the lively manner in which he has put together all his vast store of valuable information.

A Great Humanitarian

ANOTHER great man of our own times of an entirely different sort is depicted in Jan Sörenson's *The Saga of Fridtjof Nansen* (Norton, \$4.50). Nansen was a man of heroic stature, a scientist, artist, author, explorer, statesman, and above all, humanitarian. Romain Rolland called him "the only European hero of our time" and this book offers proof of the correctness of M. Rolland's statement. His biographer has told the whole story, using ample documentation, and the book is an inspiring record of unselfish devotion to the human race. Among other outstanding recent biographies is Hilaire Belloc's *Napoleon* (Lippincott, \$4), in which Mr. Belloc, who may be relied upon for new slants on his subjects, suggests that Napoleon was the Woodrow Wilson of his times. The book is divided into two sections, the first sketching Napoleon's character and achievements, the second furnishing pivotal points of his active career.

Still other books in this category that deserve attention are: *David Hume* by J. Y. T. Grieg (Oxford, \$3.75), the first full-length biography of the English philosopher since 1846; *Oliver's Secretary: John Milton in an Era of Revolt*, by Dora Neill Raymond (Minton, Balch, \$3.50), in which Mrs. Raymond tries to solve the riddle of the very contradictory Miltonian personality; *Blessed Spinoza* by Lewis Browne (Macmillan, \$4), the first full-length biography in English of one of the master-liberators of the human spirit; and *Arthur Schnitzler* by Sol Liptzin (Prentice-Hall), the first book in English on

Vienna's famous novelist and dramatist, written by a man who enjoyed his personal friendship.

A collection of biographies that is at the same time a complete exposition of a method of portraying human beings which the author brought to the pitch of perfection is Gamaliel Bradford's *Biography and the Human Heart* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50). Mr. Bradford's essay on biography is clear and revealing, and his studies of Longfellow, Whitman, Charlotte Cushman and Horace Walpole, among others, are highly interesting examples of the application of his principles. Mr. Bradford's death was a serious loss to American letters, and the skill he displays in this book emphasizes the loss.

Some Favorite Novels

OF THE novels published in recent months, the Landscaper's personal favorites were both written by women. One is Ellen Glasgow's *The Sheltered Life*, by all odds the most distinguished piece of fiction produced on this side of the Atlantic in 1932; the other Rosamond Lehmann's *Invitation to the Waltz*, a peculiarly charming novel, exquisitely done, and with a permanent appeal. There is another brilliant novel by a woman not far in the future, and while the Landscaper is a scrupulous observer of release dates, he takes the liberty of announcing that Isabel Paterson's *Never Ask the End*, available early in January, is something to look out for. It is Mrs. Paterson's first contemporary novel, and one of those books that has the "little more" which invariably distinguishes good art from bad. Of this novel, more later. Its publication

seems to this observer to mark the definite rise of another first-rate talent among American novelists.

John Galsworthy has recently received the Nobel Prize, and this, no doubt, gives additional interest to the publication of his *Flowering Wilderness* (Scribner, \$2.50), which is concerned with the fortunes of Dinny Cherrell, met already in his preceding novel. In this book Dinny falls in love with Wilfred Desert, who has broken the code of an English gentleman by becoming a Mohammedan at the point of a pistol, violated a tribal tabu that we foreigners have to accept on faith lest it seem a frightful lot of pother about nothing, and therefore nothing to build a plot upon. These two decent young people have a perfectly dreadful time because of Wilfred's unforgivable sin, and Mr. Galsworthy does his usually exact and accurate picture of the class with which he is concerned while telling of their troubles. The book exhibits many of the qualities that have given its author his commanding position among living novelists. It also has some painful faults, the most noticeable of which appears to the Landscaper to be Mr. Galsworthy's difficulty with modern dialogue. Has he been reading Hemingway? If so, not to the very best purpose. In short, *Flowering Wilderness* is not Galsworthy at his best, but it is a good novel.

A Promising Newcomer

A NOVEL by a young American that is attracting attention at the moment is *God's Angry Man* by Leonard Erlich (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50), a book based upon the life of John Brown, and with very real merits, a

powerful, fiery piece of writing that makes its characters and their period come sharply to life. John Brown himself is done with amazing skill, a veritable god-filled hero. Mr. Erlich, according to the announcement of his publishers, means this to be the first of a series of novels based upon incidents in American history. If he can keep the others anywhere near up to the level of the first, he will find himself well established among important novelists. There is real stuff here, and any one interested in the rising generation would do well to make a check by Erlich's name. This late in the year, the fiction shelf is not likely to be overcrowded, but several important novels remain to be mentioned. Lloyd C. Douglas's *Forgive Us Our Trespases* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50) is a moving story of what life did to a youngster who started with the gravest handicaps, a tale told with real sympathy and feeling. The boy was born to revolt against a world that had crushed his young mother; the storms that blew throughout his life were brewing when he gave his first cry. Mr. Douglas's success with *The Magnificent Obsession* was no accident; the new book has the stuff of genuine popularity in it.

Two Amusing Novels

FOR lovers of the sophisticated and the subtle, *The Cat Who Saw God* by Anna Gordon Keown (Morrow, \$2.50) is a perfectly safe recommendation. This novel tells the tale of Eliza Barbeston, a spinster, and her maid, Sarah Lupin, of the baleful eye. Also of a Bishop who became broad-minded, rather to his surprise, and of a cat that kept watch on

these, and other, proceedings. The novel is gaily impudent, and has real charm. Another amusing book — it will prove particularly so for those who know something of the ins and outs of British politics — is Hilaire Belloc's *The Postmaster General* (Lippincott, \$2), with many sketches by G. K. Chesterton. It is concerned with the adventures of Wilfred Halterton, Postmaster General in the administration of Mrs. Boulger, anno 1960, and is a satire on the ways of politics and politicians.

From fairly familiar historical material Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall have made a rattling good novel in *Mutiny on the Bounty* (Little, Brown — the Atlantic Monthly Press, \$2.50). The story of this remarkable episode in the history of the Eighteenth Century has been told a number of times before, but never so well as here; the authors have lived for years in the South Seas, and the familiarity with the setting helps their book. It has already had the publicity of a book-club choice, but doubtless a good many people missed it in the exciting preëlection period. It is well worth going back to. For those who like his books, the Landscaper not being among the number, Jim Tully has a new one, *Laughter in Hell* (Albert and Charles Boni, \$2), mostly concerned with the adventures of Barney Slaney in a chain gang, where he was sentenced for killing his wife and her lover. There is plenty of violence and sentimentality.

Miss Roberts's Short Stories

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS'S short stories of recent months have been collected under the title

of *The Haunted Mirror* (Viking, \$2.50). They are stories of her Kentucky mountain folk, seen through her own romantic imagination; her style is full of poetical beauty, but the focus is never clear and sharp. Like William Faulkner, she takes us into a world that we must accept on her terms, and for some of us, at least, this is bound to set up a conflict, since we are likely to ask for a touch of our own reality. In short, the stories in this volume are often hauntingly lovely, and filled with overtones of emotion, but they are about people we do not readily recognize.

To return to our survey of the more miscellaneous titles of recent weeks, the Landscaper was amused to find sitting side by side on his shelves a book filled with savage attacks upon quackery in the practice of medicine by the irregulars and another attack filled with just as savage attacks upon the humbug, inefficiency and downright dishonesty in the practice of medicine by the regulars. Book Number One is called *Fads and Quackery in Healing* and is by Morris Fishbein (Covici-Friede, \$3.50). It is a perfectly fascinating chapter in the long, long story of human credulity, of what the will-to-believe can lead people to swallow. Dr. Fishbein roasts the osteopaths, the chiropractors, the Christian Scientists, the naturopaths, the "big-muscle boys" and so on down the list. He even retells the extraordinary story of the Abrams box, which was endorsed in its time by many supposedly intelligent people; its little trick, as may be recalled, was to make a complete diagnosis by the examination of one drop of blood. Book

Number Two is called *Let's Operate* and is by Roy H. McKay and Norman Beasley (Long and Smith, \$3), Dr. McKay being a well known surgeon and a fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He knows, therefore, what he is talking about. He has a shocking story to tell of fee-splitting, of fortunes to be made in abortions, of operations uselessly performed, and of the general ineffectiveness of specialists. A careful study of these two books would lead one inevitably to the conclusion that there was nothing to do but stay well, unless there happened to be an old-fashioned family physician available. Dr. McKay approves of the general practitioner, but even in the smaller towns and cities, it is the surgeon who acquires a local reputation who makes the money. And some doctors, believe it or not, do like to make money.

Snakes and Spooks

IMPORTANT recent books of science include two of unusual interest, Henry Smith Williams's *Survival of the Fittest* (McBride, \$3.50), and Raymond Ditmars's *Tbrills of a Naturalist's Quest* (Macmillan, \$3.50). The first is a simple attempt to explain the why and wherefore of animal evolution, and is enriched with a large number of photographs from natural models. The second is the account of the life of one of the world's most famous authorities on snakes.

A year or more ago, the Landscaper read a book in London that lingered in his memory, a book about the mysteries of Tibet. It was called *Magic and Mystery in Tibet*, and was written by Alexandra David-Neel. It has just now been published

in this country by Claude Kendall, price \$3.75, and for those who like to be made pop-eyed, it is recommended reading. Mrs. David-Neel spent fourteen years in Tibet, devoting her whole time to the study and practice of the strange religions that flourish in the country. She believes in their magic, even to the creation of animate objects by thinking them into existence. There is, to be sure, a perfectly reasonable explanation of phenomena of this sort, but why be reasonable when it is so much more thrilling to believe in goblins and ghosts and all manner of supernatural beings and manifestations? This is an entertaining book, even for the skeptical.

Mrs. Woolf as a Critic

OF RECENT books of specific literary interest, the first and strongest recommendation goes to Virginia Woolf's *The Second Common Reader* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3), another collection of fine critical essays, this time taking in Donne, Swift, DeQuincey, Hazlitt, DeFoe, Rosetti, Lawrence, and so on. There is no more interesting critic living than Mrs. Woolf, and she writes exquisitely, as it is hardly necessary to say. Other books of this classification include Hamlin Garland's *My Friendly Contemporaries* (Macmillan, \$2.50), a continuation of his reminiscences covering the 1913-1923 period, filled with character sketches of all the leading literary lights of the time; *The Oxford Book of American Prose*, a splendid selection edited by Mark Van Doren (Oxford, \$3), and with an introductory essay by the editor; Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, selected and edited by

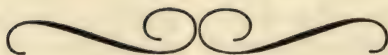
Edgar Valentine Mitchell (Appleton, \$3), making available a fascinating lot of material long since buried in the multi-volumed original edition; and the second volume of *The Journal of Arnold Bennett* covering 1911 to 1920 (Viking, \$4). There will be one more volume ready next spring, and the set will then be complete, a truly remarkable picture of the mind of an active man, who was interested in everything. The present book covers Bennett's visit to this country, which gives it an especial interest. It needs nothing extraneous, however, to make it delightful reading.

A Handsome Travel Book

THE handsomest travel book of recent weeks is Hudson Strode's *The Story of Bermuda* (Smith and Haas, \$5), with seventy-five beauti-

ful illustrations, and good letterpress, also. This ought to be about right for a present of some sort; Mr. Strode has done his work well, and his publishers have completed the job in admirable fashion. Another engaging travel book of wholly informal nature is *Down the World: Romantic Tales of a Traveler* by Oswald Hering (McBride), the story of the wide wanderings of an American architect, who rambled from Ceylon all the way to Natchez, Mississippi, taking large numbers of excellent photographs and seeing a lot to write about.

More will be said later about Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's *The Victorian Sunset* (Morrow, \$3.50), a continuation of this author's admirable book, *Those Earnest Victorians*.



Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Behind the Campus Bars

POSSIBLY there is no reason to expect ex-football stars, even of a prominent Eastern university whose high scholastic standards have been well advertised, to appear intelligent, to speak grammatically, or to have anything to say worth hearing. But these three were below par, well below par, and we were assured that they had all graduated from their illustrious Alma Mater. That fact seemed to require explanation, and we demanded it from one of their classmates. His answer was unhesitating: "What do you think the honor system's for?"

In an era of the wildest idealistic vagaries the realism of that was sweet and comforting. Back somewhere in the years there had been a vague idea that the honor system was intended to help make Christian gentlemen of pork-packers' offspring; the result in many cases was so apparently unsuccessful that the idea had petered out, the honor system continuing on, another outworn relic in education's vast museum. But here were the football players seeing

it with open eyes, using it as a means to four years of mental, if only partially physical, comfort. What if their conversation did leave something to be desired? Their feet were on the ground.

It is said that the kind of football which brought young men to college who had no desire for learning, but who saw in it a pleasant livelihood, is rapidly dying out. Perhaps their realism has communicated itself to the other students. Perhaps even the old grads are growing too old and weary and dispirited with depression to continue the time-worn gestures. And there is a bare chance that the college authorities themselves are peeking out of their ivory towers on a world grown exceptionally interesting, if very melancholy. Therefore, it seems on the verge of possibility that another change may come about — or close enough to the verge to talk about it.

First, it might be well to recall the fact that approximately a million girls and boys go to college in this country. What percentage of the total number of young people in the proper age limits that constitutes

seems to have been left out of the census calculations, but it must be large enough to throw an immediate doubt on the possibility that they all go there with a burning thirst for pure knowledge. Yet if the normal actions of college authorities are a reliable criterion, that is the assumption on which most rules and regulations are based. "If," those authorities say to erring adolescents, "you don't care enough about being here to do your work properly and keep out of trouble, there are plenty of others anxious to take your place." *Exeunt* the adolescents, for periods varying from a week to life.

With the high moral attitude expressed in these words, no one could quarrel. But there are other things involved that right now seem more important than high moral attitudes. For instance, in the case of an expensive private college, the chances are at least even that the youth's parents have invested a very considerable amount of money in his previous education, with the idea that he would some day have a decorated piece of sheepskin to help him get a job. There are, of course, employers who do not mind hiring high school graduates; there are employers who prefer not to have anything to do with college graduates; but there are also employers who sneer very hard at any one who started a college education and could not finish it. The parents know this quite well, though their sons may not. And since parents in this class are apt to be in just as worried a condition as any others nowadays, it does not raise their spirits to tell them that their son is solely to blame for the depreciation of their educational invest-

ment in him any more than it does to tell them that Europe is to blame for the depreciation of their investments in the stock market. They have heard almost all the blaming that they will be able to stand for a generation; what they want is results.

In the case of less prosperous parents, the State has borne most of the expense involved in their children's education. But, considering the weird figures deficits are attaining in the year 1933, the State is hardly better able to bear such losses than the individual. Moreover, if we Americans have ever had a coherent philosophy, it was that we could educate ourselves to Eden, which is, of course, the reason for the vast sums we spend on education. Why, then, even if it could afford to, should the State throw away its investment in young men and women because their attitude toward knowledge does not compare favorably with the attitude which their superiors think they ought to have? The State wants and needs them educated (according to Technocracy, too, the world is growing complex); as an unusually uncomprehending abstraction it can not possibly care whether they like it or not. Again, the thing is results.

Of course there can not be a million young men and women between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three so avid for learning that they will obey all the moral and scholastic regulations that academic ingenuity has contrived in this curious country. The plain fact is that learning, on the whole, is a dull and thankless task; it tries the nerves and, in many cases — to mangle a metaphor — demands practically Bacchanalian antidotes for successful administration. There

can be nothing original in the observation that college enrolments ran up to their colossal totals during a period when the morals of youth were generally considered to be rushing down the scale at a similar dizzy speed. But if the country really needs so many college-educated men and women, neither indignant sermons nor suspensions and expulsions are going to be of any help.

ALL of which is elementary. Our progressive education experts have been after the problem tooth and nail, not to say vociferously, for years now; but if you admit the premise that learning, much of useful learning, is inordinately and by nature dull, there is only limited success in store for them. In any event, they have not had time or support to prove their theories. Assuming that presently entrenched academicians have failed to solve the problem and that the problem is worth solving, is there anything that can be done at once?

Why not jails? The idea has had little or no trial and it does seem to have logic behind it. Its essential theory is quite simple. Each college would be provided with a building set apart from the others. In keeping with modern penal methods, it would probably be called something more euphonious than "jail" — "The Student's Temporary Rest" might do nicely on most campuses. There would be no more suggestion of iron bars about the place than was necessary to keep inmates from leaving. Cells would be divided by sound-proof walls. Culprits would sleep in comfortable beds and eat at least as good food as was available to them in

their regular college life — better if possible. In each cell would be a desk, well provided with paper, pencils, erasers, perhaps even a typewriter. Bookshelves would line the walls. There would be a library in the building filled with routine books, and attendants to get any special ones needed from the regular college library. The head attendant's job would be to see to it that no inmate got a book that was not necessary for one of his courses.

In a central courtyard there would be a small gymnasium, completely fitted out, where physical culture could have its part in the curriculum. For an hour in the morning and another in the afternoon prisoners would have access to it for exercise, and in the evening they could gather there again for an hour's conversation, seeing visitors or playing games. But a careful search of visitors would be made on the way in to prevent smuggling either of instruments that might help in an escape or of alcoholic or literary contraband that might lighten the rigor of confinement.

Otherwise, the young people would be left to their own devices in their cells — except that through appropriate apertures in the doors a kind of deacon occasionally would thrust a long rod to wake some nodding student. This would happen between an eight-thirty breakfast and ten o'clock at night; else too many students might go into hibernation and defeat the establishment's purpose.

After a day or two of aimless picture-drawing, writing letters, or whatever other activity he could devise to prop up his rebellious spirit, the average prisoner out of very bore-

dom would resign himself to some measure of what he had been sent to college to do. The measure, naturally, would vary, but there would be at least a few cases of students' discovering an unsuspected but genuine interest in the reading. At the opposite extreme there would be a large number of those whose boast had always been that they never opened a book who might at least become acquainted with chapter headings. This would raise them to the status of people who argue the merits of popular current books from reading their reviews, and would be some improvement.

Further, students might find their understanding of passages in certain books limited, and being genuinely puzzled, attempt in the evening conversations to elicit help from others. Human vanity being what it is, this should rouse the others to untried intellectual feats. There is, of course, no guarantee that truth would be found, but at least the individual search for it would be something fresh and stimulating in American college life.

All of which, naturally, is based on the assumption that exposure for ten hours a day to unadulterated knowledge would do no permanent harm to young Americans. Mr. Hays will argue in the negative.

ASIDE from incarceration's direct effect on their store of learning, there is this to consider: when a platitudinous orator addresses a graduating class with the admonition that, because it is their destiny to have wealth and power above the average of people in the country, they must bear in mind its noble ideals, be

honorable leaders in thought and action, deserving of their good fortune, etc., the performance may be sickening but it has its large measure of truth. Somehow or other the vacuous faces gazing at him are later going to be issuing orders that control government, business and industry, as well as the professions. Unfortunately for their sense of the realities then, during these formative four years there is no class of our whole conglomerated population so insulated from grim contact with the majesty of the law as these future leaders.

Most colleges are still small and separated from large cities. They form communities of their own, almost self-governing and self-sufficient. If a student offends the town authorities, his dean often intercedes and provides punishment of his own mild devising. Parents expect him to protect their offspring from sordid events, even as they would do at home. The combination of wealth and a veneer of learning are supposed to be above ordinary justice, and they generally are, though learning by itself may not be. Higher education is, of course, less a prerogative of wealth now than it once was, but the two still go together often enough.

So these students are taught idealism in their classes and in their transgressions are encouraged to realize the immunity from full punishment conferred on them by position. Which of the two lessons is most likely to sink in? If the answer is not completely obvious, take a look at America. The argument here is that giving them even a mild taste, while still in college, of what would happen to them for their sins in the outside

world might help in some degree. However luxurious The Student's Temporary Rest in comparison with Sing Sing or San Quentin, no normal youth could fail to feel the difference between life there and life in his dormitory.

Except for the difficulty of finding money to build the jails, this seems to be an exceptionally appropriate time to institute such a change, for unmistakably our traditional attitude toward reward and punishment has broken down. Our parents taught us that if we were good we should be done good by, and the obverse. The implication was that if we even only tried to be good and failed in some particular through practically no fault of our own, nothing very awful would happen to us. But it has, whether we succeeded in our virtue

or not — something very awful indeed. So now we are rapidly headed toward an entirely different conception, with reward left out altogether. No one expects that any more; all any one hopes for is distinction in the punishment, some regard for individual merit in the massacre.

Consequently, a scholar who received three weeks' "rest" for flunking Latin at mid-years would be less likely now to slander his professor than when Radio was at 250. There might even be a rather general breaking of parietal rules two or three weeks before final examinations, somewhat as there is now a rush of applications for entrance to the infirmary during the same period. Progress has odd twists and turnings.

W. A. D.



The Dollar Lie

BY A. A. BOUBLIKOFF

It has encouraged hoarding, caused the failure of the Federal Reserve open market operations and augmented the deflation

THERE is nothing in the world so tempting to politicians, as to lie to the "man in the street," for he is tremendously credulous, enthusiastic and generous in his response to the man who knows how to lie plausibly, especially by tickling patriotic feelings. Yet there is also nothing so dangerous as that same "man in the street," because he likes to draw his own conclusions from the lies he is fed, and those conclusions are as likely as not to be quite unexpected and in most cases extremely harmful to the nation as a whole, as well as to the individuals composing it.

One of these famous, almost historic, lies was the announcement by M. Klotz, Minister of Finance in the Clemenceau cabinet, that his Government was going to extract from Germany the entire cost of the War, or exactly 485 billion francs. The French Chamber, composed of a great extent of men economically and financially well informed, knew very well that the whole German national wealth did not exceed 330 billion marks and that therefore it was absolutely impossible to extract

from her 485 billion francs. Yet not a single man in the Parliament dared to rise and to ask M. Klotz how he would perform such legerdemain: the lie was too pleasant to the "man in the street" and the susceptibilities of the "sovereign people" had to be taken into account, especially then when elections were approaching. The deputies applauded frantically.

A slogan was coined: "*Le Boche payera!*" — "The German will pay!" — and an era of the most fantastically reckless spending was inaugurated. Why economize? *Le Boche payera!*

Dodging taxes became a national sport. Perfectly honorable people boasted publicly of having defrauded their Government of so and so much money by making false declarations of revenue. Why pay? *Le Boche payera!*

The budget showed a huge deficit every year, yet no new taxes were or could be introduced. Why should they? *Le Boche payera!*

And this madhouse lasted until the franc began to sell at fifty to the dollar and the whole economic struc-

ture of France was on the brink of a complete collapse. Nobody can deny that the foundation for this national calamity was laid down by the magnificent lie of M. Klotz.

Another lie was placed in circulation shortly afterward and cost a pretty penny to the French people, too. At that time the French patriotic papers began publishing hysterical articles about the "fabulous" dividends of German companies. Almost every day there appeared information regarding different concerns which earned fifty, sixty, even ninety per cent on their capital. Of course the patriotic writers omitted to mention that the capital of German companies was still counted in gold marks, while the earnings came in paper marks, which were already twenty to thirty times cheaper. For an economically educated man these patriotic lies were quite apparent and stupid, but "the man in the street" was very much impressed and immediately began to draw his own conclusions. His line of reasoning was: "If my Government is so stupid that it permits the Germans to cheat my country, why at least should I not personally make some profit from the situation? If Germany is bound to come back, to recover from the War scars, then certainly her currency is going to come back too. Why shouldn't I take a flyer in marks?"

And the famous "mark swindle" began, involving the speculating public in both hemispheres and costing them several billions in good money. There is not the slightest doubt that this whole "swindle," for which Germany was so bitterly — and

quite undeservedly — assailed, could never have assumed the proportions it actually did but for the free publicity provided to the mark by the *Intransigent* and other patriotic French papers. The "man in the street" believed them implicitly and acted accordingly. One can not deny that within his limitations he acted quite logically.

AT PRESENT the American "man in the street" is being fed with a different, though just as patriotic, lie, and one feels inclined to predict that the consequences are bound to be just as unpleasant. He is told by a chorus of politicians and economists that there is no inflation in America.

The national turnover in America has declined since the happy days of 1929 by at least fifty per cent. In the meantime the amount of currency issued by the Federal Reserve has increased by twenty per cent. If this is not inflation, what is? The ratio between the amount of money issued and the turnover has increased almost two and a half times, and yet there is no inflation!

The time-honored method of creating currency inflation is as follows: the Government deposits with the bank of issue an I.O.U., the bank orders a corresponding amount of bills printed and delivers them to the Government to spend as it pleases, ordinarily to cover the deficit in the budget. The American "non-inflationary" procedure consists of buying Government bonds in the open market and issuing new paper money on their security. Where is the difference? Only that in the first case the expenditure to the

Government is slightly less: it consists in the cost of typewriting the Secretary of the Treasury's note to the bank, while the American practice involves quite a large disbursement for printing the numerous bond certificates, previously sold to the public and then bought back from it, and of paying brokers' commissions. However, the final result to the bank is absolutely identical: it has nothing except the Government's promise to pay behind the newly created paper money. The extra money can not be needed for business transactions, because they have declined by half, and since serving business is the only real purpose of "sound" money, then the money created by the Federal Reserve Board during this last year is substantially and purely inflation money. If the politicians deny this obvious fact, it is quite pardonable: "Politics are funny," as Mr. Garner said when he heard about his nomination. Yet how the economists can join in such assertions is beyond any comprehension.

However, this should in no way be construed as an attempt to criticize the action taken by the Federal Reserve Board. On the contrary, this action is perfectly justified, and in the opinion of the writer it should have been taken a whole year earlier.

As a matter of fact, even a child could realize that if the country is suffering from a severe deflation, the only relief imaginable is a certain amount of inflation, deliberately and openly brought about by the agency controlling the country's monetary system. The president of a large Canadian insurance company advocated two years ago exactly what the Reserve Board finally did,

namely, issue superfluous money in order to stop the decline of commodity prices.

France, in order to combat the ill effects of deflation resorted to the same method, and, by a curious coincidence, increased her circulation since the 1929 crash by almost exactly the same twenty per cent as America did — from sixty-nine billion francs to eighty-three billion. The only difference is that France got most gratifying results and America got none at all. The French internal prices rose by five per cent in the face of a world-wide fall of twenty per cent, her unemployment is insignificant and her business is plodding ahead hopefully, awaiting better times to come, without any sign of despair or panic, while in America prices have steadily followed the world downward trend, unemployment has reached figures almost equal to those of unemployed in all European countries put together. The spirit of the business community seems to be completely broken. Seemingly serious people are talking about the country going to the dogs and similar drivel. Nobody has courage enough to start any kind of project and even the professional optimists of the recent prosperity era are not giving out hopeful interviews.

WHAT is the explanation? Why did not the currency inflation in America produce the customary effect of lowering the buying capacity of the money and — vice versa — of raising prices?

Of course the quantitative theory of money does not hold; there are too many kinds of "*schreibgeld*," as

the Germans call them — checks, drafts, open accounts, etc. — for the amount of currency in circulation to affect the prices in *exact* proportion to the number of tokens issued. Yet prices are still very sensitive to the ratio of money to turnover. In Russia the ruble during the two decades preceding the War was absolutely stable. This stability was attained only through a very watchful and active policy on the part of the State Bank. Every fall, when the marketing of the crop began and money moved from the cities to the villages, the bank began its so called “temporary” issues of rubles, 100, 125, or 200 million rubles at a time. Thus the supply of money for the cities was assured and prices did not rise. After the New Year, when the grain was sold and taxes paid, the money returned to the cities, and, in order to prevent an eventual superabundance of currency, the bank gradually retired its “temporary” issues and burnt them. In consequence Russians entirely forgot about any fluctuations in the buying capacity of their money. Had the bank failed to make temporary issues, these fluctuations would have been violent, as they actually were before Count Witte’s “stabilization” of the ruble.

Why then did the forcing into circulation of an additional 900 million dollars in the face of a greatly contracted national turnover fail to produce any marked effect on prices in America?

The answer is simple and quite obvious: hoarding. The hoarders took care of all new issues, together with a goodly portion of the old stock of money. It is a very difficult

task to figure out how much money is now in hiding. Yet if we consider the fact that prices have not risen since the crash, the ratio between the amount of money in actual circulation and the turnover can not possibly be above the ratio of 1929. Therefore, the amount of hoarded money must be well above the two billion mark.

Should all this money suddenly come out into the open, the Federal Reserve would not have means of retiring it from circulation, for its portfolio of “governmentals” is not much over a billion dollars. Besides, by offering the public a billion dollars’ worth of Federal bonds, the Board might easily glut the market for governmental securities and thus make impracticable or at least very difficult the huge Treasury borrowing operations which are impending. Our tremendous budgetary deficits can be covered only by borrowing — or printing more paper money. The experience of all countries which have had the misfortune to pass through inflation teaches that inflation money can never be tempted by governmentals. It is substantially speculative, not investment money. Besides this, when money is losing its purchasing power the bankers shun every kind of fixed revenue paper, governmentals included. It will be a very hard task to borrow simultaneously for covering the deficits and for retiring the superfluous money. No Government has ever yet succeeded in doing that.

AMERICA always has “the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton” and never a trace of financial policy. She simply

drifts from one uncontrollable situation into another. Thus she drifted — without a single word of warning from the Secretary of the Treasury — into the “new era” frenzy of 1927–1929, into the crash of 1929, into an unspeakable depression. Now she is drifting into a new outburst of speculation.

What will happen if the hoarders decide to stop hoarding and do it in the true American fashion of a stampede?

When inflation is produced gradually, the public has a chance to adjust itself to the new value of money and to become engaged on the debtor as well as on the creditor side and thus equalize the eventual gains and losses produced by the depreciation of the purchasing capacity of the currency. If, on the contrary, the inflation manifests itself suddenly, everybody rushes to become a debtor, to get rid of currency, and an incredible scramble for “real values” eventuates. In this connection one must remember that not only the aggregate value of the speculative material on the Stock Exchange declined, but also the number of securities available. Lots of shares were taken off the market by bargain-hunting investors; a good many disappeared altogether through bankruptcies. Not a few were written off in the process of reorganization of different companies in distress. The net result of their reappearance would be such a wild speculation that the “new era” excesses would look like child’s play.

The Federal Reserve Board, in effect, has relinquished control over the circulation to the hoarders. When it decided to produce an inflation, the

hoarders did not allow it to get the results desired. If now they decide to get rid of the currency they so foolishly accumulated, the Board will not be able to retire the superfluous money.

The worst part of it is that nobody seems even to suspect the menace concealed in the fantastic hoarding produced by the pusillanimous policy of the Board. Had the Board come forward with an open, frank and courageous declaration that it was embarking upon a policy of controlled inflation, that it was going to stop the fall of prices and the rise of purchasing capacity of the currency, no hoarding of the present crazy dimensions could ever have originated.

The hoarder can not be accused of having acted foolishly. On the contrary, he drew his conclusions in a most logical way. When he saw that everything was on the toboggan, when he heard every one “in the know”—political and financial leaders, bankers, professors, economists, newspaper men — reiterate over and over again that the dollar was as firm as a rock, that no inflation would ever be resorted to, that no depreciation of the American money was imaginable, he decided quite sensibly that for him the only thing to do, in order to save the remnants of his dwindling fortune, was to transform it into rock-like dollars and to hide them.

Hoarding is the result of the patriotic lie.

Should anybody of authority, enjoying the confidence of the American people, tell the hoarders that they have been deceived, that inflation is an accomplished fact, that

depreciation of the purchasing capacity of the dollar may start any day, hoarding would become an event of the past overnight. The flight from the dollar and after real values would take the place of the present flight from business, investment and bank deposits and after illusory "rock-like" dollars.

The awakening from the artificial dream produced by the patriotic lies regarding the dollar will be quite painful, not less so than the awakening of the French from their own dreams, but it will be an awakening. When a person is in a stupor, a shock properly administered very often brings him to his senses quickly and without any medicine whatever. The shock of an outburst of speculation may revive the American business community from its present stupor-like attitude. There are too many

orders indefinitely postponed in the expectation of a further fall of prices. Should the impression gain ground that the period of falling prices is over, these belated orders would be rushed through, and the wheels of industry would start turning again almost immediately.

There is nothing wrong with this country. It is as rich in resources as it ever was. Its population is as active and inventive as ever. There is not a reason in the world why present inactivity and despair should not pass as a bad dream, when the courage is found to discard the lie which is perpetuating it.

Means to stop the fall of prices are at hand. They need only to be used. Let the American people know the truth about the dollar and the depression will be a thing of the past.



The German Interlude

BY GEORGE GERHARD

Fourteen years of republican government have proved a failure. Will Germany revert to a monarchical State?

SUCH a situation as prevails in Germany today and which changes — like the weather — about four times a year, can be judged with any degree of accuracy only by examining the fundamental forces. As these underlying causes do not come to the surface of events every month or every year, but can be clearly made out only over a long period of time, this means that daily history must be sacrificed to the history of decades. It means that one must take one's eyes from the limelight and centre attention upon the things that go on behind the scenes. The tools of yesterday become the heroes of tomorrow, and the heroes of yesterday serve as tools with which a better future may be built.

General Kurt von Schleicher has been serving as a willing and patient instrument in army and government for the last forty years. Today he is the latest heroic edition of Germany's "Iron Man," notwithstanding the fact that the General is as smooth as a velvet glove. For Germany must have her "Iron Man." The previous edition was Dr. Heinrich Brüning. Now he is serving his party, the Catholic Centrists, to

build a better, a more orderly State. President von Hindenburg has been posing for a long time as the "Staunch Oak" of the Reich. He and the public have grown tired of the cognomen; the old President is serving without either enthusiasm or imagination. "Handsome Adolf" Hitler seems to hold a perpetual option on heroic virtues, as is admitted by himself and his followers, by standing always near enough the limelight not to be overlooked.

And there are many others who either have been in the headlines, like von Papen, or have just missed them, like some leaders of the Socialist and Communist parties, or may be in the headlines in the near future, as, for instance, Strasser, the leading man — up to recently — of the Hitlerites. All of them are full of hope and of (in view of past and present disappointments, almost incredible) optimism. Most of them wear uniforms of one kind or another. Most of them have had exciting careers. Most of them are colorful personalities and lend themselves well to bristling biographies. But none of the past and present leaders of Reichstag, cabinet and Government could

ever boast of being truly representative of the German people since the War. Which brings up the question: What *is* true and representative of the German people?

THE War left the German people, who had fought most of the four years from 1914 to 1918 on a united political front, in a state of bitterness which is the inevitable after-taste of defeat. But the German people were not desperate, or else the Reich would probably have fallen apart. As it was, Bavaria, the largest state after Prussia, stuck loyally to the Reich, in spite of several anti-Prussian efforts to win her over either to a Danube Union or to an Alliance of the Rhine Provinces. The same was true of the state of Baden, Wuerttemberg, the Rhineland, and East and West Prussia.

The union of the German Reich outlasted the humiliation of Versailles. The Reich stood firm, and its people set grimly to the task of reconstruction. Here surely, if ever, was the stage prepared for a supreme, for a united effort of all the people. Here was an opportunity to redeem the proud tradition of the nation, to forget political quarrels (which had grown rusty, anyway, in the War) and to concentrate upon this one aim to make up for losses, to regain trade and prestige and international recognition.

This singular opportunity was even enhanced by the fact that, when the Armistice came, the people took over the reins. They founded the German Republic. They took affairs into their own hands, and out of those who had ruled since the times of Bismarck, the right-wing

conservatives. The millions of people who make up the middle and the working classes elected their own President, Friedrich Ebert, their own cabinet, their own constitution, their own little army, their own flag, their own Reichstag even.

Shortly after the War, the most powerful parties were the Democrats, consisting of the white-collar class; the Social-Democrats, that is, the workers; the Catholic Centre party; the People's party; the Catholic Bavarian People's party — all of them middle class parties. In the first Reichstag of the Republic, 1920 to 1924, these parties had not less than 373 delegates out of a total of 445, or over eighty per cent. The Junkers and their party, the German National People's party, led by Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, then as today, had only fifteen per cent, the remaining five per cent going to some scattered parties, also of the middle classes. The Communists had not even one per cent.

Compare this line-up with the present Reichstag, where the middle class parties have only 222 delegates out of a total of 575, that is, about thirty-eight per cent. In contrast, the Communists have increased their percentage from one to seventeen. The Junkers have dropped their Reichstag representation from fifteen to nine per cent, and the Hitlerites have come into the picture with thirty-four per cent, though they have lost 2,000,000 votes since the July election. The remaining two per cent again go to scattered votes.

This is the outward picture of the disintegration of the national vote. It is a true reflection of the failure of that supreme national, united

effort which was so bitterly needed in the years which followed the black October of 1918. It failed because the people did not fight for the State; they fought for their particular *idea* of the State. To the average German it was (and is) not a question of voting for a Government, but of deciding on principles. These principles, whatever their worth, are embodied in the platform of his respective party. Hence, the diversity of political parties in Germany. Hence the intensity of political antagonism.

When the War was over, and people faced the task of putting up a Government and writing a constitution for the Republic, it was not long before the number of parties increased considerably. They all fought for their "State"; they were, of course, all in the right; since none of them made any headway, all of them lost. The people lost their opportunity because they could not unite on a common platform for the common interest of the people.

How is this particularism to be explained in a nation which boasts its Kants and Schopenhauers, its Goethes and Schillers and Bachs and Beethovens? Here we come to the fundamental force which is moving German politics: people are behaving politically in this way not in spite of, but because of their Kants and Schopenhauers. The spirit of these philosophers is as true of the German environment as any uniform has ever been. Its name is logic. This stubborn insistence upon logic explains many otherwise unexplainable events in the life of the German nation.

The logic of the average German is

like the logic of Kant's philosophy, whose Categorical Imperative says in essence: "Act so that the maxim of your will can stand as the principle of a system of laws." With this in mind, the average German builds the thesis of a "*Gemeinschaftswille*," which may be translated as "the will of the commonweal," in the interest of the body politic, but at the sacrifice of the individual.

In other countries, and particularly in Great Britain, there are limits to the political opinions and convictions of the individual, because they are prompted after all by the ultimate common and practical interest of the nation. In the German mind, unfortunately, it is not the nation, but the idea of the nation, it is not the practical, but the theoretical goal which is the guiding star for the Communists and the Fascists, for the militarists and the pacifists, for the Junkers and the workers, for the leaders and the followers.

This attitude toward the State has become obvious time and again. When Hitler refused the Vice-Chancellorship offered to him by von Schleicher and von Hindenburg, people said that he wanted the power of a Mussolini. In fact, Hitler said so. But his followers understood that he wanted clear sailing for the application of his particular Fascist doctrine, that he was not fighting merely for himself. He simply adhered, in refusing the offer, to his political doctrine and the belief that only Fascism can save Germany. In doing so he might have risked his career and the existence of his party, but he was following the typical German procedure: first the party, then the State.

Take Dr. Heinrich Bruening. He was working for the common-sense State. He did not believe that parties should go beyond a certain limit of self-assertion. He was not popular, not so much because he lacked personality and color, but because he did not think in terms of "the absolute State." And therefore he had to go.

Or there is Bismarck who was extremely popular and extremely successful. He knew well the common man's idea of the State. And he had a very simple formula of giving them the sort of State which the political parties, and behind them, the average German, wanted. Bismarck made the State so powerful, so all-dominant, at home and abroad, he lifted Prussia above all other German States and, later on, lifted the Empire (with Prussia in the saddle) so high in the world that every party which had any national interest at all was by necessity satisfied — with the exception of the Socialists, who followed international policies.

When triumphant, it is easy to satisfy the political parties. It is different, though, in times of distress when the question of success turns into one of how to free the nation from economic collapse and political disintegration. Then there is a diversity of opinion and the parties have free play, theorizing and arguing about the best way out where any way at all actually followed would surely yield better results.

AT THIS point another explanation is due. The spirit of militarism, it is said, has triumphed again in Germany. Heel-clicking and goose-stepping have again become the

symbols of Germany. Not even the Communists and the Fascists can do without their flags and banners, demonstrations, parades and battle formations.

General von Schleicher demands the right to arm because he is a militarist. The tremendous number of athletic clubs throughout Germany serve no other purpose, it is sometimes maintained, than the preparation for the next war. The German still clings to the old ideal of the "Superstate," if possible by the "grace of God," that is the monarchy, whose splendor is furnished by military ceremonies and whose outstanding characteristic is the "*Verboten*" sign.

The German mind, so they say, kneels humbly before the fetish of the uniform. All this, to be sure, is true. The Communists have their battle formations, the Fascists have their banners; there is an endless number of athletic clubs; General von Schleicher wants rearmament; the monarchy, or at least the idea of the monarchical State, is marching again; and there exists something like the fetish of the uniform.

It is a striking impression. But as a true picture of the German background, let alone the German soul, it is distorted, because it confuses cause and consequence. It is like saying that America is in the grip of a depression because of wide-spread unemployment. True enough, America *is* in a depression, and unemployment *is* widespread, but neither one nor the other can be considered a cause.

So with Germany. There undoubtedly is a strong traditional feeling about the uniform; there exists

an enthusiastic military spirit. But neither one nor the other is a cause. The cause lies deeper. It is this disciplined, super-individual conception of the State, where obedience is supreme law. Unhappily, it is not obedience to the State, as has been explained above, but obedience to the idea of the State, as embodied in the respective political party. And, to the German mind, not only the clearest but most effective, most obvious and positively undoubted application of this iron rule of discipline, of subordination, of obedience, is found in the military drill. Hence the heel-clicking and the goose-stepping. It is an expression of a conviction, a means toward the achievement of an idea, though in its consequences it may lead to disaster, because it is disrupted into various groups and castes and parties fighting each other tooth and nail.

What is typical of the German people, then, is the thesis of a State rather than the State, the argument rather than the achievement, the credo rather than cruel reality. One may, of course, reply that the German is not political-minded at all. Which is probably true: for if he were, he would not be what he is and where he is. But since the loss of the War put the German people face to face with political responsibility, they had no other choice but to take it up, and try to make the best of the situation. This responsibility had been spared the people for centuries under the rule of its princes and kings. And the people liked it well enough. They had not revolted for 400 years. And even then, they did not call it a revolution, but a "reformation."

In this responsibility which was put on their shoulders in 1918, the people of Germany have failed. They have approached the task of democracy as one would approach a scientific problem. For if the approach is not right, the problem can not be solved. The approach — in science, in art, in literature, in music — is half the problem. If it is right, the rest is pleasant labor. If it is wrong, all the labor is in vain.

Perhaps it is true that the German people are a nation of scientists, of intellectuals, of dreamers, of music-lovers. If they are, then they do not deserve the Republic. Then the new order, which is far from being orderly, is slated to vanish in a short time. And under a new rule which would be either the monarchy or pretty near it, the average German could smilingly turn to his beloved books and take up the study of the idea of the State where he left it two decades ago.

THAT the people have failed in their attempt to establish the Republic can not be doubted by the student of German history since the War. That the monarchical idea is gaining ground, is just as surely beyond doubt. Turning to the news of the day, it seems that General von Schleicher is rather firmly entrenched for the time being. Apparently, the Reichstag is willing to give him a chance. Hindenburg is trusting him. The army is in the palm of his hand. The Conservatives, including the Junkers, are all for him. Heavy industry is behind him.

The one unknown quantity is Hitler. His movement is obviously breaking up. But how fast or how

slow is the process? Will Hitler realize that, if he wants to get a shot at the practical application of his doctrines, he must make concessions? If so, he would be not a German but a statesman. Or will he hold tight to the credo, to the idea, to the logic which has made his movement — and thereby risk party as well as career? One does not know because Hitler, for all the excitement he has stirred up, is not tried out in practical politics.

As to the connection between von Schleicher and the monarchists, it is well known that distinguished persons such as General von Dommes, who is in the confidence of the Schleicher cabinet, have had long drawn-out discussions with ex-Kaiser Wilhelm at the Doorn Castle. It is also known that the Hohenzollerns, with one or two exceptions, are working hand in hand with Schleicher; that the Crown Prince is a frequent

guest at his home; that, as the ex-Crown Prince of Germany is more than willing to step once more to the fore, so is ex-Crown Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria to declare himself regent of Bavaria the very same day that his Prussian cousin takes over the reins in Prussia.

So it seems neatly worked out, and the scheme may be launched as soon as the right-wing parties have effectively dealt with Hitler on one side, and with the Communists on the other. When this will be, no one can tell; it is quite possible that there will be some sort of "interregnum" between Hitler and von Schleicher, or a revolutionary attempt by the Hitlerites or the Communists.

The decisive factor is the people by and large. Although they have not actually voted for the monarchy, they have spoken clearly enough in their failure to establish the Republic on a firm footing.



Should I Pay All My Debts?

BY LESLIE ROBERTS

This question is puzzling many hard-pressed men who were cajoled into preposterous investments and then thrown overboard; the reply may be momentous

IF THESE paragraphs had been written two years ago they would have carried the tag "Anonymous" as their by-line, for in those days I would not have been willing to admit, even to good friends, that my condition was worse than broke. But I could not have written in this vein then, for two years ago there were funds in the bank, three thousand dollars' worth of automobile in the garage, a many-roomed house in an expensive residential quarter, twenty-five thousand dollars in life insurance, a temperamental lady who presided in the kitchen, a portly and loquacious char who came in to do the heavy work, a son in an exclusive school and all the other kickshaws which used to be regarded as essentials of the good life.

Today we have nothing in the bank, though the bank is still in business. There is no car in the garage, because a creditor is holding the one that was ours against the day when we can settle his bill. The proprietor of the expensive house has our furniture and will retain possession of it until we pay the balance due on his lease. There is

no fractious lady in the kitchen and we have dismissed the loquacious char. Only a trifling amount of insurance remains. The boy goes to day school and the four people who constitute my family occupy a six-roomed bungalow beside a village street almost a hundred miles removed from the million victims of economic duress with whom we used to share city pavements. From possessing a bank account which seldom fell below four figures and that had bonds in its background, we are down to sub-zero and owe more than we carried on the credit side of the page in the best of our days. Strange though it may seem, I can not persuade myself to view these circumstances with alarm.

What *does* interest me is to ponder how such things happen almost without realization of what is going on. Twenty-four short months ago the present and the future were reasonably secure. We did not pour our assets down the stock market drain. No jobs were lost and I have no recollection of large scale riotous living. But I am broke. Looking backward the answer is easy to read,

of course. Income fell sharply while basic living costs remained virtually at par. In some directions I did not haul in on the slack as soon as I might have done. In others there was none to haul. There had been brief income squalls before, but the ship had always righted itself in time and I could not bring myself to believe that it would keel over on this occasion. Then came the addition of an extra-mural responsibility which no reasonably decent adult could refuse to accept and capital was diverted to it as an act of salvage, to be followed by weekly payings-out. Thus, before we knew it, we were in debt. By the time we were able to clear ground for a new economic structure the old house had collapsed about our ears. I gather by looking about me that in choosing a route to insolvency I did not manifest any great originality.

The outlining of these items does not arise from any desire to attract sympathy, however. Nor are these paragraphs designed on the theory that confession is good for the soul, for latterly I have ceased believing that decent people always pay their bills. The actual purpose in recording these circumstances is to establish a bill of right to discuss the question of debts, as that question affects families who have been buried alive by the economic earthquake, in an effort to ascertain what obligation rests on us to liquidate such debts when and if our circumstances improve. In justice to himself and to his dependents should the citizen who has been denuded of his assets and bankrupted by the circumstances of these times devote the rest of his days to paying the piper? Call it

heresy, or call it flagrant dishonesty, if you like, but I am not sure that he should!

A FRIEND who owns more than thirty dwellings in a working class district tells me that more than half his tenants are far in arrears, several for more than a year's housing. He has not evicted those whose plight was caused by unemployment, but his bookkeeper enters monthly debits under their names as a charge against the sweet by and by. Inquiry also reveals that in a majority of cases these tenants owe large accounts to the butcher, the grocer and to other tradesmen of the neighborhood. In fine, they are almost as broke as it is humanly possible to be. The cause of this unhappy condition is not difficult to discover. To a man my friend's tenants were employed in the industrial establishment which was the economic nerve centre of the district, and its doors have been closed for more than sixteen months. No need to continue the search.

A few days before these lines were written a leading attorney in a city of more than a million population, a man whose name has often been mentioned for high political preferment and who still sits in his State legislature, turned another facet of this many-sided problem for my inspection.

"When I dressed this morning," he told me, "I had three dollars in my pocket, two of which I gave to my wife before leaving home. The third represents my worldly capital and these are some of the things I have to do with it: I owe five months' rent for my offices and the landlord is threatening suit because a month

ago I gave him a client's note and when the paper came due yesterday it was not paid. My dollar won't go very far in that direction. Some time before three o'clock today I must pay three hundred dollars in overdue interest to the financing company which holds the mortgage on my home. In the meantime I shall have to collect that money from clients, or borrow from a friend if I can find one who has three hundred dollars, or persuade the mortgage company to grant me further delay. My dollar will not be of much service to me there, either. This is the twelfth of the month and I still have to find a means of raising the money required for office salaries on the fifteenth. Again my dollar is not much good to me.

"Yet four years ago I was a millionaire on paper, while today I owe ninety thousand dollars. The market took most of it, but not in wildcat margin gambling. The bulk of my trouble was caused by sharp declines in the value of securities used as collateral. My banker had advised the purchase of these stocks and advanced funds against my original holdings to enable me to purchase other stocks, which he helped me to select. But when my securities lost their former values the bank threw them overboard, leaving me with an outstanding debt of forty thousand dollars on its books. It would sell me down the river tomorrow if there were anything to sell.

"So I find myself starting all over again in my late fifties. Every cent that I make over a bare living in my remaining useful years will have to be spent to pay debts for which no value was received by me, and the

long and short of the matter is that my wife and I shall probably be forced to depend on our children for food and shelter in old age."

Between these extremes lie hundreds of thousands of cases, varying in detail but alike in the human misery which they portray. What are these people to do? Are they to devote the remainder of their lives to the miserable grandeur of struggling back to scratch, by denying their families and themselves the ordinary amenities of decent living, thereafter to eke out their days on their children's dole? Offer a workable answer to such questions as these and you will have found a specific to cure the liking for suicide which has seized upon thousands of despairing men who could not muster the courage to face the days ahead.

BECAUSE rents, insurance, interest and sundry other fixed costs continue when machinery stands idle, it has become the practice in industry to establish reserves in good years with which to carry the permanent charges of the lean seasons. But although the circumstances of the idle breadwinner and the silent machine are virtually analogous, the corporate employer has never admitted the responsibility towards the employe which he accepts in regard to the inanimate object that he bought outright for cash. Consequently, when industry suspends operations for lack of orders to fill, the human unit must fend for itself and find the money for its fixed charges first in the savings account and, second, on the slim rations of the so-called charity agencies, which have been utterly unable

to cope with the drastic conditions through which the world is passing. The only alternative is debt and the claim on future earnings which debt levies. That debts accrue in practically every instance is due to the lack of enough charity to go around and to the sense of humiliation which any self-respecting rugged individualist suffers when he goes to the community chest, cap in hand, to ask for bread. To such men debt is infinitely preferable to a visit to the welfare committee, for the application for relief is an admission of defeat.

Recently I placed this phase of the problem before my son of ten summers, stating it in terms of facts with which I knew him to be cognizant. "When the railway takes one train off this branch for the winter," I said, "and the engine is put away for a rest, the idle locomotive costs the company money. Some one has to see that it is kept in condition to return to work. It has to be oiled and it must be painted, or it will rust and fall to pieces. The company must insure it in case of accident or fire. In other words, the railway has to support the engine when it is not working. Now, what do you think the company ought to do for the engineer when there is no work for him to do?"

To a ten-year-old the answer was obvious. "They ought to look after him, just as they look after his engine. But they do, don't they?" The young man's eyes opened wide with surprise when I explained that faithful service in a human being is not recognized as deserving of the rewards accorded a faithful machine. My son appears to think that if an

employer is not willing to look after his own people the Government ought to step in and see to it that he does, or put him in jail, of all places. At ten, minds are lucid. The time for equivocation does not come until we are adults and, therefore, wise.

I am not suggesting that it is the duty of industry or government to provide for the drifter and the lazy-bones. Nor have I been thinking of the professional dead-beat who spends a dollar and a quarter out of every dollar that he earns. The concern expressed in these paragraphs is solely for the citizen who has been recognized as an upright member of society and, at this particular juncture, for the hard-working family man to whom statesmen point with pride when they use such high-toned phrases as "Backbone of the Country." There is no longer any incentive for the backbone to run straight and true, so far as I can see, except that it is natural for it to do so.

It has always been the claim of those who ballyhoo the gospel of rugged individualism that if money is paid to the unemployed citizen the result will be the sapping of his ambition and that deterioration will gnaw at the man's vitals until he loses all desire to work. Let us grant the point, though I doubt its truth. But what of the citizen who has been driven to the community hand-out chest and into a Sargasso of debt from which he may never emerge? I submit that when a man is housed and fed, as his right and not by welfare workers, when circumstances render him idle, he will at least retain his dignity and will not become the desperate, frightened animal that

he is when the spectre of starvation for his dependents stares him in the face. A rugged individualist *sans* his personal independence is a balloon *sans* air.

SUCH speculations, of course, deal only in terms of the future, a period for which many leaders in industry and statecraft manifest little concern, the apparent desire being to resurrect the inanities of 1928 and 1929 as quickly as may be possible. But what of the present mess? Can the worker be expected to experience any deep-seated sense of obligation to pay the debts of unemployment after he goes back to his bench? I can find no logic to dictate that he should, though I admit that it is not equitable to expect the butcher, the baker and the landlord to stand the loss as the price of their aid. In a majority of cases, however, payment would only be possible by squeezing the last drop of blood from every dollar earned over a period of years. I submit that it is asking too much to expect families who have come through an extended period of semi-starvation to devote the next decade to the liquidation of debts caused by economic circumstances over which they had no control.

If the debts of the working man are to be paid, industry must assist, possibly by guaranteeing arrears in rent and food bills for employes of known good faith, with the assistance of State agencies, perhaps by some other device. In which case business will merely be offering belated recognition to an obligation which has existed in the moral sense since the beginnings of the capital-

istic system, an obligation towards the human unit which will have to be recognized, in the form of unemployment assurance or some similar plan, before there can be any vestige of stability in industrial employment.

In cases such as that of the attorney, the essential ethic is not as easy to find as it is in the mill worker's. Nevertheless, the same basic reasoning rules, for, to state the problem in the lawyer's own terms: "Being broke does not worry me, for given a clear mind I can earn a living from my practice, even today. It is the constant presence of debt that drives me to the verge of madness, because I realize that if I contrive to pay my creditors I shall be a pauper in old age."

Adherents of the old roundhead school of financial probity would insist that there is nothing for the lawyer to do but to pay, as and when he can, dedicating the remainder of his days to the squaring of accounts with the banker, the broker and the investment specialist, so that he may die with his escutcheon untarnished. I do not agree. When a bank finds itself in difficulties it closes its doors and liquidates. When a broker is unable to meet his creditors with accepted checks he puts up the shutters. And when the debacle has not trespassed on the criminal code the act of winding up is an end of the matter, its principals thereafter being free to reëngage in commerce in whatever direction they see fit.

A man in the attorney's position, as I see it, has two choices. He may call in his creditors, place the facts before them and demand a hoist

of their claims over a period of time sufficient to enable him to work with a clear vision to recoup his position. Or he may file his petition in bankruptcy, wipe his slate clear of all harassing obligations and be done with the matter, not through any lack of intention or desire to pay, but to secure the peace of mind essential to the performance of his job, a state which can not be achieved when the telephone constantly notifies the subscriber that another creditor is calling to insist on immediate payment of his account. Rather than be hounded by collection agency ghouls and bailiffs he should take the latter course, no matter what the honest people say.

I can not stir up sympathy for the banker and broker who are his principal creditors. Banks have not been above the gentler forms of financial racketeering and, of all the fiscal agencies of the time, they qualify most completely for the designation of soulless corporations. Here and there you will encounter a money lender who has endeavored to carry the community which he serves through these calamitous days, but as a class bankers are pawnbrokers who recognize no responsibility to the State which permits them to control its credit structure. As for the share hawker, whether he calls himself stock broker or investment banker, I question my own ability to give such gentlemen a second thought if I owed money to their books and could not pay. Certainly their methods of inducing clients to invest and speculate were not beyond reproach. Immaculately attired touts strolled about their board rooms and cajoled dollars from the pockets of

the suckers who sat facing the hieroglyphics on the wall. Come-on men worked the telephones to entice flies into the web. Brokers coaxed their clients into investments and speculations in which they themselves were playing against the customer. Investment bankers purveyed securities in jerry-built concerns which they knew were flagrantly overcapitalized. In my own community bank presidents, investment bankers and brokers collaborated to inflate the capital of corporations to a point where there could be no hope for dividends and sold their tissue-paper scrip to a great fanfare of financial page acclaim, on the strength of their own high reputation for virtue.

Certainly I would not work my fingers to the bone, nor ask my family to forego modest comfort, simply to enable me to pay my debts to such as these.

TO EVERY debtor his own solution, for the name of the *nouveaux pauvres* is legion. Some of us have assigned in our creditors' favor, to enable them to collect two cents on the dollar. Others have tried to postpone the day of judgment and find themselves homeless and penniless as a result. Some have jumped from bedroom windows and others have left motors running with the garage doors closed. Some again have cast about for new forms of living which will enable them to be free men.

A mile from my door, his cottage pitched against a backdrop of evergreens on the mountainside, lives an artist friend who disposed of his urban assets at tremendous loss to turn farmer. Down another road a former specialist in the beautifying

of house interiors has turned to decorating the insides of hogs with skimmed milk from his dairy farm as his way of escape. To the Horatio Alger heroes and the Pollyanna heroines of the pavements no doubt we are the defeatists, for it seems to be the battle-cry of the hot gospellers of rugged individualism that we all should stay in our ruts and see it through. But, so far as I can discern, it was individualism and a sense of revolt against lunacy that brought me here, because I remembered in time that there are things I want to do which can not be done when every day is devoted to the hunt for money to keep the kettle boiling. Under the conditions that I knew when we were trying to keep the ship afloat there was no time for work, no time to be lazy and no time for fun. So we let it sink.

That debts hang over my head is something for which I refuse to wear sackcloth. In the future, as and when I am in funds again, I expect I shall pay. Certainly those friends who delved into their pockets to lend me their cash when I was endeavoring to play the rôle of Mrs. Partington to the tide of bill collectors will not be forgotten. But the others, the

company which swings the club on purest technicality, the fellow who caught me with the instalment plan and, after reclaiming his partially paid-up goods, tried to collect the balance of the contract, the actuarial gentlemen who canceled my insurance and intimated that they would sue for their cash because I had not died — certainly I have no intention of paying such accounts as these at the expense of my dependents, nor at the expense of my own peace of mind. There is even one collection agent who sends out his demands for money on stationery bearing the gentle slogan: "If the debtor is alive, we collect!" But so far I have been the exception who proves his rule.

For this state of mind I have no shame to offer. The roundheads may call me a blackguard, or by any other unlovely name which they apply to the man who can not pay on demand. But somehow I can not put aside the thought that if the teachers of my youth, who dinned into my juvenile ears the axiom that an honest man always pays on the nail, had ever drowned in the red waters of the debtor's Jordan their attitude might not differ greatly from mine.



Technocracy: an Appraisal

BY WAYNE WEISHAAR

The technicians' Utopia, lately publicized so widely, is described and commented upon

Now that people generally agree that this depression is unlike earlier hard times most of us want to know the causes and above all what can be done about it.

We have listened with more or less patience to persons who insist that "the cause" of our ills is Wall Street speculation, War debts, tariffs, too much birth control or too little beer. By this time, however, it is fairly apparent that there is more than one villain in the drama.

Whatever text-book economists or the spokesmen for special interests may have impressed upon us, a few facts have won a place in our common consciousness. We know that machines are putting people out of work. We know bitterly that we have too little money and owe too many bills. Meanwhile debts multiply, unemployment increases and a nation until lately busy and well fed turns *en masse* to introspective economics.

Curiously enough there have been few systematic efforts to find out whether the things we have sensed about our plight are really true, and if so what the way out is. By far the

most striking picture of what effect the increasing use of power equipment is having on production of goods and our ability to buy them has been assembled by Technocracy.

This engineering group which is housed at Columbia University as the guest of the Department of Industrial Engineering has not only analyzed our situation but has predicted planned control as an inevitable consequence. After a twelve-year study, this group has concluded that the power resources of the United States have so increased the goods which our workmen can make that this country's 12,000,000 idle will double by the spring of 1934 unless new measures can be applied to balancing production. They say that the rate of replacement of men by machines has so exceeded the rate of expansion of industry that there would be work for only half of the forlorn army of jobless even if some cosmic Aladdin could get our factories going again at 1929 rates.

These surprising conclusions have been reached through the "Energy Survey of North America" and studies which have examined the industrial and agricultural develop-

ment of the United States the last 100 years. Conclusions from a part of these studies have been enunciated by Howard Scott, the director of Technocracy, who has been in charge of the survey. Technocracy had its beginnings in New York City soon after the World War, when Scott and other engineers and technicians fell into the habit of meeting frequently for discussions on the economic situation. Participating in the first informal studies were the late Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical genius; Bassett Jones, electrical engineer; Frederick Lee Ackerman, architect; Dr. Richard Tolman of California Institute of Technology and the late Thorstein Veblen, the radical economist. The movement has come to include a number of other engineers, technicians and teachers, including Professor Walter Rautenstrauch of Columbia University's Department of Industrial Engineering.

Early in the meetings of the group, Mr. Scott suggested that all civilization is founded on physical energy. Its members were so interested in the idea that study was begun to see if the subject could not be put on a definitely scientific foundation. The work went on spasmodically until about a year ago when research was accelerated by grants from the Architects' Emergency Committee and private funds which made possible the employment of thirty-six engineers and draftsmen. The Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee lately has detailed more workers to extend the studies of energy, production, employment and the relation between technological advance and mass prosperity. The

survey has called for gathering data from Government and business records and from many more obscure sources as far back as the year 1800.

THE yardstick which has been used in measuring economic trends is a new one. In it the technicians see not only a basis for explaining present hard times but a means of foretelling probabilities in the social state as well. To this measure they have given the rather forbidding title, "The Theory of Energy Determinants." They believe it timeless and universal in application for the reason that energy is and always will be the capacity of doing work. They believe that neither gold, silver, credit, climate nor birth rate are the final measure in weighing the potentiality of any nation. Their credo is that the sources and results of energy must be measured and directed if civilization on this continent is to proceed without breakdown.

The basis for this appraisal of what has happened and what lies ahead unless traditional American resourcefulness bestirs itself is an extension of a familiar statement of classroom science. It is that everything that moves does so by an expenditure of energy. Automobiles operate by utilizing the heat energy of gasoline. The human body runs by means of the energy contained in the food it burns. Naturally it is not this truism of the high school laboratories which has caused groups of industrialists and bankers who have heard some of Technocracy's conclusions to manifest varying degrees of consternation, interest and support. What has given them pause is

the conclusion that a high energy age has so multiplied the amount of goods which one man can produce and so subtracted from the number of workers employed that there must be a new division of purchasing power.

The survey traces the beginnings of our present plight to the start of the last century. At that time, man puttering along with hand tools had about the same productive capacity as a serf in the Valley of the Nile or a galley slave pulling the sweeps of some ancient sea raider. In an eight-hour day, man alone can do about one-tenth of a horsepower of work. Crude waterwheels and treadmills gave society a few scattering sources of power earlier, but it was well along in the Nineteenth Century before the steam engine began to make itself greatly felt in our scheme of things. By the 'Nineties, however, the reciprocating engine of conversion attained a maximum of 78,000 times that of the human engine on an eight-hour basis or 234,000 times on a twenty-four hour basis.

Turbines brought in an even greater step-up of the power at the hand of man. While the first made were less than 700 horsepower and the first installed in a central station was only 5,000, modern turbines have risen in rated output until units of approximately 300,000 horsepower are operating today, equivalent to 3,000,000 times the output of a human being on an eight-hour basis. The turbine however runs twenty-four hours a day, so the total output of such equipment is 9,000,000 times that of the average man.

What this extension of high energy has meant in terms of human

employment is reported in some arresting findings. A few of the conclusions are:

That while in 1840 only twenty-five tons of pig iron were produced per man per year, workers today are producing about 4,000 tons each and in the Mesabi range, the output has risen to as much as 18,000 tons.

That although more meat was packed in 1929 than in 1919, the number of employes in slaughtering declined about 38,000, because in the decade the man hours per 100 pounds of meat dropped from twenty-five to eighteen.

That while production of tin cans almost doubled from 1919 to 1929, there were about 2,800 less wage earners busied in making them at the end of the decade than at its start.

That the tractor-drawn sixty-disc or duck-foot plow of modern power-farming tills soil at a rate 1,000 times faster than the human engine and that such an outfit can reduce man hours per acre to about one-tenth that of the driver of the horse drawn hitch.

Now it is quite clear that two things are the immediate result of installation of "labor-saving equipment." The first is that the new machines in a thousand lines pare down production costs. They however do a thing vastly more important from the standpoint of social prosperity. They eliminate employment. The machine cuts down the cost of producing cigarettes, but it also cuts down the number of persons with pocket money able to buy them. It is a fondly cherished bromide of some economists that men displaced by one kind of ma-

chinery either find work in another line or are employed in the manufacturing of the new equipment. The notion does not meet the test of our recent experience. You can not declare it and be believed by the musician who has seen the radio and canned music rob him of work. You can not tell it to the engraver or ice man who have seen virtually automatic processes drive them to the bread-line.

What is the hope that the future will take up the slack of unemployment even if our present untoward times will not? The technicians draw a grim picture of the prospect. They tell of a recent machine development in incandescent lamp manufacture whereby one man is producing in one hour what it took him 9,000 hours to do in 1914. They report it required a force of thirty-seven men less than two months to build this machine. They tell of a Milwaukee plant with a daily output capacity of 10,000 automobile chassis frames and thirty-four miles of pipe line with a total of 208 men in the factory. The evidence is that we are no longer a nation of hand workers or machine tenders, but that the day of the virtually automatic factory is here.

The dilemma which the American manufacturer, operating under price system competition, faces is unavoidable. The employer must keep an eye on earnings and profits. He may prefer to continue the old methods of production rather than send his workers to the bread-line. There have been more of such decently human decisions made than most radicals would admit. But as inventive genius advances the employer must be alert for new proc-

esses lest some rival make a more salable product at lower cost. To go on making profits he must keep on making products. If his output is not good enough, a rival may steal his trade. If he makes it too substantial and enduring he defeats his own purpose to sell more of it to the same customer.

We are told that a motor car has been designed capable of operating fifty miles to the gallon of fuel and constructed of such metals and alloys that its reasonable life is upwards of twenty-five years. Obviously from an energy standpoint that is the economical car to build, but under the price system it is not built. So we go on wasting energy and mineral reserves using equipment of many sorts with but a brief life between the factory and the junk pile. According to the estimates of the group, if automobiles of such durability were put in production, enough could be built in less than five years to supply the need and factories making them would then have to shut down indefinitely.

It is the same story in other lines. Mr. Scott says that putting tungsten carbide edge on a steel wafer base would produce safety razor blades at only slightly greater prices than today's cost. Such blades would last for years. When ramie fabric is introduced on the market, and he is certain it will be eventually, the cotton, wool and linen industries will be seriously affected. The fabric produced from a fibrous plant grown in the South, if woven into clothes, wears seven times better than wool and more than a hundred times better than cotton. Developments in other lines threaten entire in-

dustries with destruction. In the state in which we live, simple humanity and investment economics have used the "hold-out" patent to delay the production of goods which paradoxically were intended to aid man's comfort and welfare.

Technocracy tells us there is another obstacle blocking recovery. That is the matter of debt. Under the price system wealth consists of debt claims against the property and profits of industry. According to its computation the debt of this country including mortgages, bonds, bank loans and other interest bearing amortized securities is \$218,000,000,000. With taxes and obsolescence, the fixed charges on this debt, its statisticians reckon, is about \$34,000,000,000 a year — about half of our normal national income. During the years that this astounding figure has been piled up — a total considerably higher than the estimates of other statisticians — the returns of industry have been plowed back into business. The assumption was that debt could be increased endlessly, since production was believed to be limited only by the wishes of people for goods to make life more enjoyable. Compared to such totals our War debt is mere small change.

Since 1929 it has been shown conclusively that desire for goods and purchasing power are not at all the same thing. While our debt has been piling up to present heights, the number of persons with incomes to buy what has been produced has diminished. This sweep of technological advance has made obsolescent not only many men but much equipment. It has been a common

practice to issue bonds against machinery that was outmoded before all the bonds were retired. In the brief span of the electrical industry some utilities have replaced important and expensive units twice with more powerful and efficient types. The first Curtis turbine built by General Electric for an Insull company in Chicago was withdrawn in 1909 in perfect working order to be replaced by later equipment. This obsolete equipment is still covered by Insull bonds. As a nation we are still paying for many "dead horses," equipment that was junked long ago.

For a short time after the World War, when the nations of Europe were bled white from the struggle, it appeared to our complacent eyes that we could multiply factories and debt claims endlessly. We accepted casually the notion that a growing population and our seemingly limitless industrial expansion somehow would support this mounting debt structure. Now, however, a show-down has come. Technocracy finds that while population increases as the square of time and production as the third power, debt increases as the fourth power. The process could not go on and balance such varying ratios indefinitely. Foreclosures and sheriffs' sales may wipe out some individual debt claims and transfer ownership into stronger hands. But they add nothing to the ability of the man without work to buy.

WHAT then for us is the way out? How is man to obtain security in this strange land in which people go hungry because we have too many goods? Recent proposals have ranged all the way from

the shorter working week suggestions of the "Share-the-Work Movement" and the American Federation of Labor to the threadbare doctrine that "all a man needs is forty acres and a mule." Given outside aid it is possible to house poor families more cheaply on abandoned farms than in city tenements. The New York State Temporary Emergency Relief Administration has proved that, but wisely it does not claim to have found answer to our economic ills in any "Back to the Land" movement.

Work-sharing may be justified as an emergency measure but it does not increase the sum total of purchasing power. It merely cuts the pie into smaller pieces and reduces the amount each person on the payroll may buy. Shall we fix legal maximums for the production of any single worker? Laws did not prohibit man from getting liquor. Would they curb his quest for more money or food? To sabotage inventive advance and seek to turn the clock of production backward is not in the American manner.

Is there the chance that our industry can recoup its losses by exporting electric refrigerators to races now heathen? Does China afford a vast new market where we can repeat all over again the dizzy processes of our cycle? Her slow increase of population in 200 years indicates that the hope is a futile one. Lack of power and food resources preclude it there and in many other ancient civilizations. "God just didn't put it there," Mr. Scott phrases it, "and what he didn't put there man can't take out." England he pictures as a land fighting gallantly to escape the fate of any

industrial nation with high population density, without food enough for its own people and its chief energy resource, coal, diminishing. Sooner or later, he believes, England will be compelled to make "a gift of its surplus 35,000,000 population to its various colonial possessions." Communist Russia he pictures as calling in technicians in an attempt to perpetuate in that lately agricultural country "the obsolescent factories of an obsolescent price system." Russia is still working on the basis of man hours and not energy hours. Fascist Italy he views as offering bonuses to increase an already dangerous population overload when it is without sufficient energy resources to support it.

In spite of our troubles it appears that this continent of ours is the only area capable of progressing to a new era of security. Here we have a Providential geologic set-up, trained personnel and installed physical equipment. Our resources of coal, oil and waterpower give us a unique basis for an enduring prosperity of 1,000 years or more. Here is stability of soil and a climate range wide enough to supply nearly all our food and clothing needs. Here are 300,000 technically trained men — more than those possessed by any other nation — and 3,000,000 more partially trained. Technocracy estimates that our industrial set-up is even now capable of producing commodities to give every adult the equivalent of \$20,000 in goods (at 1929 values) if every person between twenty-one and fifty-five gave 660 hours a year to the system.

Now since it is obvious that our price system will not permit the

majority of people to buy goods at such a rate, the engineers say we must seek a more controlled economy. We are in the grip of physical facts, not human desires. It matters little whether man likes or dislikes to submit to technical economic control, they tell us. We must either extricate ourselves from the impasse or turn the job over to some one who can. Sketching the outline of a technological State, they tell us that there is no more reason why we should be unwilling to delegate control of our social complex, than that we should fear trusting our safety to the engineers and crew who sail one of our modern ocean liners. They believe that many of us would do willingly almost any sort of job for a few hours a day as a member of the "crew," if we had security and the right to use our leisure in recreation, research or sonnet writing, according to our taste. Under the plan, energy certificates would replace money, but hoarding and the accumulation of debt would be prevented by limiting the validity of the certificates to two or three years. This device they see as providing an automatic balance between production and consumption and as limiting the uses of gold to personal adornment and as a medium good only for payments in international trade.

THE implications of such a set-up are so vast that realists are compelled to interject many hows and whys for the engineers to answer. They have withheld details, saying that they are interested only in presenting them later to technicians and engineers, "the only ones who can comprehend it." After

massing with considerable popular effect the salient elements of our problems in reports through the newspapers, they have evaded being definite in their solution, holding that further general publicity is more apt to be hurtful to the movement than helpful.

The stand has been a naïve one, for Mr. Scott and his associates have totaled two or three public addresses a week and there have been more audiences of business men, teachers and students than of engineers. Such groups have heard that we must choose shortly between a State with a measure of technological control and the near chaos of another recession in business. They have been told that in the future State the politician and financier will be "obsolete," but these have been anxious to examine the blueprints of the impending Utopia. The price system of society is still with us. The gap which separates us from a new order in which energy certificates would replace money has no comparable parallel in history. We ask how is it to be bridged. Mr. Scott has phrased the viewpoint of his group with engineering bluntness in his recent speeches.

"Technocracy does not know how to get from here to there," he said, "but it can lay down an energy design for any continental area. It is not interested in political methods. It is not its problem to get from here to there." He repeatedly has said of the problem of transition: "It is your Ship of State. Sail it." Here the engineers reveal a blind spot in their field of vision. There are few in this country who wish to see a social breakdown come without attempts

to forestall it. Politicians and plumbers, financiers and farmers fear any threat of chaos more than they do carrying on with what we have until we can evolve a practical way of getting something better. Yet for all the disagreement as to Technocracy and its personalities, its basic conclusions as to men and machines have had the most kindly reception in the most traditionally conservative circles. It was the *Wall Street Journal* that commended editorially the scope of the Energy Survey and its conclusions about the extent of technological unemployment. Ironically enough, it remained for William Z. Foster, the Communist candidate for President, to assail most devastatingly the prospects of Technocracy. "In any society," he said, "engineers will be simply hired men and not directors."

The price system has hobbled along now for many centuries. It has survived storms before, but admittedly no test more rigorous than the conditions it now faces. Assuredly it will take more than dogmatic pronouncements that it must abdicate to make it do so. There is little use dreaming about the glories of a promised land without considering means of getting there. Whether the price system continues, is modified or supplanted, it is reasonable to want to see the transition come in the most orderly way possible. Most people doubt that bombs and ego-centric dictators have part in the progress to a better balanced State. We desire not so much a salvage service that will collect the broken bits of a civilization gone smash, as a plan that will conserve the useful machinery of production.

The Energy Survey has restated the resources of this country in terms of men and minerals and power and has given them a new significance. It has presented a new measure for appraising what is happening. If some of the figures in the laboriously assembled studies should prove wrong, the composite line of their charts follows the course of our experience. As a group, Technocracy has been unfortunately dogmatic and high-handed in its presentation. If Americans are to enlist in furthering its aims they must know more than the chart studies of a few industries. The full scope of the research must be opened that the public may check its data and integrate it into human terms. Perhaps Technocracy has made its contribution in grasping the facts of industrial history and trend through stating them in the clumsy diction of the engineer. If it does not concern itself with how we are to go from here to there, other forces will. There are keen minds and articulate voices in this land of ours and the depression has not dried them up.

The technicians have grasped a vital principle in their energy measurement for charting potentialities of a civilization. But they can not let it go at that. If they could, the idea would rest in history as a copy book maxim or the basis for a Greenwich Village cult. The technicians should make no attempts to restrict or delay such a progress. If they do, other hands, those of other engineers, financiers, labor leaders — yes, and even the despised politicians — will humanize a cold outline and build on it an approachable foundation for a better State.

LL.D.

BY PAUL JONES

A Story

JOHN TALCOTT had been Edwards Professor of English Literature as long as any one could remember, so long that it was impossible to imagine another in his place; at least, it was impossible except in the minds of two or three men who had been practising for years. They could, perhaps, see themselves, lecturing as well or better, inspiring the students as subtly, perhaps setting a more authoritative standard, for the fashion nowadays is for authority. Talcott managed, somehow, to give the students an impression that his knowledge was only slightly in advance of theirs. When a difficult point came up, they solved it together. The settlement, the last word, seemed always to come from the class.

For this, he was denounced as a poseur. Perhaps he was. At any rate, it was a sort of intellectual sleight of hand at which he excelled. A few passes in the air and the white rabbit of truth was produced from the hat of any gentleman present. It took several years for a student to realize that much of the knowledge which came so easily in Talcott's course was, as a matter of fact, extremely hard to find anywhere

else. But by that time, the young man had been fatally inoculated with a passion for English literature.

This is a sort of cunning which old teachers acquired in the hardest of schools, experience. The modern class room is an English game preserve. In orderly fashion, the students are driven under the guns of the professor, who discharges facts into them as a duke sends a charge of birdshot into a pheasant. Talcott had been teaching so long that he could remember when an instructor entered his class room with all the sensations of an Indian fighter going into hostile territory. It is hard to believe in these days of coöperation and student government, but Talcott had gone through many a pitched battle with a recalcitrant disciple. Old graduates will tell you — with a sigh of regret for the good old days — that the primary function of chalk and erasers was, at that time, to serve as ammunition, and more than one who professes the greatest admiration for Talcott will also tell you proudly of a day when he caught him behind the ear with a shrewdly aimed fragment of chalk.

Of course, the old grad sees the past through a sweetly sentimental

haze. For him, the modern undergraduate is a bloodless creature, supine, indifferent to his rights, credulous and weak, when he is not positively hypocritical.

Still, there were times when Talcott himself felt ill at ease before his orderly classes. No real sportsman likes a sitting bird as a target, and when the sitting bird is asleep. . . .

He came into his office one day after a noon lecture, and put his notes down with a weary gesture. His assistant and his reader were busy at their tables.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the theologians tell us that indifference is harder to combat than positive error. What in the world is one to do with the modern student? He is polite, and quiet. He sits still, and doesn't fidget. But he gives the definite impression that his class periods are merely interludes in his real life, breathing spells in which to recuperate his forces. Up here —" he tapped his lined forehead — "he is asleep. You might as well talk to an empty room for all the reaction you get."

"You have an appointment with the chancellor at one," said his assistant.

"I haven't forgotten it," said Talcott. "I merely want to breathe a little." He went to the window and stood looking out. The campus was in leafy green, a faint tracing of the greater glories which it would soon offer to the pale school-marms of the summer session. "Teaching is a tiresome and thankless task. I advise you to get out of it before we are all replaced by some sort of radio."

He went out and assistant and

reader looked at each other expressively. "Do you suppose he's quitting at last?" the reader wondered. "Do you think he might? What a scramble if the old boy steps down."

"He ought to quit," said the assistant. "He looks tired and old, and he's two years over the retirement age now. Not that I want to see him go, but he's wasting himself. Nobody appreciates him any more. Certainly not the students, and they're the only ones he cares anything about."

"I wouldn't say that," the reader objected. He had graduated only two years before.

The assistant frowned and bent to his work once more, without answering. After all, there are things one doesn't talk about except to men of a riper understanding.

MEANWHILE, Talcott found the chancellor in the office.

"My dear Professor Talcott, don't mention it," the chancellor protested, rising, when Talcott began to excuse himself for his lateness. He, too, looking at the Edwards Professor of English Literature, found him aged and tired. Talcott had requested this interview, and the chancellor had been sitting there, thinking that now the old man would step down. He had hinted as much the year before, when the question of retirement had come up as a matter of routine.

Talcott sat down and rested his head on one hand. "About my retirement," he began abruptly.

The chancellor raised his hand. "I hope you're not going to leave us," he protested. It was the proper thing to say, and he said it. He was

not altogether insincere. If Talcott left, there would be a devil of a scramble for his place. The chancellor would make one friend and at least three enemies. Somewhere in the back of his mind, also, was a genuine admiration for Talcott, who had taught him as an undergraduate.

"I ought to retire," Talcott went on. "Nothing would please me more. But I can't. I'll have to ask you to keep me on for another year."

The chancellor grasped the arms of his chair. "But — but —" he stammered, "I —" He caught himself in time. As a matter of fact, he had heavily discounted Talcott's retirement. He had held out no more than half-promises, revealed only a far vision of the Promised Land to two or three candidates for the chair, but it would be awkward. "My dear sir," he said reproachfully, with a trace of exasperation, "you don't have to ask us to 'keep' you on. You know we are only too glad to have you with us as long as you care to stay. The University is the gainer."

Talcott nodded, remotely. There was no use examining closely the small change of this conversation. "As a matter of fact," he said, "my wife and I had made all our plans. I was to retire this month, and we expected to be able to live on the interest of our savings, in the absence of any pension from the University."

The chancellor shook his head sympathetically. "Unfortunately," Talcott continued, "most of my bonds were in Davidson Trusts, and my income from them has been cut

two-thirds by the depression. I haven't enough to live on. That's the plain truth of the matter."

The University had no retirement fund, no pensions, to offer its professors. Whatever Talcott had, he had saved and added to a small inheritance from his father.

The chancellor began to draw triangles on his blotting pad. This was a more awkward situation than he had thought. "To be frank with you," he began, "I had hoped you would retire this year," he began, "but not for any reason you can imagine. For a very special reason. It is not that we are anxious to begin the impossible task of finding some one to replace you."

Talcott looked puzzled. "In a word," the chancellor went on, "the general financial situation of the University has been affected by the economic situation just as your savings have been. I am told that the fund left by Mr. Edwards will hardly produce four thousand this year, instead of the customary six. The fund is, of course, safe enough. But the income! That's another story. The treasurer further informs me that the general funds are so depleted that it will not be possible to make up the difference from that source." The chancellor spoke in an impeded voice, staring at the moving point of his pencil. With a new incumbent, it would have been easy to explain that, for a few years, the salary might be lower than in normal times. But with Talcott staying on, he was, in effect, telling this veteran that his salary had been cut by a third. "I think," he said suddenly "that out of the budget, somehow, somewhere, another thousand might

be scraped up. I can't promise that it will, but I hope so."

Talcott shrugged his shoulders, and seemed to take the news as only a negligible addition to his burden of troubles. But before he could say anything, the chancellor, seeing the old man's mouth draw downward, spoke again, impulsively. He had just told a thundering lie, for by no stretch of the imagination could he see another thousand dollars in sight anywhere. "I have other news for you, however," he went on, "more pleasant news. The University would like to give you an honorary degree this month. I've been meaning to ask you." This was another lie, for the idea was not twenty seconds old. Two lies in four sentences, the chancellor thought sardonically, must constitute some sort of record even for University chancellors.

AS TALCOTT told his wife that afternoon, the news simply took his breath away. He had two or three inches of degrees after his name in *Who's Who*, and some of them from famous seats of learning in the Old World and here, but they were not the same as an honorary degree from his own University, an institution which he regarded as alone upon a majestic eminence. You had to know the place as he knew it to understand the veneration he had for it, and as no one else knew it in just that way, no one else could understand it.

"I was absolutely knocked off my feet," he told his wife, "I had no idea they were considering such a thing."

She looked at him and thought how like a child he was. His face was

radiant. "When did they decide to do it?" she asked, innocently.

"Oh, I don't know, exactly. At the last board meeting, I suppose. He didn't say, except that he'd been meaning to tell me."

His wife made no comment. "You don't mind, do you? Waiting another year? By that time, Davidson Trusts ought to be up again. We'll be much better off."

"Anything you say," she interrupted him. "What else can we do? If we can't retire, we can't retire. We've been over all that a hundred times. I don't mind that part of it. But you'll have to stay in town until the tenth to get this degree. I'd rather be in Maine."

"Well, of course," Talcott said, plunging his hands into his trousers pockets. "Who wouldn't? But when it's a question of getting an honorary degree from the University . . ."

"Oh, pooh!" she said. "I'm tired of honorary degrees. You have more of them now than you know what to do with."

After thirty years of married life, there were moments when Talcott, in talking to his wife, felt uneasily that he was dealing with a stranger. She was looking at him now with an expression that seemed to say that she thought him a mild lunatic.

"They'll probably give you an LL.D.," she went on sharply. "And they give them to anybody. You're like an Indian. Give him a string of colored beads to play with, and he's satisfied."

"My dear Martha —"

"My dear John, you know it's true."

"I know nothing of the sort," he argued with tremendous dignity.

"You don't understand. In the first place, it has always been the custom to confer the LL.D. degree on distinguished men — on statesmen, benefactors — in short, on eminent men outside the academic ranks. I scarcely think they'll give me an LL.D." He paused, unaware that by his expression, he was destroying the value of his argument, and relegating the LL.D. to a place somewhere below the self-conferred degrees of bootblacks and itinerant evangelists. His face told his wife, as plainly as if he had spoken, that he expected something that would set him apart. "I should think an L.H.D. or a Litt.D.," he estimated.

She sighed and returned to her book. "I'd prefer a little villa at Fiesole," she remarked.

Talcott shook his head, abandoning the attempt to make her understand.

But when he spoke to the chancellor, some days later, he found that he was to receive, with three other men, the degree of LL.D.

"If you ask me," said his wife, when he told her, "I think the best thing you could do would be to refuse it. We could leave tomorrow for the summer. It isn't as if you were giving up anything you really need. It won't do you much good now, and I'm afraid of this heat for a man of your age. They only offered it to you because they were reducing your salary. I shouldn't be surprised if the chancellor thought of it when he was talking to you that day."

"But he said —"

"Oh, he said, he said!"

Talcott looked surprised. "You surely don't think the chancellor would lie to me, do you?" There

were times when Martha's feminine cynicism shocked him. "Why should he?"

"Very well, dear, he didn't," she agreed. "We'll stay in town until Commencement, and you'll get your LL.D. degree." Her tone was as if she were talking to a child.

"After all, an LL.D. degree is nothing to sneer at," he maintained.

"I wasn't sneering."

"Washington received one," he went on.

"And I dare say George III did, too," she sniffed.

"As a matter of fact, I believe he did," he said innocently. "A curious little point that. One of the very few times when an honorary degree was conferred *in absentia*. Naturally, in the case of a ruling sovereign, some relaxation of the rule might be expected."

"Naturally," she said mockingly.

"I am almost sure that all the other Georges were similarly honored," he went on, knitting his brows. "I might look that up, as a matter of curiosity. Except of course George IV."

"When did he reign?"

"Beginning in 1820."

"He didn't get one," she said positively.

"Of course not."

"Certainly not," she said, laughing.

"I see what you mean," he said. "But I can't see that the University is open to criticism on that score. As far as I am concerned, if the corporation wishes to honor me, I certainly am not going to examine too closely the manner in which they choose to do it."

"You needn't get in a huff about

it," she remarked tranquilly. "I only meant that you deserve ten times as much as they're going to give you."

"Well, you're prejudiced in my favor," he replied. "I assure you I am not discontented. After all, it is something to be able to reflect that some thousands of students have passed through my hands, without being any the worse for it, perhaps with some profit." He rubbed his hands. "I hate," he declared, "people who have done exactly what they chose to do all their lives, and then complain that they haven't been awarded the prizes they never took the trouble to seek."

"As, for instance?"

"Oh, money, power, influence of a more direct kind. I've done exactly what I wanted to do, and I'm satisfied to think that my students appreciate it."

She knew that she had reduced him to his last defense, that he was saying something he only half-believed, but that was necessary to his dignity and his life. She believed nothing of the sort. With the fierce loyalty of a wife, she considered him unrewarded at anything like his true worth.

"Of course they do," she said soothingly. "They know the difference."

COMMENCEMENT DAY was a blindingly hot sample of what the campus would be like in August. Professor Talcott, stepping gingerly into the sun, felt its heat like a weight on his forehead. He carried over one arm the black silk doctor's gown, with its three bands of velvet on each sleeve.

His house was opposite the campus. Across the street, he could see the assembled seniors, in their black serge gowns and mortar-boards, adjusting each other's hoods, and waiting for the academic procession to start.

He had at least ten minutes, he estimated, time enough to get his shoes shined, and to smoke a cigarette under the patched umbrella of Professor Joe's bootblack stand.

Joe, an ancient Negro, shuffling his tender feet on the hot cement pavement, rendered an honorable salute to a contemporary.

"Mawnin', professuh."

"Morning, Joe," Talcott sat down in the well-rubbed armchair, while Professor Joe adjusted the sunshade, at an angle to ward off the morning sun.

"They goin' give you a degree this mawnin', professuh."

"That's right, Joe."

Joe daubed the cleaner on one shoe and wiped it slowly. "An' about time, too, if y'ask *me*. Yes-suh."

Talcott lit a cigarette. "I been wonderin' when they goin' give that degree," Joe went on, attacking the other shoe, "I coulda told 'em."

"Hurry up, Joe, they'll start soon."

"Can't start without they have you there," said Joe, with an immense contempt for time. "I nearly got a degree once, professuh. A D.D."

Talcott laughed, "Did you, Joe?"

"Yes, suh!" He made his cloth snap against one shoe and then the other. "I got the one D. but I never did get the othuh. Was a place down in No'th Ca'lina. You sent twenty-fi' dolluh, an' you got the one D."

"What about the other one?"

Joe turned down the cuffs of Talcott's trousers and silently approved his handiwork. "It was a 'stalment plan. You sent 'em sevenny-fi' dolluh more, they sent you a secon' D. I nevuh did git 'at ol' second D. Reason was, 'cause I nevuh had the sevenny-fi' dolluh. Yessuh." He laughed richly. "Never did get it. Thank yuh, suh."

Talcott hurried across the campus and fell into line in his usual place. Almost immediately the line began to move, by fits and starts.

Harkins, of Chemistry, next him in the ranks, spoke out of the side of his mouth. "Why aren't you up with the ones whom the University delighteth to honor?"

"I forgot," said Talcott, shrugging into his gown, and putting on his hood and mortar-board. "Joe was telling me the story of his D.D."

"That was a crafty institution," Harkins commented, when Talcott had re-told the sad circumstances. "Cash in hand, or no degree. This place might profit by its example. See that little man with the wide shoulders up with the chancellor?"

"The one that looks like a buffalo?"

"He does, a little. That's Bevan, of Davidson Trusts. Know anything about Davidson Trusts?"

Talcott thought of his bonds. "A little," he confessed.

"You too?" said Harkins. "I was hooked." He brooded. "Oh, how I was hooked! *And* the University. Hence the degree."

Talcott looked at him. "I don't follow you."

"It is a little curious," Harkins admitted. "A little like a Christian

martyr recommending a nice bit of shoulder to the lion that's devouring him. These are mysteries. I don't pretend to know what the set-up is, but I know we're hoping for something, something Bevan can or might do for us. Whether he will or not Bevan alone knows. Meanwhile, he will get another degree to add to his nine others. Of course, only an LL.D. Still — By the way, what are they giving you?"

"LL.D.," said Talcott shortly. They had come to the door of Convocation. The wide dark archway received them, admitted them to the moist, cool interior. The faculty and the deans went forward to the stage and, mounting it, began to file into their places.

"Of course, you sit up in front with the big-wigs," Harkins observed. "We part here. Sorry about the LL.D. Of course, it's a different story when you get it."

TALCOTT found himself sitting in the front row, with the chancellor, and the three other candidates for the honorary degrees. The chancellor was in the middle, with an army officer and a Senator on the other side. Bevan was between the chancellor and Talcott.

The promoter took out a handkerchief, and blew his nose stertorously. He replaced the handkerchief and gazed about him, calmly. His eye had a domineering directness. It fell on Talcott for a second, estimated him at leisure, and departed tranquilly for an inspection of the auditorium.

Talcott thought he saw in the lowering brow, the heavy, handsome features, the powerful jaw, a

portrait of an Italian captain of *condottieri*. An obscure resentment grew within him. In another time, he might have been a learned abbot, defending the peaceful gate of his monastery, while a Bevan, all leather and steel, summoned him harshly to surrender.

In the midst of the address of the day, Talcott came to a conclusion. When the chancellor called him to receive the degree, he would refuse. It was nothing but a mockery, a piece of mumbo-jumbo whose meaning had long since been worn out and defaced by a too wide circulation.

He would refuse. It was the only protest he could make.

"Soldier, administrator, public servant . . ." The army officer was receiving his degree. The chancellor was reading from a scrap of paper in his hand. "To all the rights and privileges pertaining to this degree . . ."

The auditorium was like a vast oven. The students sat in silence until the hood was conferred, and then clapped politely. Talcott considered them sardonically. What could they know about any of this? His old pessimism rolled over him like a wave. They neither knew nor cared. They came, stayed four years and departed. That was all you could say. As for his hope of leaving any permanent impression on them, that was nonsense. Their surface was soft but impregnable; they had the resistance of shifting sand.

" . . . throughout the world. . . ." The Senator was already disposed of. Talcott had not caught his name. Again the light musketry of decent applause came from the rows of seats.

Bevan was standing now, four-square, braced foot to floor, his head up, while the chancellor nervously fingered his paper and looked at Talcott; presently he began to read. Talcott found that he was sitting on the edge of his chair, with his chin in one hand and his elbow resting on one knee, in an attitude that must have looked ridiculous.

"Genius of finance . . . as well known for your benefactions as for your achievements in the world of . . . I confer on you . . ."

Talcott was breathing hard. It was nearly his turn. It was nearly time for him to get up, to raise his hand, and to speak the words that must be spoken, now, if ever. His hands gripped the arms of his chair, as though he meant to push himself upwards.

The applause rattled obediently, and died quickly. Talcott still sat in his chair. "Now," he thought, "now I will get up."

He rose shakily. The chancellor came towards him, and stopped.

"John Weston Talcott," he read.

Talcott raised his hand. "I — " he began. A tremendous storm of handclapping drowned out his words.

He stood there helplessly, while the noise rose to a crescendo. They were actually yelling his name. The long rows of students were standing, and cheering him.

Talcott looked at the chancellor. He was beating one hand against the other with the rest. And the faculty had risen from its seats on the stage. He made a feeble gesture, and the chancellor came to him and handed him his diploma.

Bevan was looking up at him with a new respect in his eyes.

The Discipline of Price

BY T. J. CAULEY

Why we prefer depression to collectivism

AN EMINENT anthropologist has indicated that most of the great advances made by mankind over its brute ancestors have come as the results of great disasters. Certainly the drastically depressed condition of business in this country during the past three years, with all the suffering it has entailed, has brought out more and livelier discussion of economic problems than we have ever experienced before.

So long as things "work" and all goes well, there is scant interest in or inquiry concerning causes. This fact is clearly demonstrated by an examination of the history of economic theory. Those periods which have been most productive of new economic doctrine have been periods of relative economic distress. Classical political economy as developed by David Ricardo and his contemporaries, for example, came as a result of the efforts of these men to solve the very acute economic difficulties which England had inherited from the period of the Napoleonic Wars. Similarly, Karl Marx developed his system of socialistic doctrine by way of showing the masses the way out of the economic and social degradation into which the excesses of the early

factory system had plunged them. Perhaps a relatively new body of economic doctrine will grow out of the present calamity.

What, in brief compass, is the essential nature of our present economic system? I submit the following: Ours is a system of specialized function (division of labor) in which the agents of production (land and capital) are owned by a relatively few persons who receive comparatively large incomes in the form of rent, interest and profits (property incomes), while the mass of the people receive relatively small incomes in the form of wages or salaries (labor incomes). The system is controlled by the owners of the agents of production, and the end toward which the control is exercised is, on the whole, that of making profits. The inadequacies of this statement are obvious, but it will perhaps serve satisfactorily as a basis for further discussion.

The fact that ours is a system of specialized function distinguishes it most sharply from the economic systems which have preceded it, a great difference of degree if not of kind. Virtually no one person now produces all that he consumes or con-

sumes all that he produces, and this applies to family groups as well as to individuals. This means, of course, that one specialist must produce a surplus of his particular type of goods or services and exchange portions of this surplus for portions of the surpluses of other specialists. It is not done directly, of course, in the typical case. The surplus is exchanged for money in one or another of its rather numerous forms, and this money is in turn exchanged for other goods and services. All of which involves the setting of a price on all such goods and services, which is the point of the whole discussion.

PRICE has come to be what may be termed the motivator of economic, or more accurately business, activity under our system. We reward this group of producers and penalize that by means of price. This discipline exercised over our business activity by price is purely impersonal in the typical case, which, however, makes it none the less real and powerful. Presumably we reward socially desirable economic activity by the process of paying to the persons responsible for such activity high prices; and the other way around, we punish socially undesirable activity by paying to those responsible for it either low prices or no prices at all. As pointed out above, our economic system is controlled by the owners of land and capital with pecuniary profits as the chief objective; and profits are a function, of course, of prices.

Prices are, however, not so much in the nature of rewards or punishments for past behavior as inducements to future behavior. Thus when potato growers have not grown as

many potatoes as we should like, the system induces them to grow greater quantities in the future by paying them a high price for the present supply; and if in the following year too many are grown, the growers are motivated to grow less in the future by being given a low price for the quantity on hand. Examples might be multiplied at great length.

This is all familiar enough to us in a general way, but the concept of price as the great disciplinary force of our system is perhaps new to many people who do not regularly concern themselves with such abstract considerations.

That an economic system disciplined in this manner possesses many merits does not admit of argument. Such a system has been in existence in some communities for several hundred years and has in this time survived enormous difficulties. All of which does not mean, however, that it is a perfect system, incapable of improvement. As a matter of fact, the price discipline has some very serious defects, as has been amply demonstrated by the distressed state of business in this country and in virtually all other industrially advanced countries in the world during the past three years — not that this period was the first by any means to demonstrate the existence of such shortcomings. Judging from the high degree of political discontent manifested in the recent national elections — and most of this discontent was economic rather than political in origin — there are comparatively few people in the country who are not willing to admit that something is wrong with the price system.

The most serious and fundamental defect in the price system lies in the fact that the system as a whole places a great premium upon scarcity — scarcity of goods and services. What does this mean in a concrete way? We may take the case of cotton to illustrate the point. In 1923 we had a cotton crop of a little more than ten million bales, which brought to the farmers an average price of about thirty-three cents a pound. Three years later in 1926 the farmers produced a crop of almost eighteen million bales which they were forced to sell at an average price of about eleven cents a pound. It is no great feat in mental arithmetic to figure out that ten million bales of cotton at thirty-three cents a pound give the farmers a much greater return than eighteen million bales at eleven cents a pound.

Although the situation is somewhat worse in the case of farm products than in that of urban industrial products, essentially the same principle prevails throughout the price structure. Automobiles can be "over-produced" as well as cotton, and certainly the same is true of soft coal. The instances could be multiplied indefinitely, with the extremes to be found in such items as air and water. Nobody can deny the great utility of air to human beings. Without it life can be maintained for only a relatively few minutes, yet the price of a cubic yard or of ten billion cubic yards of air fit for breathing purposes is nothing. The same is true to a lesser extent of water. Although it is less essential to the maintenance of life, it is somewhat scarcer than air and consequently fetches a somewhat higher price on the average.

Exchange-value, for which price is simply another name, as distinct from use-value, simply ceases to exist in the absence of some degree of scarcity. This means in concrete terms that as soon as enough of any commodity is produced for every one to have as much of it as he wants, the commodity ceases to have any price, and the producers of it are punished for having created such a situation by being pushed into financial ruin. There is absolutely no escape from it under a system such as ours.

It can be argued, of course, that it is impossible for enough of any commodity not furnished ready to hand by nature to be produced for every one to have as much of it as he wants, and thus that the price of such a commodity will never reach zero. Granting that this is true, the fact remains that the prices of fairly numerous commodities have approached so near to zero that the difference is more or less negligible from a practical point of view.

The further argument can be offered, however, that it does not matter how low the price of a commodity goes if the prices of other commodities decline in proportion. This is true, but the fact is of no practical significance for the quite adequate reason that prices of various commodities do not decline uniformly. Some groups of producers are much more able to create and to maintain a relative scarcity of their products than are others, with disastrous results to those who are unable to maintain a sufficiently high degree of scarcity.

The whole system makes necessary a policy of what may be termed social sabotage, a consistent refusal to

utilize our productive equipment to its full capacity. There is a strong inducement to loafing on the job in one form or another all along the line.

What appears at first thought to be an exception to this principle is to be found in the case of those large manufacturing enterprises which pursue a policy of expanding output through the lowering of prices in order to achieve the economies of large scale production. During the period from about 1915 to 1930 this was characteristic of the automobile industry, for example. On the whole, however, this is a technique which is applicable only in a unique situation, that of a new and unexploited market of great breadth. Automobiles were scarce in proportion to the great demand for them throughout this period, in spite of the expansive policy of the manufacturers. Sooner or later in such a case what is called the saturation point is reached, and then a restrictive policy becomes essential, as none other than Mr. Henry Ford himself seems to have discovered in recent months. Scarcity is, of course, a relative matter.

HAS any economic system existed in the past which did not operate under the discipline exerted by price? Yes. For example, the system of self-sufficing agriculture existing in feudal Europe was not controlled by price phenomena; and the same was true of the frontier farming communities in this country. What disciplinary force took the place of price in these systems in which there was essentially no buying and selling? In medieval times, the lord of the manor operating through the ac-

cepted customs of the period exercised such discipline; and on the frontier farm, the head of the household did the same. Which is to say that some sort of paternalistic authority exercised the function now performed by price.

Was the outcome one to be desired over that obtained from the present price system? That is, of course, a matter of opinion. It is extremely hard to judge, since our modern machine technique of production was not available under the earlier systems. Certainly it can be said that there was no premium placed upon the creation or maintenance of scarcity under these systems. Under them the people prospered or languished in accordance with volume of physical production. Good crop years were years of feasting; poor crop years were years of fasting and famine — all of which, from many points of view, appears more logical than the present system under which big crops mean economic disaster.

Granting that these systems of self-sufficing economy possessed certain advantages over our present one, a return to them is obviously impossible, so far as the great mass of the people is concerned. It is true that there has been a very considerable return to something closely approaching self-sufficing farming on the part of a great many of our farmers during the present depression, and considerable numbers of city people have returned to the farm. All of this, however, is essentially a distress movement. Our highly developed industrial system probably makes any general return to self-sufficing agriculture impossible in that it has made possible such

an increase in population that our present population could not subsist under a self-sufficing system of agriculture without undergoing a reduction in our present material standards of living so drastic that the great majority of us would be unwilling to accept it.

This being true, is there no escape from the necessity of maintaining a state of scarcity of goods and services in order to bolster up exchange-values? Must we always strive to avoid producing enough for every one to have as much as he wants? Any number of answers to these questions have been offered by economists and others in recent months and years; and virtually all of them involve some degree of socialization of industry, ranging from the wall-eyed ravings of the professional radicals down through the tempered suggestions of such men as Stuart Chase. The proponents of socialism and of the various other forms of collectivism say simply enough that under a system of common ownership and control of industry the profit motive in production would disappear and with it the necessity of maintaining scarcity. Their arguments to this effect are too well known to make a repetition of them here worth while.

Briefly, under a system of collectivism, paternalistic authority in the form of the Government would exercise the disciplinary function now exerted by price, just as the lord of the manor or the head of the pioneer household exercised paternalistic authority over his group of producers and consumers. The size of the unit would be much larger nowadays, of course, but otherwise

the system would be much the same from the standpoint of control.

I seriously maintain that there is little room to doubt that such a system of collectivism would be capable of furnishing the average person with a considerably higher material standard of living than he enjoys under the present system. The machine process is almost infinitely productive if the trammels of business expediency are removed.

A MAN who called himself an industrial engineer came to our university last spring and lugubriously read to us a list of industries, including practically every one of any importance in the country, all of which he said were on the average "twenty per cent overproduced." I asked him at the end of his harangue that if such were the case did not the solution lie in a complete cessation of all productive effort for a year or so. He didn't seem to see the point, inasmuch as he answered me with some patter about laboring men's not knowing how to employ leisure profitably. The point is that this man, who was whole-heartedly in favor of the present system of economic organization, saw as our chief difficulty our ability to produce enormous quantities of goods and services in general, the total absurdity of which position must be obvious to any socially minded person.

Human wants are infinite as to number and variety, and general overproduction in the sense of turning out more goods and services than people are capable and desirous of consuming is an absolute impossibility even with our present gigantic capital equipment and advanced

technique. What the business man means by "overproduction" is a state of affairs in which he is unable to sell his full output at prices which will cover the cost of production and leave the usual margin of profit, and the fundamental reason why business men find themselves in this situation is that the purchasing power of the general public has not kept pace with the increased industrial output. The business man meets such a situation by curtailing his output through the process of laying off more or less of his labor force, which quite inevitably reduces the purchasing power of the consuming public just that much more, thereby necessitating still further curtailment of production, and so on *ad* disaster, calamity and ruin, for great numbers of business concerns and unemployed people. This, in a general way, is what happens whenever our industrial equipment gets out of the control of business men to the extent that almost enough is produced for every one to have as much as he wants.

Collectivism would afford relief from this sort of thing. Whatever else may be said of Russia, it can not be denied that she has escaped "the depression" as that phenomenon has affected capitalistic countries. The chief material difficulties which Russia has suffered have probably resulted from the extreme lack of industrial equipment and industrial technique in the country at the time of the Communist revolution. Collectivism in this country would in all probability be a vastly different thing from the standpoint of volume of industrial production from that in Russia.

Granting, however, that collectiv-

ism is capable of yielding to the average person a higher material standard of living and a greater degree of economic security than he now enjoys, does this close the argument? I think not. Man does not live by bread alone — which is to say that he does not live by high material standards alone; and in this time of extreme economic insecurity, people are apt to put an unduly high estimate on the merits of economic security *per se*. Probably the only thing worse than losing one's job is not being able to lose one's job. If economic security were the *summum bonum* of human existence, a life term in one of our modern penitentiaries ought to be a highly prized situation. Probably this case is somewhat extreme, but the principle involved is one to be pondered over. To take a less extreme case, the serf on the medieval manor, being bound to the soil, could not possibly "lose his job"; yet, nevertheless, there are few persons indeed in this country even at the present time who would envy the serf his security.

The point is that although the price discipline inflicts brutally severe punishments upon various persons under its dominion from time to time, it is entirely possible that this sort of discipline is on the whole less irksome to human nature as it is constituted than would be the paternalistic discipline involved in a system of collectivism. Price discipline is severe and punitive, but it is impersonal, as contrasted with the other type of discipline, which would be distinctly personal.

To most people there is something extremely galling in a discipline en-

forced by personal agencies, as contrasted with an impersonal force. Many of the men who were in our army during the recent War have testified vigorously to the effect that the enemy whom they hated worst was not the Germans, but their own officers. The Germans were making titanic efforts to kill as many of the Americans as possible, but in the main the Germans were an impersonal force way off yonder beyond the waste of tangled wire and battered earth, while the officers were very personal and near at hand, which fact made a great difference.

The question whether or not collectivism of some sort is desirable surely must be answered chiefly on the basis of the essential characteristics of human nature and human desires. Perhaps higher material standards of living — more to eat, more to wear, better places to sleep, more gadgets and doodads in general — and greater economic security are human objectives most to be striven for; but this seems a queer fate for an animal species so designed by nature that its members drink when they are not thirsty and make love in all seasons.





Our Budgetary Raree-Show

BY RICHARD LEE STROUT

There are many reasons why the sophisticated should look upon the current Washington performance of budget-balancing without unduly low spirits

MOST people do not understand the process of writing an American budget. The reason is probably simple. Writing a budget is a foreign importation. It is an alien nuisance only recently brought into the United States and not yet thoroughly acclimated.

Possibly the theory of a balanced budget is alien to something inherent in the Congressional way of doing things. At any rate, in the old happy-go-lucky days before the formal presentation of an annual Federal balance sheet, this country got on without any talk of a balanced budget. Now there is a good deal said about balancing the budget, but we are still getting on without it. To be sure, we are not getting on very well; but we shall probably survive, particularly if we can all close our eyes, and pretend that the budget *is* balanced.

✓ It will be remembered that a sigh of relief went up throughout the United States last summer at the thought that the budget had been balanced. How far the country actually was from achieving that end has just been demonstrated. Mr. Hoover

has sent new estimates to Congress showing that the actual deficit this year will reach \$1,644,600,000. That will be admitted to be a long way from a balanced budget; but a pretended balance is sometimes almost as important as the real thing. It will be shown that we are in for another pretended balance in 1934.

It is a serious game that we play so gravely, but sometimes as one looks over the solemn glances of statesmen and journalistic writers as they discuss the balanced budget in Washington, one is inclined to give a slight embarrassed titter. In the present set-up in the capital, how in the world is a balanced budget possible anyway? Of course, it can be accomplished in boom days, when we are rolling in wealth, but even then, under our present hit-or-miss, irresponsible organization, the budget is not really balanced in the sense that income matches outgo; instead there is a huge surplus. Over a period of ten or twenty years America does balance its budget, but at the present time, that seems to be the only way in which the phrase can be used.

To get a sense of proportion in the

matter, one should compare the American process with the methods employed in England, or some other parliamentary country. In England a really balanced budget is almost a part of the religious creed. The party in power has the responsibility for introducing revenue measures that will balance expenses, and these are quickly passed, and go into effect almost instantly. If a party should be defeated on its budget proposals, it would immediately hand in its resignation to the King, and a party would take its place that could balance the budget.

The English enact their budget with a rush and a swoop. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, rises in his place and reads the budget proposals in a slow conversational tone one evening at Westminster, and the newspapers carry the story in their peculiar British newspaper way next morning; and after a debate that probably lasts under a week, the new tax proposals, and economies, or whatever they are, are adopted, and go straightway into effect. They are put through with a minimum of business disturbance. The new taxes start up instantly. There is no huge accumulation of tax-free supplies of raw commodities before the new tax takes effect, as there was on the crude rubber which American tire manufacturers accumulated prior to last summer's tax on rubber. Another fundamental factor to note is that the budget in a parliamentary government is devised in the brain of one man — or at least it is written by a corps of experts under one man's supervision. It is an integrated whole and diffuses its burdens ac-

cording to some unified plan so that it becomes a carefully thought-out, coördinated programme.

DOES Congress have a method like this? Certainly not. And if Congress wanted to, it could hardly achieve the result, because of the carefully divided powers of the American Government which give the President power to write the budget but offer to Congress the delightful temptation of rewriting it. It is a temptation as impossible to resist as for a small boy to refrain from using a brand new black crayon on a brand new white wall. The American system is a genial easy-going process not adapted to serious times like depressions; and so extremely democratic that the ultimate document has on it the finger prints of nearly everybody in Congress, instead of those of only one man, as in the English system.

I like to think of it as a kind of game; indeed it is hard to take it seriously when one watches the process at first hand. It generally drags on through a whole session of Congress; and the legislators have the fun of keeping business and industry on pins and needles all that time. There is nothing that throws more fright into Wall Street, emphasizes more clearly the power of the individual Congressman, or that brings larger hordes of high-powered contact men hurrying down to the capital than this delightful event. The business of writing a budget last year was dragged out from December to June, at a time when America's worst depression probably touched bottom. Did Congress speed the budget up, to aid business? Well,

there was a good deal of talk about speeding it up, and Mr. Hoover made a personal appeal to the Senate to expedite the matter toward the close of the affair, but it took seven months to do it, all the same. On one day a particular manufacturer of electrical refrigerators saw a tax imposed on his product; on another day it was taken off; a few weeks later it was reimposed. That was the kind of uncertainty best calculated to postpone factory operations, keep the railroads motionless, and the workers out of work. It is the kind of uncertainty which the American method of writing the budget invariably breeds.

A little research indicates that the budget is written no less than six different times: First, the original budget is prepared by the Executive and submitted to Congress, where it goes first of all to the House Ways and Means Committee. The House Committee rewrites number one budget, and reports its own number two budget to the full House. The House then rewrites number two and presents number three to the Senate, where it goes to the Senate Finance Committee. Here it is given its revision, number four, before coming out to the Senate where it is given a fifth revision. Finally, it goes to a joint committee of the House and Senate, called a conference, which irons out the differences between budget number three and budget number five. The result is the final budget — number six. Even this is not final, for the President can veto specific revenue bills.

This, in brief outline, is the process through which the Administration proposals for taxes and economies

must pass before they are enacted. The result is, of course, what might have been expected, that the final bills have very little resemblance to the original Executive recommendations. The revenue measures for the next fiscal year finally emerge, battered and torn, the product of many hundred hands instead of one or two, a thing of threads and patches, here representing one school of fiscal or economic philosophy, there another — or, perhaps we should say, another school of lobbyists, for these gentlemen have been following the course of the whole procedure with the eagerness of hounds on a hot scent.

Lest any one should think the foregoing account exaggerated, he need only turn to the record of last year for substantiation. It will be recalled, for example, that when last year's budget proposals were originally drafted by Mr. Mills they carried no proposal for a general manufacturers' excise tax. This was put in budget number two, written by Representative Charles Crisp, in the House Ways and Means Committee. And when this proposal — carefully thought out and drawn up, reached the floor of the House, it was wrenched out again by Representative Fiorello H. LaGuardia, amidst unparalleled scenes of confusion, in a House that had kicked over its responsible leadership. So the process was continued on up through the Senate and thereafter in the conference committee of the two Houses. It is the same process which the new recommendations of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mills must follow. As these proposals are sent to Congress there is always a great show of making

income balance outgo in the forthcoming year; this year the performance was repeated. Both the President and his Secretary of the Treasury spoke with horror — when they introduced the new budget in December — of the possibility of an unbalanced budget. And yet, as the course which their proposals must travel is more clearly realized, one gains the impression that they must have known very well, all along, that there is comparatively little chance that their plans will be adopted — at least as a unified programme.

In the House today the Democrats control; in the Senate the Republicans control — though the control is shadowy. This means that there is no party unity to produce a budget for which political credit can be taken. There is no political incentive — or at least very little — to promote a balanced budget. Furthermore, the Senate is full of Progressives who are only nominally Republican, who will wait their chance for the budget bills to come out of the Senate Finance Committee, to make their attack upon it. They will swallow their cough drops preliminary to a mass oratorical drive for particular proposals, and very likely get their proposals accepted. I have no antipathy to Progressive Senators; I only mean to point out that they supply one more hazard to the process of a unified programme of fiscal legislation.

SO MUCH, then, for the legislative gauntlet which the best of budgets, produced and presented by any Administration, has to run. Now let us come down to more particular cases, and examine the

specific chances of a special budget; to be precise, the one which Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mills have laid before the nation at the short session.

This budget is under consideration for the fiscal year 1934, which begins July 1, 1933, and which runs to June 30, 1934. And in these two innocent dates there is another of the extraordinary circumstances which have made it so difficult to take seriously the matter of getting the American budget balanced. The year for which Mr. Hoover and the "lame duck" Congress are now legislating is the coming year when the new Administration will be in power. Mr. Hoover is proposing Governor Roosevelt's budget for him! So far as Governor Roosevelt is concerned, he has no direct legislative control over the first budget which he will be called upon to administer. The period covered by the fiscal year upon which Congress is now working begins four months after it adjourns! I do not know any stronger argument than the foregoing for the elimination of the "lame duck" anachronism, which now, fortunately, seems well on the way to the scrap heap.

The latest Hoover-Mills budget has now been before Congress for some weeks — long enough to show that many, if not most, of the proposals will not be passed in their original form. Yet a study of the Hoover-Mills budget is illuminating as it tells so much of the whole budget-manufacturing process.

Mr. Hoover, like any other President, starts out with the laudable first intention of balancing income with outgo. That means that as a first step he takes the budget of the year before and seriously examines it.

If it shows a surplus, well and good, he tries to continue the good work; if it shows a deficit (and all recent budgets have shown that), he proposes new taxes and economies by which the amount in the red may be eliminated.

The 1933 deficit which Mr. Hoover faced at the outset in writing the 1934 budget was no paltry sum; it was \$1,644,600,000. This was the antagonist with which the financial experts of the Treasury Department had to wrestle. On paper at least, Mr. Hoover met his opponent and conquered him. But a brief survey of the processes employed show the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of actual accomplishment of this object.

Let us take the 1933 deficit, and watch Mr. Hoover whittle it down, item by item. He puts his hopes on three champions, new taxes, new economies and improved general business. As to the latter, it is true, of course, that as business picks up, the taxes already imposed will increase their yield. Some of the taxes, furthermore, that have already been authorized do not go fully into effect until next year. The new income taxes voted last summer were supposed to yield \$300,000,000, but this will not be available until income tax returns are filed March 15. Estate taxes will be even slower to come in, for a year is allowed for payment. At the same time, the postal revenues have been very disappointing, and improved business might see a quick pick-up. Even with these increases, the total which Mr. Hoover ascribes to this possible development of better business seems very large — it is figured at about \$324,800,000 for 1934.

Accordingly, we can lop this amount off the last year's total deficit. The next item to be subtracted comes to \$478,500,000, and represents hoped-for basic economies and pay cuts. This is the group of reductions that is causing Congress and the Federal workers so much perturbation. The economy items may be roughly subdivided into the elimination of \$200,000,000 from the Department of Agriculture for new road building; \$100,000,000 from the Treasury Department for public works construction; some \$127,000,000 cut from the billion or more dollars expended annually for the veterans; and another \$55,000,000 or so from the salaries of Federal employees. It is interesting to note, of course, that most of these big reductions are from items which had previously been voted to provide increased employment. If business revival really starts, there will not, of course, be so much need for these big Federal undertakings as formerly. If it does not come — new emergency relief items will throw the budget out of balance anyway.

At any rate, the total of the Hoover items so far mentioned cuts the 1933 deficit almost in half. With these economies and other figures subtracted, the prospective deficit for 1934 has been reduced to about \$841,300,000. That is still a tidy sum, and it causes the exertion of considerable ingenuity on the part of the outgoing Administration to propose methods of meeting it.

One of the quickest ways of cutting down this total is to postpone part of the Federal expenditure. This has been done in relation to the sum of \$534,100,000 of normal

debt retirement. It seems reasonable enough to postpone debt retirement in such troublous times as these, and Mr. Hoover quite justly passes on the burden to more prosperous times; and, incidentally, to some future Administration.

With these various sums pared off the 1933 deficit, the prospective 1934 deficit has now been reduced to only \$307,000,000. To meet this residuum of red ink Mr. Hoover proposes that taxes be increased next year by considerable amounts.

Two taxes are proposed: The first is already in effect, but will expire next June. Mr. Hoover asks that the gasoline tax be continued for a year, to yield about \$137,000,000. Then, in addition, he proposes a general manufacturers' excise, or sales tax, on a two and one-quarter per cent basis, which would yield another \$355,000,000. This not only balances the budget, but gives the delightful prospect of something over—a highly theoretical surplus, which the Administration hastily proposes to use in eliminating some of the unproductive nuisance taxes of the present.

SO MUCH for the Hoover budget as offered. One is inclined to sympathize with the effort behind it. Looked at in the light of reality it seems a good deal like a fairy story; but after all, the President who has to meet a deficit of \$1,644,600,000 has a hard task in front of him; more particularly since for years Americans have trusted to an exceedingly narrow tax base, consisting largely of income and inheritance taxes, as a sort of "one-crop yield" to meet any revenue requirement.

Mr. Mills offers extraordinary figures to show how income taxes have dropped off in this depression. Ordinarily, income taxes provide about half of the total receipts—about two billions out of a four billion dollar national revenue. In the fiscal year of 1932, however, the amount of income tax yield was down to \$1,057,000,000, and in the current year a total of only about \$860,000,000 is expected from this source. Is it any wonder that American finances are in the red?

To take a final glance at Mr. Hoover's budget, it will be seen that the whole huge structure depends on four major suppositions—each one of which must prove true, or else the entire effort at a theoretically balanced budget collapses.

In the first place, Congress must vote new taxes to balance the budget; in the second place Congress must make great economies in expenditure and not increase outlays for relief; in the third place, business must pick up; and fourthly (something that has not yet been mentioned) the Federal Treasury must receive an item of \$328,000,000 in principal and interest payments from World War debtors in 1934—for that sum is included in the prospective Federal revenues of that period.

These are the four legs to the Hoover budget. Which of them is weakest, it is hard to say. At any rate, Mr. Hoover has made a brave start in the matter; he has put on a bold front, and tossed the troublesome question squarely into the short session of Congress. And he has accompanied it with adjurations for Congress to balance the budget, while Mr. Mills has given equally

emphatic expressions of the same sort.

Yet it was significant that twenty-four hours after Mr. Hoover's recommendations had been sent to Congress emphatic opposition had been heard in one quarter or another to every one of Mr. Hoover's proposals; whether for more economy; greater wage cuts; reduction in payment to the veterans; or a general manufacturers' excise tax. These objections were like the growling of the wind before the storm. Congress may still go along with the President, but the chances seem rather remote; unless Governor Roosevelt intervenes. The latter development might very well happen, since after all Governor Roosevelt is primarily interested in the 1934 budget, and not Mr. Hoover.

One of the great confusing issues of the short session is the question of the beer tax. Any one who has a prejudice against one of Mr. Hoover's proposals will be inclined to suggest its elimination, and the substitution of the beer tax, to fill the gap in revenue. Already the respec-

tive opponents of the sales tax, of Federal wage reductions, of all the other proposals by which the President barely manages to eke out a tenuous paper balance, have individually proposed this tax on beer. It is being used simultaneously by half a dozen different groups. Very likely the tax on beer would raise revenue. But it would never raise the revenue required to fill all the holes which various groups in Congress would like to punch in the Hoover budget. Some study of the matter leaves me with the belief that the tax from this source is likely to be a disappointment, unless it is first accompanied by repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Either the beer which it is proposed to tax will be weak, in which case the tax will not be large; or it will be strong, in which case it is likely to be thrown out by the courts. In any case, beer will never do all the things which Congress wants of it; but of course this does not prevent its being made the universal excuse for postponing disagreeable tasks.



Blue Water

BY ROBERT WILDER

A Story

THE red path of a cigarette stub, as it was snapped by unseen fingers from somewhere in the depths of the hotel veranda to arc over my head and spatter against the side of a palm tree, was my introduction to Eric Aspinwall. A moment later there came a shadowy voice and a gaunt, linen-suited frame crossed to the railing.

"I beg your pardon," the voice said, "damn careless of me. Took it for granted that no one else in the town ever stayed up this late. Did it burn you?"

Dignity sits heavily upon the shoulders of a seventeen-year-old. I brushed an imaginary spark from my lapel. "No, I don't think so. It might have, though."

"That," answered the voice, "we have already agreed upon and within the limitations of the probability, lamented." I was sure he was laughing at me and started to leave.

"Live here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Long?"

"All my life."

"Fish?"

"Almost every day." I warmed. "Do you?"

"Not very often — like to though. Name's Aspinwall."

He swung himself over the low porch and landed softly beside me. In the terrific white moonlight of a south Florida night I saw his face for the first time. Brown it was. Not the tan of the casual tourist or fisherman but a color that is whipped up by the four winds and tanned by a sun more intense than ever beat on the Florida coast. He was well over six feet even in the flat soled rubber sneakers he wore. The night wind, drifting in from the ocean, flapped the linen trousers around his lean legs. Somehow, looking at him there, I could only think of the story of Ichabod Crane we had had in English class. Ichabod in a linen suit and with a sun tanned face.

"You know," he said reflectively, "I like to do that."

"What, fish?"

"No, snap cigarettes into the air."

"I usually burn my fingers," I confessed. I was afraid then that he might say something about my being too young to smoke.

"You probably don't start them right."

"Probably not." Grateful for his tact.

"Show you sometime."

He fell in beside me and we moved off down the road which leads over the sand dunes. Jelly fish, billions of them, collect in the shallow waters during the summer and this night every cascading wave stirred them into a phosphorescent frenzy, transforming the breaker into a scimitar of ghostly fire which stabbed at the darkness of the beach.

"Never saw that in Florida before," he mused.

"Doesn't happen very often. Sometimes only once a year or so."

"Going home?" he asked after a moment.

"Yes."

"In a hurry?"

"No, family's away for the summer. Father here." I caught myself unconsciously imitating his peculiarly crisp, laconic manner of speech and for fear that he should think I was deliberately mocking him, I added gratuitously, "My name is Warren. I live in the brown house down by the South Bridge."

"Like to fish with you sometime," he said. "What about tomorrow?"

The road branched and I left him standing there looking out at the ocean.

WE SAW each other almost every day after that. There is little to do in Florida during the summer but fish and swim. Usually I found him stretched out on the beach below the hotel, his head pillowed on a faded old sweater. He was the first man who had gone bathing before every one with only a pair of trunks. Of course we had seen pictures of people at the French resorts swimming like that, but it was a little

startling to have it happen on our beach and in front of women too. However, as Mrs. Mills at the hotel said, he was so skinny that it didn't make any difference. Once I started to ask him about the livid scars which crisscrossed on his chest and legs but I never did.

Hours at a time we would lie on the sand, rarely saying a word. He swam badly at first. Oh, he knew how all right. He had a long crisp overarm stroke, but he tired quickly. Once when we had taken the rowboat through the breakers and out about a mile and a half for some fishing, I jumped overboard and swam the return trip while he handled the oars. While we were beaching the boat he turned, with his hand on the gunwale, and looked out over the ocean.

"Learn to swim like that myself one of these days," he said. "Blue water out there, clean." He pointed a long brown hand. "See that line of blue. Well it isn't there. Just imagine it is. Like a mirage. The more you go toward it the farther away it gets. Optical illusion or something. Funny."

"How long will you be here?" I asked on the way over the dunes.

"Good kid," he said. "First question you ever asked me. Tell you all about everything one of these days."

May, June and July melted into each other in rapid succession. The War in Europe was only a distant rumble. Oh, we had our patriots and devil chasers who made life miserable for Karl, the barber, Kepple, the fishmarket man, and Petersohnn, the stonemason, and a half dozen others whose names betrayed a foreign origin. The old German-

American Club across the river to which my father had taken me now and then, where he and his friends spent many happy hours chanting "*Is das nicht ein Schnitzlebonk?*" to the accompaniment of thumping steins, was only a cooling memory and *sauerkraut* became liberty cabbage. It was the War.

Only once did Eric and I mention the War. We were fishing on the river and I unwrapped some sandwiches which were done up in a piece of newspaper. He looked at the battle dispatches which were smeared across the page.

"Damn nuisance!"

"I'd like to go," I answered, "I'll be eighteen in a couple of months. I'm going to enlist."

"Don't do it. Was in one once. Rum business."

Eric was swimming better every day. Each morning we would go out a little farther. Sometimes he would roll over on his back and rest for a few minutes before we turned back. One afternoon when we were down near the Inlet waiting for a turn of the tide to bring the fish through the narrow opening, he reeled in his line and laid his pole in the bottom of the boat. Below us and around the bend lay the first width of the Indian River and the scraggly docks of New Smyrna.

"How far to those docks?" he asked.

"About three and a half miles, if you follow the channel."

"Like to swim it if you don't mind. Fishing not much good. Think I could make it today."

He dropped over the side and slipped down the river. I followed him in the boat. At New Smyrna he

pulled himself up and stretched out on the loose boards of the dock. His chest heaved with the slow, deep respiration of a tired man but one in good condition. Finally, he rolled over and looked up at me with the first smile I ever saw on his face.

"Made it! Knew I could. That's far enough."

"Far enough for what?" I asked.

He grinned again. "Oh, far enough for almost anything — far enough for today at least. Let's go home. Mighty grateful to you."

A few nights later I walked downtown and found a knot of older men in front of Hurley's Drug Store.

Old man Crossley was talking. "I always said he was a German spy. Mighty slick, I tell you. Wouldn't be surprised if there was a load of dynamite under every bridge in the river."

I couldn't help but wonder why the Germans should blow up a bridge in the Halifax River.

"Who is a German spy?" I asked.

Doc Hurley looked at me with the contempt that the intrusion of an eighteen, well almost eighteen-year-old, boy upon his elders and betters deserved.

"Karl," he finally said, unable to resist the temptation of showing me my place, "him that you were always so friendly with. He's a damn German spy, knew we was about to catch him and left town last midnight. Fred Zigler saw him take the Jacksonville train. Well rid of him, I say. Dirty German!"

I told my father at dinner what I had heard.

"So," he said sadly, "they finally did it. Poor Karl. No wonder he

cleared out. Those fools making his life miserable, writing anonymous letters, peering in his windows at night, making him hang out a big American flag and then refusing to patronize his place. Damn witch burners. I wonder where the poor devil has gone."

I talked to Eric about it. "Silly business," he said, "but it always happens. People get hysterical, lose all sense of proportion and decency. Cut each other up for years and then forget about it six months after an armistice is signed. Stay out of it!"

One night after supper my father and I went down to the pool room for some billiards. He always said that he wanted to prove that Spencer didn't know what he was talking about, that's why he took me with him.

Halfway through our count I heard Claude Pascall talking to a group at the other end of the room.

"I tell you," he was saying, "there is something mighty funny about that fellow. What is he doing down here all alone? Never talks to any one, never goes any place, walks around the town at all hours of the night. It looks mighty fishy to me. Now as I look at it we have got a long line of coast along here. What is there to stop the Germans from unloading a few battleships of troops right here and blowing us all to pieces? How do we know that he hasn't got some sort of a secret wireless to communicate with a German submarine somewheres off the beach? You better listen to me and keep your eye on this fellow."

My father winked at me and went on with his run. In a minute Claude came over to me.

"Say, listen," he said, "you are around with this Aspinwall fellow all the time. What does he talk about? Does he ever ask you questions, like how many men from here enlisted or such?"

"You are a God damn fool," I said, and walked out.

I told Eric about it the next day when we were on the beach. "My father gave me hell for swearing."

That afternoon we must have swum six miles at least. I had to rest several times but Eric made it without stopping.

"Good swim," he said as we parted. "Take another sometime, maybe. Good-bye."

THE next day he was gone. I missed him on the beach and was only curious. The following day when he wasn't there I stopped at the hotel. Mrs. Mills had evidently called the police to tell them all she knew.

"His clothes are right there in his room," she said, "just like they have been for the past two days. When I come down to lock up and look around, like I always do, he passed me from the bathhouse wearing them short trunks he always has on. 'Kinda late for a swim,' I says. He says something about it always being too late and that's the last I seen of him, so help me God."

Len Smalley was the marshal at the time and he dug around in the bag and clothes which Eric had left in his room. "Well," he finally said, "it looks pretty clean cut to me. I always suspected that fellow. Now I know that he was a German spy. He hung around here until he got all the information he wanted; then what

did he do? I'll tell you! He swam out into the ocean to where there was a submarine waiting for him. Up comes a door! Down pops Mr. Aspinwall and gets away. Dirty swine!"

For weeks no one around town talked about anything else except the German spy who got away by swimming out to a submarine. Even Colonel Bullard, who had something to do with the Government, called me over to his office.

"Son," the Colonel said, "I know that you were great friends with that man but after all he is an enemy to your country. Tell me what you know about him. Certainly he must have talked about something. Why do you suppose he was up at all hours of the night, why do you suppose he went swimming, even when there wasn't a moon, if it wasn't to communicate with a submarine somewhere off the beach? I tell you that you are mighty lucky not to be involved in this. Think what your father would say."

AFTER I convinced Colonel Bullard that I didn't know anything I went home to think things over. Maybe I was, as Claude Pascall said, just a fool kid that didn't know any better. Maybe Eric had used me for a blind. After all, the whole town couldn't be wrong. It is hard to admit such things to yourself when you are older, but it is heart-breaking for a youngster. Somehow I felt sick at my stomach and I even hated the beach after that because it reminded me of Eric.

If you go to my town now you will find it changed. Asphalt streets take the place of shell roads, concrete

abortions called "boardwalks" cover the sand dunes where purple morning glories used to riot. Art street-lamps line the causeway which used to be a poem of palm trees. On second thought I should advise you not to go there. You won't like it.

With the War fifteen years behind them, however, you will still find some of the old residents who were not driven out by the collapse of the Florida boom who will tell you of the German spy, Aspinwall. They will boast how they knew what he was all along and that just as they were ready to catch him, he slipped away. The town has little enough now, so let it have its legend. I never told them the truth when I found out because somehow I thought that Eric might get that funny smile around his mouth, if wherever he was, he could hear them gossiping.

About a week after Eric had disappeared, I took my boat out for some river fishing. When I reached forward, to the little cockpit where I kept extra sinkers and hooks, my hand touched something wrapped in paper. It was an envelope addressed to me. Inside was Eric's watch, the one with the gold strap I always liked so well. Around the watch there was a note, scrawled in pencil:

Left this here because I wanted you to have it. Fool Sheriff might have kept it if he found it in my room. Last year doctor told me I only had twelve months to live. Cancer or something of the throat and stomach. Hate to die in bed. Always liked ocean. Clean, cool, soft. Going to swim out. Keep going until I catch up with that blue water. Good kid. Liked fishing with you. Never asked questions.

ERIC.

Work Is Found

BY RICHARD A. LESTER

The jobless discover their own means of productive employment

IN THE childhood days of this country, the unemployed did not automatically become "charity cases." Husbands thrown out of work in the cities of the East could pack up their families and trek to the frontier. Once there they could fend for themselves. They could provide for their needs instead of sitting sad-faced, heads in hands, blankly staring into fireless fireplaces in city tenement-houses — hoping, praying, imploring for work. With all our civilization, all our learning, all our inventions, conveniences and idle equipment, the unemployed apparently are more helpless, as far as supporting themselves is concerned, than were the frontiersmen during the days of the Pony Express or the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock.

In those pioneer days, people did not cease to produce when prices fell. Producers in a pioneer society do not attempt to bring back prosperity and high prices by cutting output and curtailing work. Since each family consumes a large part of what the head-of-the-house produces, no one is foolish enough to suggest restriction of output as *the* method of luring prosperity from around the

proverbial corner. Since each capitalist in such a society works for himself, to decrease employment would mean throwing himself out of a job. Neither does one hear the now-familiar complaint that wages, rent and other "costs" are eating up all the profit, for the pioneer retains the total price he receives for his product instead of paying part of it out as wages and rent.

Nowadays, with society split up into wage-earners, rent-receivers, coupon-clippers and profit-seekers, the situation is quite different. With specialization and large-scale industry, no longer is the same individual, employer, employe and landlord all combined in one. Now the income received from sales is divided up into wages, rent, interest, profits, etc., each share going to a different group of individuals. In such a state of affairs, wages, rent and interest, though income and purchasing power to the recipients, are costs or expenses so far as the bookkeeper is concerned, and industry will not function unless selling prices remain above such costs. Profits become the *summum bonum* without which industry remains paralyzed, plants and people being forced to exist as frozen assets.

Because from 1929 to 1931 profits decreased about ten billion dollars, the national income suffered a forty billion dollar decrease. Because profits — about one-eighth of the national income — have shrunk, one-fourth of the country's workers are contributing nothing to its income stream. Because profits have so diminished, industrial output has been constantly decreasing until at present we are not producing as much as we did in 1900.

True, some groups, such as the farmers, continue to contribute as much to the country's income stream as they did in 1929. That, by the way, helps to explain the sharp fall in farm prices — many of them to all-time lows. The prices of farm products can not help but fall farther than industrial products if industrial output is severely restricted while agricultural production continues undiminished. The farmer can not help but suffer in attempting to sell un-reduced supplies of his products in order to purchase from a sharply curtailed supply of manufactured commodities.

Noticing that the farmer, like his forefathers on the frontier, is never unemployed, some have suggested that those who have lost their jobs in industry be settled upon unoccupied farms. A bill to that effect was proposed in the last session of Congress. In various localities in this country, near Greenville, South Carolina, in Madison County, Arkansas, and in Canada and Germany, attempts to turn the unemployed into farmers have been made. Furthermore, many municipalities and large corporations have loaned the unemployed plots of land for gardening.

In Detroit during 1931, \$218,450 worth of vegetables were grown in such "thrift gardens." But how the gods must smile to see highly-trained automobile or steel-plant workers hoeing gardens just outside the gates of an idle plant!

Subsistence gardening is merely a stop-gap and farming is certainly a perverse solution for our unemployment problem. The number of unemployed in our cities, including their dependents, is almost as large as our whole farm population. To turn even a part of them into farmers would be not only a matter of years — and when industry picked up they would drift back — but it would mean saddling more of the weight of industry's unemployed upon the already-overburdened farmer. It would mean still larger farm surpluses and still lower farm prices. What the country needs is not an increase in agricultural production — that hasn't decreased during the slump — but factories running at ninety, not twenty, per cent of capacity.

WITHIN the last year or so the unemployed in various places have made halting, trial-and-error attempts to advance beyond the community-gardening stage — to provide winter work as well as summer, and fuel, clothing, shoes, shelter, as well as food. In numerous cities throughout this country and also abroad, in Spokane, Seattle, Los Angeles, Omaha, Salt Lake City, Oklahoma City, Minneapolis, Dayton, Allentown, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and New York City (the Correlated Graphic Industries), in Burnaby, British Columbia, in Fal-

kirk, Scotland, in Lincoln and other cities of England and South Wales, in Halle, Weissenfels and Frankfurt, Germany, the unemployed have organized mutual or coöperative exchanges in order to provide for their wants. Through these organizations the out-of-workers exchange among themselves their services as barbers, bakers, doctors, carpenters, cobblers, plumbers, printers and musicians, and they also "swap" the surplus produce they receive in payment for work performed for others — having offered their services to farmers and other employers and receiving in return for such services a share of the commodities they help to produce. In this way the workers are paid in the goods they themselves turn out, and wages are automatically adjusted according to the output they produce.

Though these Unemployed Leagues have sprung up spontaneously in each locality, they have developed along pretty much the same lines. In most places a central exchange is set up where the unemployed register, stating their needs and what services they are in a position to offer. No money is needed. A barber may offer to swap his services for medical attention, a baker his for the services of a tailor, a carpenter his for shoe-repair service and a fisherman his for farm produce. The trade need not be direct. A barber may agree to cut the hair of the members of the League in return for meals prepared by some of the members from produce which a farmer exchanged for the services of a doctor, a mechanic, a cobbler and a carpenter.

This type of bartering has been constantly increasing all over the

country ever since the crash. For the last year, business in Saxonburg, Pennsylvania has been on a barter basis, the local paper publishing a "swap column"; in Suffern, New York, a barter market has been set up; in Kansas the colleges are accepting live stock, grain and other valuables in payment for bed, board and tuition; and everywhere tenants are repairing the landlord's buildings in payment for the rent they owe. In many small towns, such as Saxonburg, local producers are exchanging their products for credit at the local stores just as in former days farmers used to pay their store bills by sending in berries, butter, eggs, milk, maple syrup and cords of wood to the crossroads merchant.

The Unemployed Leagues in some communities have developed beyond this crude barter stage. Especially is that the case in the Far Western States where the Leagues have become practically State-wide organizations. In Ventura, California, the unemployed are paid in service certificates for the services or products they contribute to the Community Centre pool. With these service tickets they can buy the goods contributed or services offered by other members, or they can purchase meals at the Centre. In Los Angeles the Coöperative Exchange works much as Proudhon's famous Labor Exchange Bank. Each member has a little "bank book" containing credits and debits, not in dollars, but in hours of work performed and received (deposited and withdrawn). A similar, though less rigid, credit system is used by the 80,000 members of the United Producers of Washington, one half of whom belong

to the Seattle Unemployed Citizen's League. Each week last Summer this League was handling 1,200 tons of wood, 400 tons of foodstuffs, 300 tons of fruit, 100 tons of coal, and repairing over 1,500 pairs of shoes.

In Salt Lake City a corporation entitled the Natural Development Association operates a sawmill, refinery, tannery and is building a shoe factory. The corporation has done as much as \$30,000 of business in one month, and the credit coupons it issues to its formerly unemployed employes are accepted by its stores in Salt Lake City and the vicinity for commodities. The unemployed in Pittsburgh under a plan called Coöperative Aid are manning idle machinery and idle coal mines — putting them to use for their needs until the owners are able to run them again at a profit.

In the early part of this year, four well-known economists, Professor Emil Lederer of Berlin, Professor Edgard Milhaud of Geneva, Professor Miles Walker of Manchester and Professor F. D. Graham of Princeton, proposed plans for setting up State- or nation-wide organizations similar to these local self-help groups. Almost at the same time J. D. Farnam of New York, D. C. Prince of Philadelphia and E. J. Wolfe of Columbia University suggested plans based on the same principles. Since then some of these proposals have received enthusiastic support from a number of economists both here and abroad.

It is not necessary to explain each of these plans in detail, since they all propose much the same type of organization as that which a number of California cities, especially Ven-

tura and Compton, are operating with a remarkable degree of success. The California cities have been relatively more successful both because they have traded their excesses in certain lines with each other and because they are not so highly specialized as some of our Eastern one-industry cities.

AS WE have seen, unemployment exists as a problem only in highly specialized, stratified communities. In more self-sufficient, rural communities, and under more elementary and classless economic conditions, people continue to produce regardless of price. In other words, unemployment is largely an exchange or price problem, and that is the reason we have recently witnessed a widespread return to more primitive methods of exchange such as barter. Since cities are the very expression of specialization, they suffer most when the customary methods of exchange break down.

This explains why it is impossible for the unemployed of a single city to organize so as to provide for all their needs and still work at trades for which they are trained. Some sort of inter-city exchange is necessary for that. In fact, for a full measure of success the community centre or central exchange should draw from a geographical unit so diversified and balanced in production, so self-sufficient, that practically every consumption need of every member could be met by an order on the central exchange.

In the early days when each town with the country around it was almost a self-sufficient economic unit, the "general store" at the cross-

roads came fairly close to being such a central exchange. Today probably the merchandising centre which comes the closest to this idea of a central exchange is the modern mail-order house. Mail-order houses, like Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward, have almost every possible kind of commodity for sale, and they draw their supplies from all parts of the country.

It is for this reason that Professor H. O. Eaton of the University of Oklahoma proposes the establishment of a large exchange corporation similar to a mail-order house in order to "take up the slack" in employment. And for the same reason Professor Graham in the appendix of his book on *The Abolition of Unemployment* suggests one of our large mail-order houses for the immediate application of his plan. To use Professor Graham's own words, "The management of a large merchandising unit, a big mail-order house let us say, would go to the manufacturer of a staple commodity with this proposition: 'Your plant, we hear, is working only two days a week. We can place an order with you that would give your men an additional day or two of work a week provided they are willing to accept credits in our store as wages for this additional work. To cover your materials and overhead we will pay you in cash a certain percentage of the value of our order and the rest in credits in our store. Such credits you will, with your workers' consent, assign to them in payment of wages for the labor involved in filling our order.'" (According to estimates by the National Bureau of Economic Research, eighty-five per cent of the

expenses of manufacturing concerns are paid to employees.)

With these credits, good for say thirty days, the workers can order any goods in the mail-order catalogue and the goods ordered, instead of being mailed in small separate parcels, could be shipped in carload lots to the contracting firms for distribution to their workers. In this way, the mail-order house would operate much as the exchanges that the unemployed have set up in various cities, at the same time continuing its ordinary business. Incidentally, the volume of credit-certificate sales being guaranteed, the mail-order house would be assured a fine profit on such a large turn-over. True, the profit might accumulate in the form of goods rather than in cash, in which case the mail-order house could either pay its dividends and its own employes partly in credit-certificates, or it could cut down on the volume of its credit-certificate business for a while, which it would be free to do at any time. Once the scheme proved a success, chain stores, large department stores and other merchants would want to participate, as well.

The merit of these proposals, growing out of the experience of Unemployed Leagues all over the country, is that they involve no legislation, governmental regulation, increased taxation, nor pork-barrel expenditure. Quite the contrary, by cutting down on relief costs, they decrease public expenditures and strengthen public credit. Not only are they self-sustaining but they involve no radical change in the structure of our society. They appeal to the same motives that we have

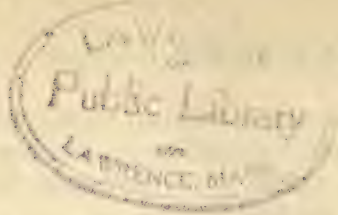
always relied upon. All action is to be voluntary. Employers would not be forced or cajoled into hiring more workers when it is not in their interest to do so.

These central exchanges give the unemployed an opportunity to produce something of value which they may exchange for a living. Through such organizations the unemployed are able to trade their labor for the goods they want instead of, as in most "make-work" and many public works programmes, putting the unemployed to work at well-nigh useless projects, or at least using up our resources on projects for which the demand is by no means urgent. We need private rather than public works, for it is private production, not public, that has suffered such a severe decline. And it is private production that these plans aim to stimulate, not by putting the Gov-

ernment into business, not by curtailing production, but by increasing production and thereby speeding up revival.

We need more production, not less. It is only by production that purchasing power is created; and it is only by enlarging purchasing power that business in general can become profitable again. Every decline in production and employment decreases the available purchasing power and helps to cut the ground from under the market of all our industries. When plants close down, when production falls off, that great American market so zealously guarded by high-tariff politicians is being destroyed, not by foreigners, but by American business itself. Our business and our domestic market can be built up again. The unemployed through their coöperative exchanges have suggested the way.





A Contest of Fools

BY ROBERT K. CARR

In our quaint American manner, we continue to argue the merits of different forms of municipal government, ignoring the only way to lasting efficiency

IN THESE days of depression, governmental activities and expenditures are being subjected to the most searching analyses and inventories, accompanied by a frank insistence that all governments (national, State and local) cut their costs. Much of this belligerent propaganda emanates from tax-dodgers' leagues and other similar slightly-less-than-altruistic associations. Even the most civic-minded, progressive and unselfish citizen is beginning to wonder whether there isn't some way to curtail governmental costs, so as to ease the tremendous burden of taxation, without seriously interfering with the number or efficiency of certain desirable governmental services.

Such a determined attitude must sooner or later bear fruit. It is therefore worth while to attempt an evaluation of recent tendencies in the ever-changing history of local government, with the intention of ascertaining the extent of time, money and energy being wastefully expended in constantly shifting experimentation with this or that particular form of municipal govern-

ment. There probably is not a city in America, large or small, that has not witnessed some sort of an attempt, abortive or otherwise, to convince the local voters that the efficiency of municipal government depends primarily upon the adoption of a new charter replacing the existing form of government with an entirely new and supposedly more scientific and up-to-date organization.

The high regard in which *form* is held by the average American is not limited to the question of municipal charters. It pervades all our political and economic theories of life. Consider the law. The American judicial system involves respect for form and precedent almost to the complete exclusion of the current and variable human factor. Only a few judges have dared abandon any part of the accepted "law," the law to which Bracton referred when he spoke of a social order, "not under Man, but under God and Law." There are at present two or three justices on our national Supreme Court who are making a conscientious attempt to rid our constitu-

tional law of some of its archaic forms, but they have been until very recently quite consistently outvoted by their more conservative colleagues.

Likewise State government in America has been shackled by a rigid regard for form. Indeed, we have been so frightened by the possibility of being governed by those men whom we ourselves have selected to be our State governors and legislators that we have attempted to limit their actions by comprehensive State constitutions that leave the officials little to do but comply with predetermined forms and regulations. The average State constitution is a most unwieldy document, as dull and verbose as man can make it, and cluttered up with all sorts of requirements, limitations and outright prohibitions that effectively prevent any administrator from rendering the people the kind of service our industrial civilization demands.

But my quarrel is not with the law nor with State government. It is obvious that we Americans do worship form in every phase of our political life, with the inevitable result that we tend to ignore the personal factor, the human factor in government. What is the secret of good city government? Very simple, we are told. Adoption of the mayor-council plan is the key to success. Or adoption of the commission plan. Or adoption of the city manager plan. Which? That depends on whom you ask for advice. But aren't honest and able city administrators just as important? The inference is, no, they do count for something but after all, form of government is the important thing. If an electorate will

only adopt the city manager type of government, it will have something that is fool-proof, something that can't go wrong no matter what the calibre of the men who hold office. The same questions, the same answers are being asked and given in hundreds of American cities, and thousands of dollars, inestimable amounts of time and human energy are being expended in innumerable attempts to persuade the voter that what he needs is a new city charter. Does any of this impassioned energy have real merit?

IF, IN order to answer this question, we try to compare city governments both as to form and practical accomplishments, we find ourselves in rather deep water. Can we place any faith in statistics? One hardly knows. That Jonesport pays twice as much per capita for its water supply as Smithville may not prove a thing. Smithville may be located on a lake or river and have no real problem in obtaining a water supply, Jonesport, because of its geographical location, may be forced to bring its water a distance of fifty miles from a reservoir back in the hills.

Similarly the fact that Brownsville has a tax rate half again as high as that of Johnston proves very little. Johnston may assess property at ninety per cent of its real value, Brownsville at fifty. Even if we adjust these figures, what have we? The city with the high tax rate may very possibly show more for money expended than the city with the low tax rate. Naturally it costs money to afford adequate police and fire protection, to provide regular collection of rubbish and garbage and to main-

tain playgrounds and schools. Discharge half of the police force in any city and of course the tax rate can be reduced.

But it would be foolish at once to conclude that because of the difficulty in comparing cities statistically it is hopeless to attempt an evaluation of the status of government in certain cities. One need but ask almost any man on the street in order to receive a fairly accurate statement as to the success or failure of government. It is a well-known truth that Chicago and Philadelphia have received indifferent government for decades, that the government of New York City is thoroughly corrupt, that Milwaukee is and has been consistently well governed for twenty years, that Cincinnati is, at least today, a city possessed of good government and that Cleveland has been progressively and idealistically, if not honestly and efficiently governed. All this is known in spite of the difficulty of working with statistics.

But before estimating the importance of form of government it might be well to suggest three other factors that have some importance in any sound interpretation of city government. The first of these factors is, of course, the nature of the electorate itself. All types of city government in this country are more or less democratic and accordingly impose a difficult and important task on the voter. So it would seem then that we ought to ascertain the political personality of the average voter.

Secondly, what of the city officials themselves? Are they honest? Are they qualified to render the skilled service required of them? Are they

altruistic, idealistic, courageous, persevering, ambitious, yet practical and possessed of good common horse-sense? There are mayors who are thieves, mayors who are fools and mayors who are brilliant executives. Exactly the same thing may be said of commissioners and city managers. If a city official proves to be a crook, it won't help the city much if he happens to have the title of city manager rather than mayor.

And finally, what is the extent of machine control of the city government? Or rather the question should be, what is the nature of the political machine which does control the city, for no local government long remains undominated by some sort of political organization. The important factor is whether this machine is a typical party organization controlled by a boss working for the good of the party or whether it is an organization of leading citizens and voters grouped together on a non-partisan basis and working toward the ideal of a better city better governed.

IF ANY city deserves the title of "the best governed city in America," Milwaukee is probably the best claimant. Its story may be prefaced with a consideration of its form of government. At first sight the facts seem almost unbelievable. Milwaukee has mayor-council government, the oldest of the existing popular forms of local political organization. But the really amazing thing is that Milwaukee's present charter dates back to 1846, when the city was incorporated. True, the charter of today is considerably different from the original, but it has received no general revision by the

State legislature since 1876 and the last compilation of the Wisconsin city charter law affecting Milwaukee was made by the city attorney in 1914! Milwaukee's remarkable success, then, is hardly due to a modern scientific city charter. When we remember that Chicago and Philadelphia have very similar charters and forms of government, we can readily see that there must be other and more important factors explaining the modern Milwaukee. What of the three factors that have already been suggested as having an important bearing on the success of city government?

Milwaukee's electorate?

The 1930 figures offer ready information and an interpretation of these figures is not difficult. The population of the city is 578,000 and of that number, 109,000 white people are foreign-born, an unusually high percentage for an American city. Furthermore, 241,000 native-born Milwaukeans have one or both parents who were foreign-born. Thus, in all, 351,000 of Milwaukee's 578,000 people are either foreign-born or are children of one or two foreign-born parents. One may be certain that the demagogue extolling one hundred per cent Americanism carefully avoids any mention of Milwaukee. Forty thousand citizens were born in Germany and 117,000 more had parents of German birth. There is no doubt that the political traditions, the keen interest in local governmental affairs of the average middle class German are of great importance in explaining Milwaukee's record.

The ability of Milwaukee's city officials?

Mayor Hoan may be taken as

fairly representative of the high calibre of this group of men. He has served four four-year terms as mayor since 1916 and has just been reelected for another term. He is a member of the Socialist party and well illustrates that party's consistently honest and efficient service.

Thirdly, the political machine itself, which in Milwaukee, of course, is the Socialist party, has been striving for twenty years, not for its own good, but for the fundamental well-being of the city, and it has been unusually successful. Today there is not the slightest indication of any let-down in the work of striving for this goal.

To be sure, the Milwaukee record of practical accomplishments still leaves a good deal of room for improvement, chiefly because Wisconsin until recently has not given its cities any measure of real home rule. Consequently, the Socialist party in Milwaukee has had to be content with confining itself to the work of giving the city honest and efficient government in so far as is possible under the existing constitutional set-up without attempting really to "socialize" the community. Perhaps its best work has been the reorganization of the city's financial system. At a relatively early date Milwaukee adopted the balanced budget. A balanced budget now is a common phenomenon, or at least it was until the current depression wreaked havoc with these carefully adjusted financial programmes of city governments. But twenty years ago a balanced budget in municipal government was something at which to marvel.

It has often been claimed that this

government of Milwaukee by the Socialist party and the government of Wisconsin by Progressive Republicans lost for Milwaukee and Wisconsin the automobile industry, which, frightened by the threat of radical legislation in that locality, went instead to Michigan and Detroit, where it was assured of a conservative governmental policy. This may or may not be true. One thing is certain, however: Milwaukee need not be ashamed of its industrial development. Ranking twelfth among American cities in population, it stands ninth in the value of its industrial output, surpassing such cities as Boston, Los Angeles and even Pittsburgh. Detroit is three times as large as Milwaukee, but no one would seriously claim that America has any right to be more proud of Detroit than Milwaukee, or that the former is a better place in which to live than the latter.

TURNING from a consideration of the mayor-council plan as exemplified by Milwaukee, we find that one of the outstanding events in the development of municipal government in this country was the sudden rise to popularity of the commission plan. But it lost favor in almost as rapid and sudden a fashion, being replaced overnight by the city manager plan.

The commission plan originated in Galveston in 1901 after a tidal wave swept the city and left death, ruin and stark terror in its wake. The existing government proved inadequate and gave way to this form suggested by certain business men of the city. Regarded at first as a temporary makeshift until normal conditions

could be restored, it soon became more or less permanent and spread rapidly to other parts of the Southwest and Middle West. Of course the spread of this or any other new plan has always been limited to those States in which municipal home rule exists or States in which the legislatures have granted permission to certain cities to adopt the new type of charter.

The largest city ever to experiment with the ill-fated commission plan was Buffalo. The experiment seemed to be working very well in the early days following its adoption. In 1920 the mayor enthusiastically reported:

I am convinced that the commission plan of government is a *very great step* in advance in solving the problem of how to attain successful municipal government. . . . Unless a man is well known and a reputable citizen he *can not possibly* be chosen to have a part in city government. . . . The small city council can act quickly; nevertheless it is so sensitive to public opinion that it *will not* abuse its power to do so. . . . Responsibility is clear and the citizen has no difficulty in deciding who is to blame for any feature of the administration of the city which does not meet with his approval. . . . Commission government is a *long step* in advance . . . the general principles involved *have come to stay*. (Italics, the writer's.)

But the good city father was not a wise prophet or at any rate he was without honor in his own country, for in August, 1927, Buffalo citizens by a two-to-one vote repudiated commission government and returned to the time-honored mayor-council plan. Of course, it meant nothing to the voter that he was adopting a form of government which had proved inadequate in Buffalo but a few short years before and under which Chicago, New York and Philadelphia were still hope-

lessly misgoverned. In fact, the voters saw nothing at all incongruous, nothing ridiculous, in the statement of their Charter Revision Committee concerning the new mayor-council charter:

It contains so many limitations of power, so many checks on the misuse of power, that only downright dishonesty of the public officials called upon to administer can mar its operation.

That such an extravagant statement can not truthfully be made of any form of government yet devised by man apparently did not occur to the Buffalo voter. And the tragedy of it is that municipal voters all over the country do not exercise any more intelligence than did the good citizens of Buffalo.

In view of the Buffalo sentiment in 1927 that the commission plan is contrary to "American ideals," it is worth while noting the opinion of an authority on the Des Moines experiment with the same type of government. In 1923, many years after the plan had been adopted in Des Moines, we were told:

Commission government as found in Des Moines is founded on *the idea of a pure democracy* and the complete supremacy of a well-informed public opinion. It therefore abolishes petty partisan politics and substitutes the politics of the community and the home.

The plan is contrary to American ideals, yet it is founded on the idea of a pure democracy and assures the steadying influence of the American "home" in municipal politics! There would seem to be some disagreement as to just what our American ideals are.

St. Paul is another large city that has been governed under the com-

mission plan and, while the experiment has been something less than an unqualified success, it is pleasant to learn that the voters of St. Paul do not believe that the hope for a better future necessarily depends on the adoption of a new form of government. In 1929 and 1930 two proposals to install the city manager plan were defeated and one writer rather regretfully remarks: "The (proposed) charter failed in the last analysis because the people of St. Paul were not persuaded of the importance of their governmental forms to the point of taking action." This writer fails to appreciate the fact that the voters of St. Paul were exercising a bit of common sense in a manner not typical of most electorates.

NEVERTHELESS, it must be admitted that the commission plan is now a lost cause and that the real battle is being waged between the respective advocates of the two plans of government which have proved the most popular, namely, the mayor-council and the city manager plans.

Examining these forms of government, we find that the recent history of no two cities more clearly reveals the problem besetting the path of an electorate that would secure honest and efficient government than that of Cleveland or Cincinnati, both Ohio cities, but as unlike each other as any two large cities of the East can be. Previous to the adoption of the city manager plan, Cleveland had a reputation for being a politically progressive city. Cincinnati was famed as one of the worst governed cities in the country. Yet under the manager plan Cincinnati

consistently elected more able councilmen than did Cleveland, got better city managers and as a result, better city government. Why this seeming paradox?

Considering first of all the relative intelligence of the two electorates, one must confess that Clevelanders seem quite as capable as the good citizens of Cincinnati. About the only superiority of the latter group is that they turned out to the polls on election days in far greater proportions than did their friends to the north on the Erie shore. What then of the factor of leadership? What type of machine controlled the vote in the two cities?

In Cincinnati a City Charter Committee was organized in 1924 and was chiefly responsible for the successful campaign that led to the adoption of the city manager plan. But the unusual thing about this organization is that it did not disband after achieving success but decided to continue on a permanent basis, functioning as a regular political party by placing candidates in the field at every councilmanic election and making a real effort to have them placed in office. It became a very successful political machine, indeed, for it has elected from its slate of candidates a majority of every council since 1925. This means, of course, that it has been able to control the appointment of Cincinnati's city managers, of which there have been two. Both were trained municipal experts who have made remarkable records in the city on the Ohio River.

But in Cleveland the progressive organization which worked for and secured the adoption of the new

charter went out of existence after the election, thinking mistakenly that its work was done and that good city government in Cleveland was an assured fact for all time to come. While there have been from time to time abortive attempts to resurrect this organization, the field has been left practically clear for the Republican and Democratic machines to fight out their battle. It makes little difference that the Republican machine came off the victor and that the Republican boss named both of Cleveland's managers. The result would have been exactly the same if the Democratic machine had succeeded in controlling the council. There was no secret about the fact that the Republican boss named the managers. In fact he himself, in denouncing the first city manager with whom he had quarreled, said before the City Club Forum, "This is the true Hopkins, false, spurious, hypocritical, treacherous and phrasemaker; a *man whose inherent propensity for deception has put him back on the sidewalk where Gongwer* (the Democratic boss) *and myself picked him up in 1923.*"

This statement may well rank as one of the most frank, yet brazen and vicious, utterances ever made by an American politician. We are well aware of the fact that a goodly number of our governmental officials are hand-picked for us by political bosses, yet we are not accustomed to being appraised of this fact in cold words. Did the Cleveland electorate bestir itself after this shameful admission? Did they repudiate this boss and his machine? No, they calmly proceeded to present him with another comfortable majority in the

city council. Instead they vented their righteous anger on the manager plan and decided that if a boss controlled the city government, it must be because the existing form of government was inherently bad. So the plan was abandoned. For what? That made no difference. No thought was given to the truth that they were voting for a return to a plan of government under which corruption and inefficiency far worse than Cleveland has ever known have flourished in city after city, decade after decade!

The stupid, insane inconsistency of the Cleveland electorate in that one election very clearly indicates that Cleveland has lost any further claim to the title it once possessed as a progressive city.

Cincinnati and Cleveland under the manager plan were, then, both controlled by political machines. But what a difference! One a progressive organization, strong and thoroughgoing in its tactics, yet entirely unselfish, and working only for the good of Cincinnati in the firm belief that the manager plan should be given a real chance to prove its worth. The other, working only for its own good, selfish and corrupt, in fact so corrupt that two of its members in the council were finally sent to the penitentiary and a third was brutally murdered in one of the most sensational and sordid crimes Cleveland has ever known.

This latter machine and other similar machines whenever and wherever they exist have found it possible to control city government under any charter form yet devised by man. If the American people could only be aroused from their state of lethargy and made to appreciate this truth

and concentrate all efforts in defeating machine candidates for city office, instead of permitting themselves to be betrayed by silver-tongued orators telling them that a charter amendment is the real pathway to heaven, most of our cities would be far better places in which to live.

THE storm centre of the city manager plan controversy has been hovering of late over the largest city in the country, whose local government has always been the *bête noire* of the American political scene. Last year before the political conventions, Judge Seabury went to Cincinnati to tell the good folk there all about the sorry mess that he had uncovered, and in the course of his speech he ventured "to suggest . . . certain steps . . . which, if adopted, will make it possible for the people of the city of New York to convert their government into an agency for public service, instead of allowing it to be an instrumentality for partisan gain." Certainly that was an historical moment that night in Cincinnati. The man who knew more about graft and inefficiency in the government of New York City than any other living being was about to point "the way out." What were the necessary steps? Lo and behold! the first was the adoption of a new charter, incorporating, it appeared, the city manager plan. Secondly, the election of a council by proportional representation to give representation to honest minorities. And in the third place, "these essential steps toward good government can be secured only by the support of a strong non-partisan group whose interest . . .

shall be . . . the promotion of the city's interest alone. Such a movement can not be successful unless it has the support of citizens."

With Judge Seabury's third point one can not quibble. Of course, we need non-partisan, unselfish groups controlling the selection of our city officials, but one supposes Seabury meant a majority group strong enough permanently to break the strangle hold Tammany Hall has on New York City, and I make so bold as to suggest that if that hold can be broken, New York City can get along quite nicely with almost any kind of charter and almost any plan of government. As to the contention that changing the charter so as to incorporate proportional representation will at least permit militant minorities to voice strong disapproval of Tammany policies and unearth Tammany graft, the answer is that no minority can hope to uncover much more dirt than Judge Seabury himself did. Reformers have been uncovering Tammany dirt now for well-nigh a century. The dirt is there. We all know that. The only remedy is to get rid of Tammany control and the only way to do that is to secure a majority vote against Tammany in the regular city elections, whether a council or a mayor is being elected. When that majority vote against Tammany is found, proportional representation will not be needed, and until it is found proportional representation can not do any good, for it can do no more than give representation to a minority (as long as we continue to respect democracy we can hardly advocate adoption of a system that would give majority control to a minority)

and a minority in a New York City council can do no more than Judge Seabury himself has done, which apparently did not arouse the good people of New York to action if the election of Mayor O'Brien means anything (granting that a large group of New Yorkers did protest by voting for Mr. Hillquit or by writing in the name of Acting Mayor McKee).

So once more it would appear that our reformers are going far afield. The plain truth is that adoption of the city manager plan in New York will not help one bit as long as Tammany Hall controls the vote; a mere adoption of the plan will not break that control, and when it is at last broken by other means, New York City will not particularly need the city manager plan. It will find, as Milwaukee has, that honest and efficient city government is possible under a charter just as "archaic and complicated" as their own present charter, which the learned judge so bitterly condemns.

However, one must be fair and admit that, in spite of the fact that the proponents of the city manager plan are apt to be just as foolishly enthusiastic and cover just as much ground in their extravagant claims as have advocates of older plans in times past, the city manager plan probably has more to its credit than any other type of city government. It is really a tragedy when such a city as Cleveland abandons this modern kind of government and returns to a form that Cleveland itself had not long previously discarded as unsatisfactory. But do not misunderstand. Calling the change a tragedy does not mean that city

government in Cleveland under a manager charter was necessarily a brilliant success or that under the new mayor charter the city will be wretchedly governed. About the only result of the change to the new charter yet visible to the naked eye is that the Democratic machine has succeeded in gaining control of the city hall, whereas the Republican machine found the pickings good under the manager charter. Between the two party organizations in Cleveland there is little to choose. They are both equally bad.

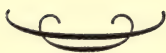
It is entirely possible to point out that forms of government have their very real merits and defects. But the importance of this conclusion

means no more than just this; good forms of government help honest and efficient city officials to govern better than they can if their tools are old and worn out. But first of all one must find the honest and efficient administrators. No mere plan of government will do that.

This is no novel idea. Over two hundred years ago Alexander Pope wrote the couplet which has been repeated in virtually every textbook on government ever written:

For forms of government let fools contest,
That which is well administered is best.

The tragedy of it is that two hundred years later we are still acting like fools.



An Old Man Answers His Daughter

BY DAVID MARSHALL RAMSAY

Denying her contention that old men are unhappier than their wives

WHILE my daughter has been thinking and writing on the "pitiable plight of old men," I have been considering that reckless, headstrong middle generation to which she belongs and wondering if its violent exponents are preparing themselves for "the back seat of life" with wiser forethought than their parents exercised. Accordingly, my cogitations lead me to reply in paternal good humor to the article entitled *Old Men* which appeared in the October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Old age for me, it would appear, has been rendered difficult because I failed in youth to cultivate adaptability, later concentrated upon my profession to the exclusion of avocational pursuits, and developed no minor household skills with which to fill the "endless vacuity of my days" during the last of the seven ages of man. Therefore, after retirement I can not turn to new tasks or to sidelines earlier developed and must brood upon the apparent futility of life.

For the sake of those arguments the author advanced granting that my case "is typical of old men the world over," I do not agree that men are exempt from the cultivation of adaptability to people and to circumstances, though their mental flexibility may not be acquired after the domestic manner. However little men in the past have been called upon to adjust themselves to the home environment, I contend that in business relationships, they have been faced with the necessity of conformance, and that the man who has not learned this lesson is forced to retire long before old age overtakes him.

Nor am I inclined to agree that fathers altogether escape the doubtfully advantageous influence of their children. The last person on earth who should accuse me of unadaptability is that daughter of mine, because for a number of years I have been adjusting myself with good enough grace to her whims, foibles and eccentricities. I remember quite poignantly the first prayer I ever

heard her utter and the realization then that a new and unorthodox philosophy had entered my home. She must have been less than three in that remote day. At any rate, her dolls were before her in devotional array and she was holding church. "Let us pray," she said in unctuous imitation of her elders, and then came the words, "Oh Lord, may we all live lively and die softly." Though I have serious misgivings as to the dual fulfilment of that prayer, I know that she has been "living lively" ever since and causing the rest of her family to do likewise. In her childhood she was forever wanting pleasures that were on the proscribed list for ministers' daughters, for which I was forever attempting to find legitimate substitutes. At the age of seventeen, while she was still in college, she got into her head the crazy notion to teach in a mountain summer school located where moonshine liquor and lawlessness followed the dictates of *laissez-faire*. It was either adaptability or despair, which are perhaps synonymous in human experience, that caused me to yield to the girl's unreasonable demand to have her own way. Later when she came to teach at the denominational college of which I was president, she sorely tried parental loyalty. Though my Southern constituents disapproved dancing and card playing, she did both, and though woman suffrage was anathema to my numerous friends who still adhered to the Pauline doctrine, she edited a weekly suffrage column in the leading paper of the State, spoke before the legislative committee that was considering the enabling act, and addressed

women's clubs on ultra-feministic topics. Later she allied herself with the national organization for the emancipation of women and spoke all over the country from soap boxes and bandstands. Once she returned to South Carolina and shocked my brethren by uttering heresies from automobiles in public squares and upon the lecture platform. Since she was only twenty-three at the time, my friends saw no reason why a word of prohibition from me could not end her folly. One summer she was on the reportorial staff of the morning paper in the town in which I lived and astonished the sedate populace by appearing in court rooms and at police headquarters and working all night after the manner of men similarly employed.

I am inclined to think that I developed adaptability scarcely second to her mother's when I championed her cause before my trustees, defended her before my incensed colleagues, or merely remained mute in the face of criticism directed no less against me than against her. Now that she pounds out her heresies upon the typewriter, in addition to voicing them from the stump, I have equipped myself with new shock absorbers. So, whatever is amiss in my old age can not be due to lack of ability to adapt myself to changing conditions and varying personal equations.

I AM not sure, however, that those of us who have passed through the experiences of life should adjust ourselves to the untried tenets of our children. Progress to me means holding on to what is good in the past and adding thereto by slow and sure

degrees. Certain great truths that have actuated my life and those of my Scotch forefathers, to whom flippant reference has been made, can never be junked in favor of new fads and fancies. My daughter accuses me of being completely untouched by the new psychology. I have read enough of Freud, Jung, Krafft-Ebing, Watson and the others to be convinced that the influence of heredity, environment and early conditioning upon the conduct of men fails to take into account the divine plan of salvation and the omnipotence of a Deity who can interfere with laws He has established. No, times will never change enough for me to accept the religion — or lack of it — to which my daughter refers with some sympathy. To me Christianity is the simple Galilean, with His high principles, and not that structure known as the Church, which has been superimposed in some respects by the faulty architecture of man. It was pope, priest, prelate, rector or parson who opposed the discoveries and enlightening theories which my daughter cites. With full consciousness that I am uttering a platitude, though one no less true because of its frequent repetition, I contend that Christianity is not to blame for the errors of its alleged followers, for in its essence the Sermon on the Mount has never been fully and consistently practised by the body of people who through the generations have called themselves Christians. I hold no brief for the omissions or commissions of which the Church as such has been guilty in any age. Certainly now it is not exerting all its potential influence in behalf of social justice

and that economic readjustment which must come to pass before we can achieve the brotherhood of man which was the keynote of Jesus's philosophy. Though collectively Christianity has never been tried, it has worked its individual miracles. The best men and women of any community are its followers. I know of nothing else with its power to change the human heart.

Though she may possess the jewel of consistency, I fear that my daughter carries her feminism a bit too far. She has reduced marriage partnership to a point which approaches absurdity. Her earnings and her husband's are pooled. Whether creditors or debtors, they sign together on the dotted line. Last summer while I was in her home she solved the problem occasioned by the cook's illness in a way her mother would never have tolerated. My son-in-law prepared breakfast, the little girl lunch and my daughter dinner. Whatever domestic assistance I have offered from time to time in my own home has been so scornfully refused as to convince me that woman's realm must not be invaded, and my wife has kept her money as strictly her own, not permitting me to pry into even the minor expenditures. So I am rather inclined to the belief that my daughter's principles presuppose a greater change in women than in men.

She goes so far, moreover, as to declare that she does not see how intelligent women can be active in churches wherein the ministers and the deacons are all men. In my church there is no law that excludes women from office. Just as she fought for the vote and for the participation

of women in party politics, so the reformer is at liberty to lead a movement to install women in pulpits and in deacons' chairs. In the matter of the franchise my church was just ahead of the body politic, for women were voting in congregational meetings and placed on important committees before the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment. My daughter's contention that the Church is not yet as advanced as was Plato in its espousal of sex equality seems to me to be poorly taken, for she is comparing a mass movement with the philosophy of an individual thinker. Women under Christianity, moreover, have occupied a far higher position than under any other religion. Though Christ, unlike Plato, was not a writer and therefore less explicit in the matter of a social programme, He not only made no discriminations against women but accepted women on terms of implied equality.

Not religion alone but the great law of cause and effect that worked unfailingly in Sodom and Gomorrah, among the Jews who would not heed the warnings of Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, in ancient Babylon, in Assyria and in Imperial Rome leads me to know that the godlessness of the age in which we are living has contributed to the calamity that has befallen America and the rest of the world. I am not averse to plans for economic readjustment, but I do know that whatever programme is evolved, in order to succeed, must be predicated upon a return to the olden faith.

So my daughter and the school she represents, arrogantly calling themselves intellectuals, accuse me of

senile intolerance when I refuse to adopt their new programme. To the jury of readers I am willing to leave the verdict as to which generation is more seriously guilty of intolerance. Must old age give up its experience, make all the adjustments, step into the wings and leave youth to play alone upon the stage of life?

AND with what sublime assurance the author of *Old Men* expounds her child-training theories! Mine have been many times weighed in the balance and have seldom been found wanting, dating, in fact, back to the days of Solomon; while hers have not yet produced one finished product. My father—Scotch patriarch, if it pleases my daughter thus to classify him—reared six daughters and three sons to become citizens who did him honor. Reverence for seniority was the cornerstone of the good old Scotch doctrine. Perhaps because my methods were somewhat modified, perhaps because of changing environment, my own children were rather less dutiful and docile than were my brothers, sisters and I. Yet they have turned out well enough for me not to discount the disciplinary programme. Now along comes this granddaughter of mine, who is getting no training at all. If the little Topsy grows into useful womanhood, it is going to be by means of the good inheritance that is hers. She studies and practises because she is ambitious, but she has no more respect for her elders than a young Hottentot. Her mother calls it developing personality; I call it developing bad manners. She has never been spanked, is never punished, and is scolded only when her

parents happen to be out of humor. Because her mother doesn't believe in obedience, the child is left to make all her own decisions and, in addition, a great many mistakes. When I see a whole afternoon consumed in painstakingly convincing a child that the possession of a dog is for the time being inexpedient, I can not help recalling how expeditiously my father would have disposed of the subject — and without creating any of those fixations or complexes my daughter fears. I know that the human race needs to be taught obedience to moral, spiritual and physical law. The racketeers, the bootleggers, the operators of speak-easies, the men and women who make up the personnel of our jails are striking examples of disobedience in operation. So of course I am appalled when I see a child — a bright, sweet, attractive child — brought up without restraining influences, though in this instance the material is so good as perhaps to escape the possible warpings.

There may be no psychological connection between behavior and apparel. Yet I am inclined to feel that the lax morals of this generation that has adopted the backless evening dress, the scanty bathing suit, "shorts" and lounging pajamas justify a contrary conclusion. This granddaughter of mine, who is just now beginning her twelfth year, is almost as tall as her mother. Yet she is never happier than when her heels are above her head. In those terrible "shorts," which she wears all summer, she is seemingly unconscious of the vast expanse of leg from ankle to thigh. It isn't so much a question of morals as it is of good

taste, whatever that is, or of comeliness. Ladies should carry themselves gracefully and not like tomboys, and they should begin to learn while their muscles are flexible. There is nothing more grotesque than a girl strutting in the long flowing evening dresses designed after fashions that suited the charming ladies of another age. As a man who has admired beautiful women for sixty years, I am interested in preserving something too precious to be sacrificed even to freedom of mind and limb.

SO MUCH for the tenets to which I adhere despite the middle generation's declaration as to their obsolescence. I think my daughter rather exaggerates the degree of my sorrow and sense of personal futility as I consider the changes that have come to pass. She is right, however, in believing that I do not like inactivity. Yet I fear I should be no happier in retirement if, like her mother, I could mend the grand-daughter's clothes, tidy the house, wash the dishes, or crochet mats and bedspreads. Such minor skills would be poor solace to a man who has held positions of large responsibility. Habits of a lifetime are not easily uprooted. I like to wake in the morning feeling that I have a busy day before me. I like to go to bed at night feeling that I have accomplished something worth while. Chronologically I am three score years and fifteen; yet because of the sort of strength that is the lot of few men, I am convinced that there can yet be labor without sorrow. Not long ago a physician gave me one of those thorough diagnoses that take into consideration all the organs of both

primary and secondary importance and pronounced my physical age less than fifty. It was not senescence that caused my retirement from the college of which I had been president for nineteen years but a number of problems that I felt another man might solve better than I. Since the appearance of my daughter's article, I have accepted a pastorate and am returning to the life work that I laid down temporarily when I became president of the college. My conclusion now is that one's profession need never be abandoned so long as there is strength of body and clearness of brain. Had I lived less contently and less earnestly, as my daughter indicates might have been conducive to the development of vocational pursuits that might render old age endurable, I might not now have the strength and courage to continue along the trail that I started to blaze many years ago^{*} and

from which I was deflected for what seems now only a brief span. Perhaps the world, as my daughter suggests, has not created a niche for old men. Perhaps it never will and never should. We must create niches for ourselves — and this I have succeeded in doing after trying a degree of idleness and finding it not to my taste. Right now my endurance compares favorably with my children's, and their zeal and enthusiasm for their particular interests, great as they are, do not exceed mine.

No, arrogant youth, we do not need your pity. The last of life can be the best if we continue in harness —

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The master work and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the
tools' true play.



The Yankee Farmer Declares Independence

BY HAYDN S. PEARSON

Throwing off the yoke of specialized production for prices below cost, he returns to the maintenance farming of his forefathers — and enjoys it

DURING the past summer and fall I have traveled some three thousand miles over New England. I have talked with scores of farmers — general farmers, dairymen, fruit growers, poultrymen, tobacco growers, potato and sweet corn growers, market gardeners and greenhouse operators. I have consulted commissioners of agriculture, county agents and bankers.

As a result of this private census, one indisputable fact raises itself above the chaos of the agrarian battlefield. Farming, as it has been carried on for the last half century in the Northeastern section of the nation, is doomed. It is dying now. The Merovingian kings wended their way to eternity on their ox-carts no more inevitably than are the farmers of this section being forced to adopt the methods of Colonial days.

It seems incredible when we pay from ten to fifteen cents a quart for our milk that the net price to the producer is two cents. Of course, that does not pay the true cost of

production. But the New England farmer and his family give their time for nothing; they do not charge the cost of the hay. For the past ten years, dairymen have been thankful to get enough to pay their grain bills and buy a few groceries.

The tobacco growers of the Connecticut Valley are in as sorry a plight as the wheat grower of the West. The latter has a future; the New England farmer has none. Tobacco can be raised cheaper in the Carolinas, Cuba, Sumatra and Java than it can in New England.

Up in Aroostook county, Maine, where 160 of New England's 200 million bushels of potatoes were raised last year, nine of every ten farmers are facing bankruptcy. Every farm has its second mortgage; many of the farmers have given their notes for additional money. These notes are only worth the prospects of the one crop Aroostook raises, and, as this is written, these prospects could not be any darker. Men told me that last year they

sold potatoes for ten to fifteen cents a bushel that cost thirty to forty cents to raise. The wholesale price is now twenty cents a bushel.

The market gardeners have lost money the past three seasons. Fruit growers are selling apples for thirty cents a bushel that cost fifty cents to raise. The sheep growers got ten or twelve cents a pound for their wool this spring.

Why this abrupt ending to a period of profit in man's oldest occupation? Up to 1850, New England's agriculture was of the self-sustaining, maintenance farming type. A farm was a self-sufficient unit. Each family raised its own grain, meat and vegetables. Fuel was easily obtained. Clothes were made at home from the farm flock. Leather came from home-raised hides, to be made into boots by the itinerant cobbler.

Then the industrial revolution hit the Northeast, and its agriculture changed to meet the new conditions. If the industrial revolution had not caused the mushroom growth of cities and towns, New England agriculture would always have been of the maintenance type, but the crowding of the population in industrial centres created a great demand for myriad kinds of foods. It was a golden opportunity. Each farmer specialized in one, two or three things. The profit margin was enough so that he could buy necessities and many luxuries. That is why New England farms are thirty-six per cent electrified today, compared to ten per cent for the nation as a whole. That is why, behind most farm houses, are piles of tin cans; it was easier to buy tomatoes, peas and corn than to raise them.

The last census showed 8,146,381 people in New England, of whom about sixty per cent live in towns or cities. All these people must go on eating. Fundamentally, that is the reason why the local farmers are returning to Colonial methods. The present depression is a minor, insignificant, contributing factor. The point is this: at the beginning of the depression, farmers of other parts of the nation discovered that the New England market was theirs. Faster transportation, the development of refrigeration methods, better soil and cheaper labor were too much of an economic handicap. New England's only real agricultural asset is her nearness to markets. That one asset is not enough. The Arkansas and Kentucky strawberry growers, the potato men of Michigan and Idaho, the apple growers of Oregon and Washington, the vegetable growers of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, the dairymen of Wisconsin — all can send their products into New England at a cost below the New England producer's.

Perversely enough, what good soil there is in New England, well fertilized, will raise bigger crops than the soil of the Middle West. For example, Maine's potatoes average 240 bushels to the acre; New Hampshire's, 215; Idaho's 214 and Michigan's 117. Of corn Massachusetts raises forty-six bushels per acre, Iowa thirty-two and a half. Rhode Island's oats average thirty-five, Indiana's thirty. These are Government figures for 1930.

But the point here is twofold. The fertilizer bill is so large that it is unprofitable to compete against other sections; secondly, there is not

enough land. New York and Pennsylvania are in the same boat. As an illustration, New York and Boston used to get most of their green peas from the Lakes region, in south-central New York. Last year, better peas came from Wisconsin and Michigan, and sold at a lower price.

WHAT of the future? Present developments already point the road, and many students of the problem agree that it is by no means an unpleasant one. Dozens of farmers and their wives told me that they have lived more comfortably in the past two years than ever before. They have not had so much money, but neither have they needed it.

One thing must be grasped if we are to understand the philosophy of agriculture. This is that farming is more than a business; it is a mode of living. The three essentials of life — food, clothing and shelter — can be readily obtained, and in abundance, by the Northeastern farmer. The city dweller, making \$5,000 a year, in his established social circle may hardly make both ends meet, but a very few hundred dollars keeps a farm family, under the maintenance-farming system, in comfort, and maintains its social position in the community. A farmer who owns his farm has to pay taxes, buy some food and some clothes. Depreciation and repairs? The lumber for repairs comes from the wood lot; the paint costs money, but there is no labor charge. If a city dweller has his house painted for \$300, two-thirds of that is the labor cost.

I said that present developments already have blazed the trail. Last year, in a central New Hampshire

town, an old-time grist mill ground a thousand bushels of corn for the farmers roundabout. Dairy cows are appearing on Aroostook potato farms. Maine's sweet corn growers are keeping cows, a flock of poultry and are raising large gardens. Farms in the Connecticut River Valley that have raised tobacco for fifty successive years are this season raising grain for herds of Herefords and Shorthorns. Baby beef pays a small profit. The tobacco farmer for the first time in years had a vegetable garden this season. Farm wives all over New England have been canning and preserving for their own households.

Everywhere in the Northeast I found the farmer raising grain; once again corn, oats and barley are being home-grown for the livestock. The State College Extension Services report a tremendous demand for knowledge concerning the handling of home-grown meats.

Of course, maintenance farming in the Twentieth Century will not be so complete as it was in the Eighteenth or Nineteenth. A few hundred dollars in cash will still be needed for comfort and social stability on the average farm. However, this cash can be had in the Northeast much more easily than in other farming parts of the nation. A farmer in Maine can sell pulpwood; a Vermonter, maple syrup. Summer colonies are profitable outlets for many products. In a little town in northern New Hampshire, I discovered a group of sheep raisers who pooled their wool, had it manufactured into blankets, scarfs, coats and sweaters, hired a small local store, and sold their wool garments to summer residents and

tourists. Road-side stands in strategic locations will lure money. And there are plenty of other ways to earn what little is needed.

IN A little town in central New Hampshire, in a beautiful mountain valley, I found a man, wife and two children living happily on what, a year and a half ago, was an abandoned farm. He had been a carpenter in a large city until 1930. For a thousand dollars, two hundred down, he bought the two hundred-acre farm. Spring and summer he works his crops for the family food supply; in the winter he cuts hardwood to sell in a nearby city for his cash income. He keeps two cows, a sow, half a dozen sheep, hens and a horse.

"In two or three years, the place will be paid for and we'll have money in the bank," he told me. "I made big wages in the city during good times, but we didn't save a thing. We raise ninety per cent of what we eat. I am raising everything the animals and chickens eat. We're living like kings. Never again the city for us."

A Vermont dairyman told me this: "I bought this farm when I was twenty-four, just thirty years ago this summer. From 1902 until 1930, I kept a herd of milk cows, raised a few acres of potatoes a year, and tapped about 500 maple trees. I kept one hired man — I went in debt to buy the place and I never could have cleared myself if I hadn't sold off a pine lot. For twenty-eight years I worked like a slave; up at five mornings, often finishing chores with a lantern. I kept cows to make manure to grow grass to keep cows.

"The honest truth is that I, and

thousands like me, worked like dogs to earn enough to buy a few groceries and clothes. We may have had a fair-sized check each month, but we just paid it out for the grain bill.

"Two years ago this month, the wife and I talked it over one evening. Why go on? Why work like a slave selling milk for two cents a quart? All we got was a bare living from it.

"My wife said, 'Let's try for a couple of years what our grandfathers and grandmothers did. They made the farm provide almost everything. All the money we need is for taxes, some clothes and some food. I'll bet the sugar lot will give us all the cash we need. And we won't have to kill ourselves for thirty cows.'

"We sold off the cows except three Jerseys, and put the money away for a nest-egg. That \$1,500 or so really represents the amount I've got ahead in twenty-eight years of working twelve to sixteen hours a day.

"Evening after evening, my wife and I planned the next season's work. The idea was to provide everything possible for our living, and our stock. I bought twenty-five sheep, joined the wool pool, and had the wool made up into blankets and cloth. I have a new suit of virgin wool today, the first new suit in eight years, and so has my wife. We made a deal with a tailor in town to make us up the clothes for potatoes, eggs and butter.

"Our cellar is stocked with all kinds of vegetables and fruits. There aren't any empty tin cans at our back kitchen door. We raise all our own meat — beef, pork, lamb and poultry. Last year I raised eight acres of field corn, five of oats, and two of buckwheat and did all the work easily. I keep three cows, two

horses, one sow, twenty-five ewes and twenty-five hens. That's all I'm going to have. I live like a white man now and keep Christian hours. My wife and I have had the time of our lives the last two years.

"And, believe it or not, last December we had more money in the bank than we've ever had before.

This year it's going to be the same. Our maple orchard has cleared over \$500 each year. The butter and eggs that we take to town more than pay our grocery bill. I have half an acre of raspberries that brought in \$150 this year from summer people. This is the only way to farm in New England."

White Night

BY FRANCES FROST

IN THE moon's white glitter upon the frozen meadow,
The young doe stood in the circle of pouring light,
Poised, intent, her eyes on the shadowy hemlocks,
The tip of a delicate hoof lifted for flight.

From the wood's edge, swiftly, blown as a leaf is blown,
The buck with budding horns came over the grasses,
Breaking the frosted weed. . . . They turned and vanished,
As lightly as a thistledown dims and passes,

Into the dark wood, under the motionless boughs:
And the moonlight lay on the meadow, empty and breathless,
And I stood believing and not believing I saw them
Whose love was young and legendary and deathless.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



IN THE face of the Landscaper's recent promise to write about nothing except books, he would like to make a few remarks before proceeding with his proper job. If an excuse were needed for this particular digression, it could easily be found, for there is soon to be a book available on the subject, and what is to be said here might be looked upon as a sort of preliminary review. In these days, the whole world talks Technocracy or to put it more simply, the potential effect of machine production upon the future of this country, and for that matter, of the world. The source of the current talk is a survey of this nation's industries that has been under way for several years, and which has discovered some remarkable and not exactly comforting facts, the most disquieting of the lot at this moment being the impossibility in the normal course of events that we shall even be able to absorb more than half the number of people at present out of employment.

In short, if the findings of this group of engineers are to be taken at their face value, technological unemployment alone is a large and serious problem, without the addi-

tion of the familiar boom-slump method of progress. Indeed, Technocracy goes a step further and predicts that we shall shortly have a permanently unemployed group of some twenty millions, perhaps twenty-five millions, for the very simple reason that

our machines can produce everything we need or are likely to find a market for without the assistance of this proportion of our working population. This argument gives point to the American Federation of Labor's recent movement in the direction of shorter hours — the five-day week, and the six-hour day. Not enough, says Technocracy. Four hours a day, four days a week is all the time needed to satisfy our needs, and even then there is not work enough for all.

Leisure in Sight

IT IS a fascinating subject, beyond a question, holding as it does the seeds of a complete change in the existing economic set-up. If it is really leisure the human race has been needing all this time, a very doubtful matter to the Landscaper, Utopia may be ahead; if, on the other hand, the Devil is still able to find work for idle hands, think how busy the

Devil is likely to be in the near future! There are those who believe the price system must go, and some other method of distribution be invented to meet a new set of circumstances; the very air is filled with fantastic schemes. It is likely to be true at such a time as this, and would doubtless be true even if the engineers were not tossing out startling facts by the handful. What they would like to see, of course, is controlled production, or, in other words, an engineer-directed civilization. It sounds almost too wonderful for words, but the Landscaper, with his deep-seated admiration for the unregimented human race, has little faith in the scheme; nor does he believe the world is coming to an end because of the perfection of the machine. The world has been so often about to come to an end, or to undergo a complete revolution. . . . What happens seems to be that it goes wobbling along, showing a remarkable adjustability; invariably a good many individuals suffer when these sweeping changes come along, but the race continues without any perceptible change, and certainly very few changes for the better. We shall probably absorb what Technocracy has to teach, but if we even attempt to do anything scientific on a nation-wide or world-wide scale, it will be the first effort of the kind in human history, and probably disastrous for no other reason than that we are not accustomed to running things with our brains.

Russia As She Is

OF COURSE, Russia can never be left out of any argument on the subject of the world's economic and

political future, and up to this point has been extremely useful for pointing whatever moral any one needed. Just at present the American Communists are having somewhat less to say on the subject of the Noblest Experiment; it seems reasonably obvious that things are not so well in the U.S.S.R. as they might be, and that, as the Five-Year Plan nears its completion, its glaring faults become more and more apparent. There are, of course, hundreds of books on the subject, most of them worth very little, but the most recent volume, Elisha M. Friedman's *Russia in Transition* (Viking, \$5) is one of the best that has been published at any time. Mr. Friedman is an American of wide experience who went to Russia to make an engineer's study of the situation — to find out, in other words, how the Five-Year Plan was working in practice. His is a large book touching every phase of the subject, and it is hardly fair to make the brief summary that must be given here, but his conclusion is striking. It is this: now that the evangelical fervor of the Russians is subsiding as the new programme fails to live up to the promises of its sponsors, there can be nothing ahead but a deep economic depression, most likely to be followed by internal political repercussions.

The Machine-God

THIS is an eminently reasonable prophecy. Mr. Friedman points out the fact that when the Russians got rid of their old religion, they immediately started worshipping the Machine, naming their children Electricity and so on, and all but falling on their knees at the sight of a

tractor. The time has come in many places when the Machine-god has already failed to deliver the expected blessings, and there are abundant indications that hundreds of others of the enormous plants that have sprung up like mushrooms on the soil of a medieval country will be able to do little. When the failure is realized, as Mr. Friedman suggests, something bordering on civil war is possible. At any rate, looking at the situation from a wholly selfish angle, it will be a long time before Russia is in a position to take away what is left of the world trade of the capitalist nations — before, in fact, she can come anywhere near to supplying the minimum needs of a population that is growing with great speed. Mr. Friedman's book is filled with facts intelligently interpreted, and has all the tables and charts necessary. There has been no more important volume written on Russia since the Bolshevik experiment began; it is essential for fair-minded students of the situation, for business men, or, for that matter, for any one who really wants to know what is going on in a Land of Mystery.

Utopias

A GOOD book to read in this immediate connection is a scholarly study of Utopias, called *Touring Utopia: The Realm of Constructive Humanism* by Frances Theresa Russell (Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press, \$2.50), which tells the tale of man's search for perfection beginning with Plato and coming all the way down to Huxley. Each Utopia is put in its proper place against its historical background, and each explained so that any one may grasp

its main points. In short, this is a history of what is perhaps the most persistent dream in the history of the human race, so persistent and so stubbornly alive — witness our own Stuart Chase, George Soule and dozens of others — that not even the most cynical can dismiss it as merely a dream. A race that can conceive such an ideal ought to be able to put it into practice, given the necessary millions of years to experiment. Likewise, there is interest in *Leisure in the Modern World* by C. DeLisle Burns (Century, \$2.50), a study of the situation in England where a quiet revolution has taken place in the past few decades in reducing working hours.

Brandeis on Bankers

LESS pleasant reading, but probably of a good deal more immediate importance, is a new edition of Louis D. Brandeis's *Other People's Money* (Stokes, \$2), a book that first made its appearance in 1914, after the various chapters had been serialized in *Harper's Weekly*, then under the editorship of Norman Hapgood. Mr. Hapgood wrote an introduction to the first edition; he has written a new foreword to the present one in which he sketches the career of Justice Brandeis and retells the story of the opposition to his appointment to the Supreme Court. Justice Brandeis's book is on bankers, and it is singularly up-to-date for all its eighteen years of life. Its author happened to be a prophet; he saw very clearly from his own dealings with bankers and industrial magnates of various kinds that the people would need to be protected from these gentry. It is not a new

story that he has to tell, nor a pretty one, but it needs reading at this moment, for it seems a reasonable assumption that there will be banking reforms of sweeping importance in this country before we are through, and perhaps even reforms in banking ethics. When we stop to consider that there were more than one thousand bank failures in 1932, the third year of the Great Depression, and the year of the greatest activity of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, it would seem that Justice Brandeis's book might even be studied in the schools. It is simple and straightforward, and filled with painful truth.

A European Sore Spot

AMONG other recent books that bear upon problems of the moment is Emil Lengyel's *The Cauldron Boils: Poland and Its Minorities* (Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press, \$2.50), a first-hand account of the situation in one of the sorest spots of Europe today. There are chapters on the famous Corridor, on the Free Port of Danzig, on the Jews in Poland, and so on, and the conclusion is that Germany and Poland need each other badly—that they must get together, or there will be serious trouble. Of course, if they get together, it will be only because German diplomacy is better than French, which does not seem likely. Nearer home in interest is Joseph Percival Pollard's *The Road to Repeal* (Brentano, \$2), a book on the Prohibition situation that is a carefully considered study of the constitutional aspects of the case. Serious students of the problem will find it interesting, and

perhaps even useful; most people will content themselves with continuing to hope for beer.

A First-Rate Biography

THE most important and interesting biography the Landscaper has read in months is *Sherman: Fighting Prophet* by Lloyd Lewis (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50), a genuinely monumental study of the Civil War leader, and an equally good history of the struggle as it was fought out in the West, with the human element constantly uppermost. Mr. Lewis owes nothing to the modern school of biography except perhaps his anxiety to depict his subject as he really was; he thinks the way to do this is to get at all the available material and show the man against his background, giving due place to heredity and environment in the shaping of character. The story of the early years of Sherman, when the small "Cump," a nickname that was to follow him through life, was growing up as the foster-son of Thomas Ewing, later to be his father-in-law, is valuable both because it is new and because it is thorough; a fine picture of the Northwest Territory, and a useful interpretation of the West's attitude toward the War Between the States. Sherman himself symbolized this attitude, in that he was not opposed to slavery; he went to war to preserve the Union, and never pretended to be a friend of his downtrodden black brother. In fact, he steadfastly refused to enlist Negro soldiers after the Emancipation, considering them of no use, and all along he hated the Abolitionists, as did most of his friends, almost

as bitterly as if they had been South Carolinians.

Mr. Lewis's book is about 670 large pages long, and represents a good many evenings of reading at the average rate of speed, but there are no let-downs in it and it will open the eyes of most readers to many new things about Sherman, who, like Grant, had been more or less of a failure up to the time the Army needed him again. In fact, Sherman was even sent home as insane from his first command. Mr. Lewis is himself a Middle Westerner and his book is a glorification of his own section, not to any objectionable degree, but only sufficiently to give it spirit and a point of view. He emphasizes one thing about Sherman that will be new to most people; Sherman's way of winning campaigns and losing battles, and more particularly, his plan of laying waste the countryside, as in the famous March to the Sea, was far less wasteful of human life than the fighting of either Grant or Lee; in short, it was these two generals who might have been called bloodthirsty with more warrant than Sherman, although there was never any suspicion that any of them had more men killed than seemed necessary for the good of their respective causes.

Much Original Research

SHERMAN is a consistently interesting figure, as painted by Mr. Lewis, who has ransacked letters, old newspapers and rare documents of all sorts for fresh details. He does not overemphasize the military side — B. H. Liddell Hart's life of Sherman is a perfect discussion of the campaigns from the point of view

of strategy and so on — but he plays up the individual, and he loves truth far too much to say that in every instance both sides fought with matchless courage. On the other hand, there was a good deal of running done, as in most wars, and certainly in all ours, from the Revolution on down. This is a hit-or-miss review of a perfectly splendid book, which if the Landscaper has not succeeded in making seem tempting, he now urges as a three-star selection from recent volumes. The Pulitzer Committee might go farther and fare far worse in its search for the best volume of American biography. In fact, it has often fared infinitely worse. . . .

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell brings his life story down to date in *Forty Years for Labrador* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), a sequel to the famous *A Labrador Doctor*. No mission work is better known at present than that of Dr. Grenfell, and none has been built around a more attractive personality. The present volume is filled with humor and pathos, and with stories of adventure among the primitive inhabitants of a bleak northern land. It will have a specific interest, of course, for those who have followed this magnificent work, but it ought to appeal to others as well.

The Irrepressible Winston

THE English Winston Churchill is one of the world's most consistently entertaining writers, and there is no let down in his new book *Amid These Storms: Thoughts and Adventures* (Scribner, \$3.50), a volume that covers a wide range of material, going all the way from the Houndsditch Murders to the Irish

question. Some of the chapters have very definite historical interest, as, for example, those on the German maneuvers in 1906 to 1919, and others, historical or not, are filled with reading of the first order, all a reflection of a tremendously vivid and attractive personality. As one of the most cartooned men alive, Mr. Churchill's comment upon cartoonists is excellent; his keen sense of humor, which, in itself is enough to differentiate him from most men in public office, comes out strongly at this point.

Carl Sandburg has done an admirable brief study called *Mary Lincoln: Wife and Widow* (Harcourt, Brace), which has been given additional importance by the inclusion of all the most important documents relating to Mrs. Lincoln, edited by Paul M. Angle. This is a tragic story that has been made worse by the way it has been handled in the past, and Mr. Sandburg has set out to tell the truth as far as possible, but with reasonable tenderness and sympathy. Aside from the intrinsic interest of such an investigation of an interesting personality, there can be no doubt that Mrs. Lincoln's condition had a direct bearing upon the development of the character of her husband, which, in turn, bore just as directly upon the history of this country. Mr. Angle has made a highly intelligent selection of the available documents, and altogether the book is a real contribution.

A Mid-Victorian Rebel

A FINE biography of the author of *The Way of All Flesh* is Clara G. Stillman's *Samuel Butler: A Mid-Victorian Modern* (Viking, \$3.75).

Butler was a versatile genius, artist, linguist, art critic, and so on; a man whose life was filled with inner conflict, and his present biographer has gone into every hidden nook and corner of his being. As good a subject as he is in his own right, he is far more important to us because he fathered a whole school of revolt against paternal authority, and because, in *Erewhon*, he wrote one of the great satires in the English language. All those who have admired his work will find Miss Stillman's book excellent reading, a highly valuable interpretation of a great man.

The life-story of a merchant king is told in *Lipton's Autobiography*, which was written with the assistance of William Blackwood, and which is published by Duffield and Green. Lipton, starting from nothing, was a millionaire at the age of thirty, and continued to pile up the millions until he died. He was a successful tradesman, who understood the uses of advertising, probably one of the most personally attractive of all the men who have made great fortunes in our period. America came to love and honor him because he took his lickings gracefully; his pictures make him look the good sport, but there can be no doubt of his realization of the value, even at a large cost, of having his name spread all over every newspaper in this country full of tea customers. His story makes pleasant reading.

Enough Good Novels

THIS is 'tween seasons for fiction, although there are enough good novels at hand, or in early prospect

to keep most of us busy. Isabel Paterson's *Never Ask The End* (Morrow, \$2.50), is out, and as has already been suggested here, is a novel that intelligent readers ought not to miss. Mrs. Paterson has devoted herself in recent years to the historical novel; in her new book she writes about us and our problems, and does it with the same measure of keen brilliance that characterizes her critical work. *Never Ask The End* is the story of three middle-aged people who meet in Antwerp, three Americans who have known each other in the West. By rights, the two women who have made a journey to Paris for a good time, and the man, who is in Antwerp as the representative of an American business house, ought to be through with all such matters as romance. But they aren't. The triangle is an unusual one, and the book is as entertainingly written as it is significant. It is filled with good talk, and rich in overtones, the whole thing a reflection of a mature mind looking at life through unblinking eyes. Why is it wise never to ask the end? Maybe because there isn't any end, or maybe for other good reasons to be discovered in the book. This novel starts with the recommendation of one of the book clubs, and it will probably go far; its appearance early in the year gives one a feeling of optimism, anyway.

A New Odyssey

AIRCRAFTSMAN T. E. SHAW, otherwise Lawrence of Arabia, offers the public one of the greatest novels of all time, in his new translation of *The Odyssey* (Oxford University Press,

\$3.50), which as this is being written bids fair to be one of the big best-sellers of recent months. Bruce Rogers has designed the book, which is handsome to look at, and very comfortable to read. Private Shaw's translation is admirable, even if it does slip into colloquial English, or even American, in spots, and it will doubtless make a good many thousand new readers for the Homeric masterpiece. Nothing that happened during 1932 was more interesting than the appearance of this book quite late in the year and the immediate leap it made for the best-seller lists—just one more indication that there is no guessing the taste of the public.

John Erskine's latest novel, *Tristan and Isolde; Restoring Palamede* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50) is, as might be expected, a return to the successful formula of *Helen of Troy* and the other novels that earned Mr. Erskine fame and money before he ventured into the field of contemporary fiction, where he had less success. The new book is entertaining enough, without seeming to be of any great importance. Palamede is a pagan young gentleman, better known to most of us in the *Morte d'Arthur* than anywhere else, introduced here, one suspects, for purposes of contrast, for it is Palamede who has all the virtues of the model Christian knight, very few of which appear in young Tristan. Mr. Erskine's Tristan is a bold and insolent young man who divides his time about equally between killing people and solacing the women, married and unmarried, who can not do without him. The dialogue sparkles at least in spots, and while there is an inevitable

falling off in interest in such a book because of the familiarity of its pattern, this one will do very well to pass an evening with. Certainly it is more entertaining than the run of contemporary fiction. There is this much to be said for Mr. Erskine's "humanizing" of legends, he always has a story to work with.

A Well-Occupied Gentleman

ALICE BEAL PARSONS'S *A Lady Who Lost* (Gotham House, \$2.50) is a first-rate novel about a biologist who fell in love with three women, of entirely different strata, and thereby ran into very serious complications. A mill strike forms the centre of the drama, and the author shows delightfully penetrating understanding of all the varying phases of a community controversy. She writes with unusual skill, and a sense of humor that is rare in its quality; indeed, this late comer among the novels of 1932 deserves a high ranking in the year's production.

Young Woman of 1914 by Arnold Zweig (Viking, \$2.50) is a new volume in a tetralogy, of which *The Case of Sergeant Grischka* was a part. In time, the present volume precedes *Grischka*; the other two parts to follow in 1933 and 1934 will be called *Education Before Verdun* and *The Crowning of a King*. The hero of *Young Woman of 1914* is the Bertin who appeared momentarily in *Grischka*; the story is of Bertin's love for Leonore, the daughter of a wealthy Jewish family, and the hazards put in the way of their love. The period is War-time, but the scene is far back of the lines; the emphasis is upon the domestic complexities that grow out

of the existence of war, and too, modern woman is shown emerging from the chaos. Zweig is an artist of the first rank, as *Grischka* proved, and the present book is excellent. If the four hold up to the same level, we shall have one of the best of all the War-born novels.

Hanns Heinz Ewers writes of Germany after the World War in *Rider of the Night* (John Day, \$2.50), a strange and powerfully moving tale of a man's burning patriotism, and a woman's whole-hearted adoration. This was, as Herr Ewers suggests, a mad period, when not even the people in the midst of it knew what was happening. He uses his own weird powers, so well shown in such unusual books as *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* and *Alraune*, to make it come back to life.

A Tale of the West

THE Landscaper gave his warm recommendation to two novels by Vardis Fisher, *Toilers of the Hills* and *Dark Bridwell*. Mr. Fisher's third book, *In Tragic Life*, has just been published by the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, and is expected to be Volume One of a tetralogy, which will tell the whole story of a sensitive boy born in the West. The publishers of this third book announce that the manuscript was rejected by a large number of Eastern publishers, most of them insisting that it was too strong for them. This seems less likely than that there was fear of a lack of popularity for Mr. Fisher's book, which is by no means too strong for a public that has been able to accept without blinking the kind of fictional fare offered it in recent months. The book is one of

some importance, and it is well that the Great Depression did not keep it from finding a publisher. It is written with frankness and honesty, but ought not to offend anybody; the Landscaper, for one, will watch for the completion of the story with more than a little interest.

Lynd Ward's novels in woodcuts have established themselves, and there is another available at present, *Wild Pilgrimage* (Smith and Haas, \$3), a handsome book done this time in two colors, the black carrying the story as it happens, and the red showing the thoughts of the protagonist. It is the tale of a worker, whom we first see in a factory town, and who flees the mills for life in the country. He is drawn back, however, and becoming involved in a strike, meets his death. Mr. Ward's technique is improving, and the present story is easy enough to follow, with some scenes of great drama in it.

What Lies Ahead

A BOOK of unusual importance to intelligent students of American history is John Chamberlain's *Farewell to Reform* (Liveright, \$3.50), a sound study of the rise and fall of the Progressive movement in this country from the outbreak of the Populists in the late 'Eighties and 'Nineties through the increasing importance of the Socialist party under Debs and the work of such Independents as La Follette. For the latter, Mr. Chamberlain has a large admiration, and his sketch of the La Follette career is admirable. There are good chapters on the social background of the literature in the various periods, and acute comment on the final death of the long-cher-

ished delusion that the election of honest men to office would solve every problem. Mr. Chamberlain points out the repeated failure of the "Goo-goo" movement, and draws the moral that the system itself is always too much for the individual. He sees a steadily heightening conflict between the agricultural and industrial elements of our population, and predicts an eventual break-up of the existing scheme of things, but probably not before we go through a Fascist phase. No matter how willing or unwilling we may be to accept his forecast, he has done a thoughtful book, and one that deserves reading. He appears to have read virtually all the available liberal literature written in this country, and to have digested it as well, which is even more remarkable.

If the problem of mercenary crime can only be solved, there will be no more depressions, or at least this is the contention of the National Institute of Mercenary Crime, which is responsible for a book on the subject entitled *Crime for Profit* (Stratford). Ernest D. McDougal, head of the Institute, is the editor, and there are contributions from a number of psychologists and criminologists, including Harry Elmer Barnes. As in most symposia, some of the articles are worth reading, while others are poor stuff. We ought, however, to be interested in any movement to stop mercenary crime, presuming that the Institute will be just as eager to land malefactors of great wealth behind the bars as to see a defaulting bank cashier receive his due punishment. The Institute is after racketeering, but if the depression lasts long enough, there will be little to

do in this direction, for if mercenary crime makes depressions, depressions in turn put an end to much mercenary crime merely through a limitation of opportunities.

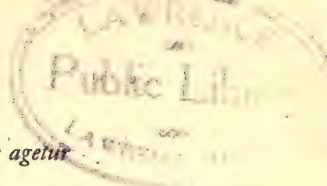
About a Vanished City

FORGETTING these serious matters for a moment, one of the most delightful books of recent weeks is *Recollections of an Old New Yorker* by Frederick Van Wyck (Liveright, \$4), illustrated by Mathilda Browne, wife of the author. This is a collection of anecdotes of early days in our town, when Fifth Avenue was the only swanky street, and there were horse cars on Sixth Avenue and nowhere else, and so on down to the present, or somewhere near it. Mr. Van Wyck comes from a very old New York family and has spent the greater part of his long life in the midst of things. His book has just the right air of naïveté; it is per-

fectly informal and unpretentious, and should please any one who has an antiquarian slant on life. It is a sort of individual *Valentine's Manual*, which is high praise from the Landscaper, who adores that publication to this day, and counted its last editor, Henry Collins Brown, as an admired and cherished friend.

Any number of books about the Victorian Age have appeared within the last year or two, and the best addition to the lot recently is Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's *The Victorian Sunset* (Morrow, \$3.50), a book of intelligence and charm, with a particularly good chapter on the bustle, which seems to this observer perhaps the strangest of all feminine vagaries. And dismissed here with far less space than it deserves is Helen Worden's *The Real New York* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), a guide to the city that is filled with priceless wisdom for resident and visitor.





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Apéritif

Going to the Dogs

LUCKY, my sister-in-law's wire-haired terrier, is by nature affectionate but very lazy. Consequently, we were so surprised last week to discover her indulging in a new and vigorous antic that at first its true significance escaped us. This is how it was:

Her dog biscuits are shaped like bones, as I suppose all good modern dogs' are. But until last week she had treated them simply as dog biscuits — ate or ignored them according to the occasion and the state of her appetite. Then suddenly, with no prompting that any one has been able to discover, she appeared to change her mind. She took to burying them.

Now that may not sound remarkable at once: dogs normally bury bones, just as prudent men normally acquire savings accounts. But Lucky had lived all three years of her life in New York apartments, segregated from other dogs which could have taught her the habit and from ground suitable for burying purposes. Yet out of a clear sky she began to bury dog biscuits.

Because of that lack of a proper place to bury bones, the performance held a quality of the fantastic that no one could resist. She chose corners of divans and chairs. With the biscuit-bone in her mouth she would apply her front legs to the cushion, digging industriously for four or five minutes in imminent peril of raising a goose-feather snow-storm. Then she would drop the biscuit into the space between cushion and chair, and set about covering up the imagined hole. This involved pushing imaginary dirt into it with her nose and much smoothing it over with the same instrument before she was satisfied that the job was well done. Generally it was not: part of the biscuit remained visible. But if it had been real ground instead of a chair her efforts would have been rewarded; they were executed with fine precision and that seemed to be all that she cared about.

When she finished she turned to survey my smiling relatives with a meek air of deserving approbation — which eventually struck us as being out of character. It was our idea that when a dog set out to hide a

real bone in real ground his purpose would preclude spectators, who, according to his thinking, might perfectly well get hungry themselves. But Lucky would hide her biscuit-bones in plain sight of half a dozen people, making no pretense of secrecy. Moreover, she would take it in good grace when one of us retrieved the biscuit from its hiding place and handed it back to her: she simply repeated the performance. The suspicion occurred to us, of course, that her playlet was staged solely for our amusement.

The only trouble with that theory was her expression on completing the work. Although, as I said, it was an air of deserving approbation, it was also a meek air — one that held a hint of purposes other than mere entertainment and brief applause. There was a trace of dejection in it. Certainly she did not seem elated as she should have if she had been seeking only attention.

WELL, with wars breaking out on two or three continents, starvation and suicides everywhere accelerating and despair rapidly becoming a normal state of mind for most citizens, the problem of Lucky's bone-burying expression had to be passed over. But it remained in the back of my mind, and each morning for the past week as I read the newspapers its solution came closer. The "Buy American" campaign evidently contributed a bit to it; Huey Long's conception of the Senatorial dramatic unities a bit more; the Japanese quilting party in Jehol another.

By last night it seemed to me that I had the solution. Lucky, I decided,

had been reading the newspapers, too, and had come to some rather disheartening conclusions, among them that people were trying to solve modern problems with pretty worn-out methods. Her own problems are confined largely to the difficulty of remaining awake for meals; she knows very well that there is no need for her to hide bones against a future hunger, that, if anything, a day or two without food would help her figure. Therefore her cushion-digging must have been satire. If that method of insuring her sustenance was archaic and ridiculous in a modern apartment building, she was trying to say, then how about some of the idiotic things you men and women do? How about the argument at Geneva over poison gas in which the English representative maintained that the best way to prevent gas attacks was to allow their victims to retaliate immediately with gas of their own, and the French and German agreed that it would be better in such cases for the Disarmament Bureau to decide by a vote? How about deporting alien actors and actresses from Hollywood just at the time when the movie industry needs every resource it can lay hands on to keep from bankruptcy?

How long Lucky's list of silly solutions might be I have no idea, but it must be admitted that there is an enormous variety in vogue today for her to draw from. They range from Senator Wheeler's proposal to remonetize silver at a sixteen-to-one ratio to the idea prevalent in some quarters that the railroads would benefit largely by complete abolition of regulation. They range much farther than that.

The simple principle which built the whole Industrial Revolution, specialization for the sake of increased production and presumably greater ease for mankind, finds 1933 bogged down in a back-to-the-land movement whose main characteristic is non-specialization and whose only hope is curtailment of production; in isolationist hysterias so wild that even separate States of this country, which grew great on the wide free trade areas within itself, are attempting to exclude other States from their markets; in a monumental poverty which still includes people who insist indignantly that all who beg are panhandlers by trade and drunkards by predestination. On the other hand, there are ingenious persons who resolve all their woes by enjoying the so-called simple life.

Tonight I intend to call on Lucky and hand her a biscuit-bone. Some of

my penance already will have been done, for I shall climb the twenty-eight flights of stairs to reach her apartment, although there is a perfectly good elevator which I normally use; but if she does her trick again for me it will be received with more intelligent appreciation than laughter. When she finishes I shall nod and attempt to make my face look understanding. Then I shall lean over toward my footgear (obtained especially for the occasion), grasp the bootstraps and pull hard. When they snap under the strain — if I can make them do it — I shall fall over backwards and knock myself unconscious on the modern furniture. With a reasonable amount of not too complicated medical care and sufficient rest my fractured skull will mend. After that I promise to be more sensible — if some one will show me how.

W. A. D.



The Why of the Sales Tax

BY ALLEN T. TREADWAY

One of its leading Congressional advocates argues the merits of the manufacturers' excise tax

THE Federal Government has gone in the red five and one-half billion dollars in the three-year period ending June 30, next. What can be done about it?

Nothing is more unpopular than taxes. Nothing is more intricate and perplexing to the average man or woman than any system of taxation. Nothing except death is more certain than the absolute necessity of some form of tax collection to meet Federal, State and municipal expenditures.

On the other hand, States can not exist without expenditures, and the average citizen expects much, and rightly so, from his Government. He expects protection at home and abroad, good roads and bridges, waterways, aid for the needy and suffering and relief for those who may have fought the nation's battles. Thus, there is an irreducible minimum below which expenditures can not be cut.

About the only way of bringing home to every citizen the need of care in public expenditures is a call from the tax collector. Extravagance can be condoned only in time of great emergency, such as our participation

in the World War. Our tax needs today are an inheritance from our expenditures of yesterday. We are now reaping the harvest of national extravagance which followed the War and our lack of foresight in failing to realize the inevitable result of profligacy. This harvest is augmented by the effects of the world depression which became acute in this country in the fall of 1929.

What then is the present financial situation? Our expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, reached the enormous sum of \$5,006,000,000, and our receipts were only \$2,121,000,000. Even under a programme of strict economy, expenditures for 1933 will be in the neighborhood of \$4,268,000,000. Receipts for 1933, after heavy tax increases, are estimated at only \$2,624,000,000.

Twenty years ago our Government was efficiently conducted for \$724,000,000, and our budget was in practical balance. Today, our expenditures are six times what they were in 1913 and our budget is entirely out of balance. It will be interesting to compare briefly receipts and expenditures of 1913 with those of 1930 and 1932.

First, consider the years 1913 and 1930. In both of these years the budget was in practical balance, there being a small deficit of \$400,000 in the former year and a fairly large surplus of \$183,000,000 in the latter year. In 1913 forty-four per cent of our revenues were derived from customs, forty-two per cent from tobacco and liquor taxes, five per cent from income taxes (excise tax on corporate incomes), and the remaining nine per cent from miscellaneous sources. In 1930, on the other hand, fifteen per cent of our revenues were derived from customs, twelve per cent from tobacco and liquor taxes, sixty per cent from income taxes (on both corporations and individuals), and the remaining thirteen per cent from miscellaneous sources. In other words, in 1913, customs and excise taxes on tobacco and liquors constituted our main source of revenue, while in 1930, income taxes were the principal source.

Comparing the expenditures for 1913 with 1930, we are immediately impressed by the enormous increase in "Civil and Miscellaneous Expenditures" amounting to over \$1,400,000,000. It is true that some \$600,000,000 of this increase may be ascribed to ordinary civil expenditures in operating the Government, but the great bulk of the increase will be found in miscellaneous expenditures which include such items as the Veterans' Administration, the agricultural marketing fund, the adjusted service certificate fund, good roads appropriations and other similar items. There was an increase of \$637,000,000 in interest charges and \$553,000,000 for debt retirements. In other words, our War debt

has increased our annual budget by over \$1,000,000,000.

Now, consider what has happened during the period since 1930 by a comparison of the figures given for the fiscal years 1930 and 1932. Total receipts have declined from \$4,177,000,000 to \$2,121,000,000 or nearly fifty per cent. Every source of revenue has fallen off, not from a decrease in tax rates but as a result of economic events. Customs duties have decreased forty-four per cent; income taxes, fifty-six per cent; tobacco and liquor taxes, eleven per cent; miscellaneous internal revenue, forty-three per cent, and other miscellaneous receipts, fifty-eight per cent. On the other hand, expenditures increased from \$3,994,000,000 in 1930 to \$5,006,000,000 in 1932. This increase of slightly over \$1,000,000 is accounted for largely by extraordinary relief measures, necessary during the economic crisis, such as \$500,000,000 for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, \$125,000,000 for Federal land banks and heavy expenditures for public works to create employment.

IN THE spring of 1932, the Congress, warned of the impending deficit for that fiscal year (which ended on June 30), made strenuous efforts not only to increase taxes but also to cut expenditures. These efforts were partially successful, as it is now estimated that at the close of the fiscal year 1933, expenditures will be approximately \$740,000,000 less than in 1932, and receipts approximately \$500,000,000 greater. Unfortunately this is not a sufficient gain, for a deficit of \$1,644,000,000 still is probable for 1933 if we take into

account the sinking fund requirements on the public debt.

The measures taken to reduce the expenditures consisted of an economy bill providing for general salary cuts from eight and one-third per cent to ten per cent and reductions in the regular appropriation bills. The measures taken to increase the revenues consisted of, first, a general income tax increase more than doubling existing rates; second, an increase in the estate tax more than doubling existing rates; third, a new gift tax designed to return revenue directly and also to prevent avoidance of the estate duty; fourth, an increase in postal rates; and, fifth, special sales taxes on numerous items, such as automobiles, tires and tubes, jewelry, toilet preparations, furs, electrical energy, malt syrup and like products, gasoline, lubricating oil, matches, theatre admissions, firearms, candy, etc. The stock transfer tax was also increased and a new levy on checks and drafts was added.

The problem now facing the Congress is the task of balancing the budget for the fiscal year 1934. The fiscal year 1933 is too far spent to hope for a balanced budget in that year. According to the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury, the expenditures for 1934 are placed at \$3,790,000,000 and the receipts at \$2,949,000,000, leaving a deficit of \$841,000,000. In making these estimates, economies have been taken into account which will result in a reduction in the expenditures for 1934 over 1933 of about \$478,000,000. What must be done to meet this deficit of \$841,000,000, in view of the fact that it will exist even after

the most drastic economies? We must either increase present taxes or turn to some new source for revenue.

Can we increase existing levies? The income tax has already been increased nearly to the wartime level. The receipts from this source depend on economic conditions. When business is prosperous and employment is plentiful the tax is a good revenue producer. However, in times of economic stress, such as we have been through in the past few years, it has proved to be unstable and unreliable. It is in such times that the demands upon the Government are greatest. What about estate taxes? These are already much higher than ever before imposed. Do any luxuries remain untaxed? No, we not only tax all luxuries of any importance but also many necessities. In fact, if all our taxes are surveyed individually, it will be found that the rates imposed in nearly all cases are so high as to approach the point of diminishing returns. That is, further increases in rates will depress business and result in less instead of greater revenue.

There is one and only one sound conclusion. We must seek a new form of taxation with a broad base which will be productive of substantial revenue regardless of economic conditions. We do not go to the point of advocating that such a levy should be substituted for our income and estate taxes. These are equitable and proper taxes when levied at reasonable rates, but they must be supplemented, at least in times of emergency, by something more stable in character and more certain in its productivity.

In the final analysis we find our-

selves in this predicament: It is very evident that existing methods of taxation will not meet governmental needs during this emergency. Neither will the most sweeping economies meet the situation. It can also be readily demonstrated that the present tax laws in many instances are extremely burdensome as well as inequitable. Common sense, good judgment and fairness to the people demand a new form of taxation.

IF WE look outside our own borders, we will find in nearly all countries of advanced civilization except England a very productive tax, popularly called the sales tax. France has had such a levy since 1920, Germany since 1919, Canada since 1920. Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Cuba, Ecuador, Hungary, Italy, Poland, the Philippines, Rumania, Mexico and a number of other countries have such taxes in varying forms.

The sales levies in different countries vary widely, but it is significant to note that they have been excellent producers of revenue, have been continued in operation following the experimental stages, and the longer they are in force the more satisfactory appear to be their results.

The sales tax is not of modern origin, as many suppose, but on the contrary we hear of it in ancient Egypt. History records that such a levy was used in Greece five hundred years before Christ, and was imposed in Rome under Emperor Augustus. It was found in Europe during the Middle Ages and has continued in one form or another to the present time. Of the modern levies of this character, those of Mexico and the Philippines date

from the beginning of the present century.

The sales tax movement in recent years arose out of the urgent revenue needs of the post-War period. Canada's manufacturers' sales tax was adopted at a time when the Government was faced with a situation quite similar to that in this country at the present time. The French turnover tax was inaugurated with the financial condition of that country in an alarming condition, necessitating an increase in receipts by seventy per cent. In nearly all cases, these levies were adopted as the quickest and easiest way to raise the desired revenue. Attention should be directed to the fact that in all these countries they were not used to replace the income tax, but to augment it.

Within our own borders, there are at the present time nine States which impose what may be termed "general sales taxes," although some hardly deserve the name. Those levied in the States of Pennsylvania, Mississippi and West Virginia are the broadest in scope and the most productive of revenue. Other States are considering its adoption.

General sales taxes have been discussed in this country on three different occasions. During the Civil War period such levies were proposed, but they were rejected in favor of sales taxes on selected commodities. Half a century later, in the period from 1918 to 1921, discussion again arose in respect to this form of taxation. At that time, the tax was proposed as a substitute for the irksome excess profits tax, and for some of the nuisance taxes. It was opposed on the ground that, as it was

to be cumulative on each successive sale of an article, it would discriminate against single-process enterprises in competition with multi-process or self-contained concerns. In 1932, the existing financial emergency once more brought the sales tax before Congress. This time, however, discussion was not with reference to the general sales tax proposed in 1921, but to a modified form of the tax which meets most of the objections to the former levy. Moreover, this modified form was not advocated as a substitute for any existing revenue measures, but to supplement them. The bill which provided for this tax will be discussed later.

There are three recognized forms of sales tax, namely, the turnover tax, the retail sales tax and the manufacturers' sales tax. These different forms deserve analysis.

The turnover tax applies to all sales generally, although of course some limited exemptions may be provided. Broadly speaking, however, the tax attaches to manufacturers', producers', wholesalers' and retailers' sales. It is pyramided therefore, and an article may not only be taxed several times but there may even be a tax upon a tax. From this fact, these turnover levies are also classified as multiple turnover taxes. One rate may be levied on all sales or different rates may be levied on different classes of sales.

The retail sales tax applies only to retail sales, and usually to prevent evasion also attaches to sales by a manufacturer or wholesaler when he sells direct to the consumer. Here we have a levy which is a single instead of a multiple turnover tax, in-

asmuch as it is applied to the commodity but once on its way from the manufacturer or producer to the consumer. It is obvious that, since it is applied at the last point in its transfer, it is based on a greater price than would be the case if it were applied to the manufacturers' or wholesalers' selling prices.

The manufacturers' sales tax applies only to manufacturers' or producers' sales, and, like the retail sales tax, is a single rather than a multiple turnover levy. In this case, as in the case of the retail sales tax, there is no pyramiding, and the levy attaches but once to each commodity. However, the manufacturers' sales tax is applied at the first point in the transfer of the commodity to the consumer and thus attaches to a lower price than the retail sales tax. In other words, at a given rate the manufacturers' sales tax imposes a smaller burden than the retail sales tax.

Outstanding practical examples of these three principal forms of sales taxes are worthy of description.

The present French turnover tax is perhaps the best example of the multiple tax. It is levied at the general rate of two per cent, although sales of luxuries are taxed at a higher rate. It is imposed on all money payments made in exchange for commodities or services delivered or rendered in the ordinary course of business. The principal exemptions apply to the receipts of farmers, laborers and professional men. There are a number of exemptions applying to specific commodities, but the important ones relate to sales of bread, wheat and rye for use in its making, and to milk for consumption in its

raw state. The tax can of course be pyramided, the sale of the article itself not only being taxed at every transfer, but also sales of the material of which such article may be manufactured. The receipts from the French turnover tax in 1932 amounted to 7,524,000,000 francs, or about \$300,000,000.

West Virginia and Mississippi both levy taxes which come under the same category as the French turnover tax, although they are not quite so general in scope.

West Virginia applies different rates to different classes of business; for instance, one per cent on oil production, .21 per cent on manufacturing, .20 per cent on retailing, .05 per cent on wholesaling, one per cent on amusements, and a number of other different rates on other classifications.

Mississippi follows a similar system and applies various rates to different classes; for example, two per cent on oil, one-quarter per cent on manufacturing, one-eighth per cent on wholesalers, two per cent on retailers, one per cent on automobile dealers and other rates for other classifications. The result of these different rates is somewhat to minimize pyramiding, although it still remains as a defect in this system. West Virginia realizes about \$4,000,000 annually from the tax, and it is estimated that Mississippi will realize over \$2,000,000 in the first year of operation.

Perhaps the best example of the levy on retail sales is the new emergency sales tax recently enacted by Pennsylvania. This levy is a one per cent tax applying to the "sales of tangible personal property for any

purpose other than for resale." It attaches, therefore, to all retail sales of such property, and also to sales by producers and manufacturers when made direct to the consumer. It is not pyramided, and since it is based on the retail price it will return more revenue than a tax at the same rate placed only on the manufacturers' price. The Pennsylvania tax, however, has not been in effect long enough to judge of its productivity or as to the difficulties of its administration.

A good example of the manufacturers' sales tax is found in Canada. The present rate is six per cent and applies to the manufacturers' prices of all goods produced or manufactured in Canada or imported into Canada. Pyramiding of the tax is effectively prevented by a license system which exempts from the levy sales to a licensed manufacturer or to a licensed wholesaler. Practically speaking, Canada collects its tax solely from licensed manufacturers, wholesalers, or importers, and articles sold to such licensees are exempt and collections are made from the manufacturer who sells the finished product. Canada allows a very large number of specific exemptions covering many articles of food and clothing, farm machinery, ores of all kinds and many other items, the enumeration of which, in fact, covers some eight pages of the law. The receipts from this source in 1930 were about \$44,000,000.

THE best example of a sales tax on the manufacturers' selling price undoubtedly would have been the "Manufacturers' Excise Tax" as proposed by the Committee on Ways

and Means to the House of Representatives of the United States early in the year 1932. A description of this bill is important although it failed of passage.

As reported to the House and as perfected by later committee amendments, the bill provided for a manufacturers' excise tax of two and one-quarter per cent on the sale price of every article sold in the United States by manufacturers or producers required to be licensed thereunder, and upon the duty-paid value of importations. Manufacturers and producers whose gross business with respect to taxable articles for the preceding year was less than \$20,000 were not required to be licensed and were not taxed. In order not to place a burden on necessary articles of consumption, sales of food, wearing apparel and medicines were exempted. Other exemptions included agricultural implements, ice, coal and wood for use as fuel in the home, newspapers and periodicals and certain articles for use in churches.

As the levy was to be imposed on articles at the point of manufacture or production, sales by wholesalers, jobbers and retailers were not separately taxed. In order to prevent pyramiding, or accumulation, of the tax on articles used in the fabrication of other products, the bill provided that sales by one licensed manufacturer to another licensee should be exempt. Thus the tax applied when the completed article was sold for consumption, but if an article was sold to another manufacturer for further assembly or fabrication it would not be taxed except as a constituent part of the finished product.

Let us consider for a moment how the manufacturers' excise tax would have operated had it been enacted. We may take, for purposes of illustration, a lead pencil, which commonly retails for five cents. A pencil is composed of a number of component parts, such as the wood, lead, eraser and so forth. Under a general sales or turnover tax, the sale of each of these constituent parts to the manufacturer of the pencil would be taxed and then the completed pencil would be taxed when sold by the manufacturer, the wholesaler and the retailer. Under the manufacturer's excise tax, only one levy would be imposed, which would be on the sale of the finished pencil by the manufacturer. Under the system of licensing set up under this plan, the producers of the various items going into the manufacture of the pencil would be permitted to sell their own finished products to the pencil manufacturer tax free. When the pencil was assembled and sold to a wholesaler or jobber, the tax would then apply. The manufacturer would be responsible for the amount due, and would make monthly returns to the Government. In selling the pencil to the wholesaler, the manufacturer could pass the tax on, in whole or in part, if he saw fit or was able to do so. It may be that competitive conditions in the pencil market would require him to absorb some of the amount. To the wholesaler, the tax, if it were passed on, would be just an item in the cost and he in turn might pass it on to the retailer. The retailer would have the same opportunity, depending upon a number of circumstances. A two and one-quarter per cent levy on the man-

ufacturers' selling price of a pencil retailing for five cents would be such an infinitesimal amount that we have no money to represent it. Under such circumstances, it is hardly probable that the consumer would ever feel the effect of the two and one-quarter per cent tax on the manufacturer. In the case of articles selling for larger amounts the tax can more easily be passed on. Even in such cases, however, there is usually a sufficient margin of profit for two and one-quarter cents on each dollar of the wholesale price to be absorbed. In many cases the retailer's mark-up is as high as 100 per cent. Where this is the case, the sales tax would be but one and one-eighth cents on each dollar of the retail selling price. Even if it be assumed that every cent levied on the manufacturer will be passed on through the wholesaler and retailer to the consumer, there would be no tax paid on food, wearing apparel, or medicines, and the public would find that there would be few essential articles which would be subject to taxation.

The proposed levy was called a manufacturers' excise tax, being so denominated in order to remove some of the prejudices which exist against sales taxes. Actually, the term accurately described the subject. It was not a true general sales tax, since it was not to be imposed on the gross receipts of all business. It was nothing more than the extension to a large group of commodities of the many special excise taxes which have been known to us since the beginning of our Government.

A Federal manufacturers' excise

tax of this character would operate uniformly throughout the United States, without disturbing competitive conditions. State sales taxes, however, give rise to two important difficulties of administration. One is the opportunity to escape taxation by securing commodities from neighboring States which do not impose such a tax, and the other is the Constitutional restriction against burdening interstate commerce. These objections, however, would not apply under Federal statute.

The fact that States are from time to time adopting the principle of a sales tax is an additional argument for prompt action on the part of the Federal Government in order that States may know that the Government considers such a levy to a certain extent a Federal prerogative rather than a State right. We already have too many interlocking forms of taxation, as illustrated by the present gasoline tax, collected both by the Federal Government and by many of the States.

CONSUMPTION of certain products is necessary, whatever economic conditions exist. A levy on the consumption of goods would apply, in a small way, at least, to every man, woman and child in this country. It would be productive of revenue because buying power, though it may be greatly diminished, is always present. The manufacturers' excise tax is such a levy.

The natural tendency in taxation is to place the burden where it can best be borne. For instance, the income tax brackets increase in proportion to the size of incomes. During the War patriotic motives

permitted excessive levies. In the post-War period, these levies were from time to time decreased, but in the last revenue act it was necessary to increase them again nearly to their War level. There would be no substantial support for the enactment of a law in this country, even of a temporary nature, that would tax foods and such other items as can be designated as absolute necessities. We therefore come to the point where to a certain extent a sales tax is a voluntary tax upon the part of the people. For instance, a family may want a piano, but if it can not afford to buy one, it pays no tax on the piano purchased by its neighbor. On the other hand, the family which can afford the highest priced piano will pay the heaviest tax on this product.

A manufacturers' excise tax such as proposed at the last session of Congress is unlike those used in the States and in most of the foreign countries. By eliminating most of the objectionable features of the general sales tax, this manufacturers' tax is of such a nature that it should command the support of every loyal American citizen who is anxious to place the financial structure of his Government on a sound basis. While it is a tax on consumption, necessary articles of consumption have practically been eliminated from its scope. The principle of ability to pay is not wholly violated because the graduated income tax would still be retained, and the total tax burden would continue to be much heavier as the total income of the taxpayer increases. The levy would be no more harmful to business than any other tax not based upon net

income, and by providing an artificial stimulus to prices it might even be helpful.

More revenue must be raised, and it must be raised in large measure from people who are not now subject to Federal tax. A manufacturers' sales tax would provide the necessary revenue by allowing all our citizens to contribute to the support of the Government, even though the contribution of each person would be relatively small. It would not be oppressive as it would be collected indirectly and in small amounts from day to day. As a tax on buying power, which is always present to a certain degree, it would constitute a dependable source of revenue at all times. The tax would be paid only by those having money to spend, and as the rich buy more than the poor, and pay more for what they buy, they would contribute proportionately more. Since the levy is imposed at the point of production, it is quite possible that some of it will be absorbed as the articles taxed pass from the manufacturer through the hands of the wholesaler and retailer, especially in times like the present when competition for business is keen.

Even if the whole amount were passed on to the consumer, and the profit of the wholesaler and retailer included a percentage on the tax, it still would be a negligible amount. Take the case of a family of five, living on a \$1,000 income. Social agencies estimate that with such an income, forty per cent should go for food, fifteen per cent for clothing, and twenty-five per cent for shelter. This leaves a balance of twenty per cent for operating and miscellaneous expenses. Assuming that the whole

\$200 spent for such expenses went for taxable goods, the manufacturers' price for which might be in the neighborhood of \$140, the total tax would be \$3.15 for the year at a rate of two and one-quarter per cent. This amount would be three-tenths of one per cent of the income. Of course, where the income is greater a smaller percentage of the whole will be spent for necessities, leaving a larger amount to be spent for taxable goods.

The administration of a manufacturers' excise tax would be a fairly simple matter, and would not involve certain difficulties encountered in the administration of our income tax law. In the first place, a comparatively small number of returns would be filed, since only manufacturers (and other licensees) of taxable articles would be required to make returns, and then only when their gross business was over \$20,000 per year. Since it is imposed on gross receipts, it would be easy to compute. Under the income tax, it is necessary to determine the net income after making certain deductions and credits, which often involves complex questions of law and fact. It is true that the manufacturers' excise tax is somewhat complicated by the methods adopted to prevent pyramiding, but no difficult problems of administration are presented. In making collections, existing machinery could largely be used, as was done in Canada when a sales tax was adopted there. Manufacturers and producers would file monthly returns, which could easily be audited by any one familiar with simple arithmetic. Periodic examination of the books of manufacturers would be made to check any irregularities in

reporting gross sales. The percentage of cost of collection to the amount collected would be comparatively small.

IN SUMMARIZING the subject which has been briefly set forth, it is believed that the following conclusions are fully justified:

First, sound financing demands the balancing of the national budget.

Second, it is impracticable to balance the budget without additional revenue.

Third, the present sources of revenue appear to have been tapped to their maximum yield.

Fourth, new sources of revenue are needed.

Fifth, the experience of foreign countries shows that the sales tax is not excessively burdensome and is productive of large revenue. The experience of Canada with its manufacturers' sales tax is eminently successful and shows the tax easy of administration.

Sixth, a manufacturers' excise tax, such as proposed in the last session of Congress, avoids the principal objections to existing levies of this character.

Seventh, such a manufacturers' excise tax is not a substitute for our income tax, but supplements it by providing a certain and stable revenue when the income tax fails.

Eighth, the manufacturers' excise tax has a broad base, is too small to be seriously felt, is paid only when the taxpayer has money to spend, is paid in proportion to spending and will not interfere with business since it bears equally on all competitive articles.

This subject and the conclusions

drawn could be elaborated in much greater detail. Many other facts could be stated in support of the views presented. Objections of some weight may be made to the form of tax recommended, but it is easier to criticize than to construct. Certainly no more practical suggestion has yet been presented for balancing the budget than a general manufacturers' excise tax. Let those who attack

this plan first present a levy of equal productivity to balance the budget and then let the merits and demerits of their scheme be compared with the manufacturers' excise tax. Every alternate scheme thus far presented has failed to meet this comparison.

The manufacturers' excise tax appears to offer the best, simplest and most equitable way out of our financial difficulty.

Fragment-Thoughts in a Hospital Ambulance


BY LEONARD TWYNHAM

I CAN NOT say that bodies do not count,
That bone and muscle spring from mortal thought.
This broken flesh is my whole universe;
Take this away, and space is void and dead.
I love illusions of the carnal mind;
The only God I know is bodied here;
I have His treasure in an earthen frame.

Gangway through all the traffic of the earth!
Bell, siren, break a straight and certain path!

If she breathes not, if she talks not, I die;
The world collapses underneath my feet,
Life's ruby chalice crashes on the wall,
There is no music in the major spheres,
And silence thunders in my vacant heart.

I hold my jewel with a slender skein;
If this thread snap, no more for me at dusk
The cardinal will weave a scarlet seam
Through evergreens. My eyes of faith will close.
The forest will be black as raven wings,
And every night drenched with relentless rain.



Wanted—Ten Million People

BY EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

*Decentralization of industry and a new conception of factory
labor will shift that many men and women to less
populated communities within a few years*

TO DISCOVER facts concerning the vast tangle of population movements now in progress I have been touring, in recent months, large sections of the United States in long-distance motor stages. Modern stage transportation has an intimacy unknown to railroad traffic, and the interviewer who travels on public conveyances of this sort has easy access to the inner circumstances and outlook of the many types of persons who journey with him. For the researches reflected in this article, however, I have not depended wholly upon motor stages. In late years my work has taken me by train and automobile into every State and to most of the important cities, and I have watched with deepening concern the masses of Philistine hordes in nomadic searchings for that elusive prize, jobs. Great population movements were taking place long before the inflation blew up in 1929, for in the days of our prosperity myth super-machine production was displacing industrial workers and executives at a speed continually accelerating.

For four successive summers just

preceding 1929—which is popularly regarded as the fateful year—I crossed the continent in my own automobile over different routes. I circled the four rims of the United States and made the journey across the interior, with innumerable side tours, and even then the swelling backwash of job hunters appalled me. My work concerned the occupations of the people everywhere, necessitating conversations with them, and thus the magnitude of the individual, family and group transmigration was driven home upon me. Undirected, unfinanced, great numbers of people were out on reconnaissance in their cars, usually without definite terminals; the whole movement was a mighty tangle. In the very midst of our loudly-touted era of riches and high plane of living, nearly all these people with whom I talked reported bad business, lost jobs; and the puzzle of it was more than they could fathom.

The hidden truth of it, as I came to believe, lay in super-machine production and the overconcentration of industry and population, with other contributory causes. Industry

had lost sight of the necessity for a balance between human labor and robots; and industry, moreover, had concentrated so tremendously on certain major products, including the automobile, that a great number of other industries, once prosperous, were virtually annihilated. Economists were beginning to see that such concentration of industry, and such packing of the industrial cities with millions of people dependent upon the continuance of huge mass production in overdone lines, must break down.

So, long before 1929, there was great prosperity for a small minority, while the majority either experienced a bogus prosperity, due to the rapid circulation of money and credit, or were definitely down and out.

Today, with unemployment hugely intensified by the failure of mass production and by the collapse of the speculative inflation, the shelved population of forty or fifty millions, counting all family members, is struggling blindly to redistribute itself — struggling by itself, still without direction or organized information, without understanding.

I LEFT New York in the late fall on the third section of the New York-Chicago Highway Express, by way of Cleveland. During that thirty-hour lap I learned the personal dilemmas of a dozen families, and I record here a few that were most typical.

At three o'clock that night I was having mince pie and coffee at a wayside lunch counter, for about every two hours all night motor stage passengers get out and regale themselves in this manner — all who

have the extra money. They come to know each other. On the stool next to me sat a young woman and a little girl, for seats were in demand.

"It's a long night for Bessie," I observed.

"She's good, and it isn't so very far to Texas."

"And Daddy'll be there!" spoke up the child.

This woman had told me part of her story at one o'clock, and now she finished it. The Great Inking Corporation, Amalgamated, had let Daddy out one afternoon at 4:59, on a minute's notice, having devised machines that would eliminate a group of workmen and minor executives. Daddy belonged to the latter class.

With this catastrophe, the family inflation burst and the mortgage company took the house, while Bessie and her mother went to live with Grandma. Daddy bit the dust for two years, hunting jobs in various cities and sleeping under the auspices of the Salvation Army; and then an astonishing thing happened. The Great Inking Corporation moved to Texas and Daddy got a job at half his former salary. Yet Bessie and her mother were radiantly happy that night on the stage. Happy to travel three days and nights without a bed; happy at the prospect of living in the tiniest of those squatty bungalows you see all over Texas. And Daddy was happy too, they said.

Readjusted, two thousand miles away! Half the income. Reconciled! But is that the end of it, I wondered, or will the Great Inking Corporation go on to set up robots in Texas? I shall get to Texas later in this article.

Meanwhile you may multiply this episode by a million and thus make statistics.

At four o'clock that same night I was sleeping, twisted into a knot on two seats, when half a dozen persons boarded the stage and I sat up. The man who seated himself beside me was horny-handed and talkative, and he said, after the stage resumed its way, "I bane workin' a year ago in a lumber yard, but I got no yob since. I go to Wisconsin." I asked him why Wisconsin, and he said that he could buy cut-over land there for five dollars an acre, and he would build his own house for \$300, and then his family would come. "Then I always have yob," he explained. In a year he would add a thousand dollars to the value of his farm through his labor on it. There were no robots in this man's scheme of things, and already he was "down to earth." Again multiply by a million.

During the twenty minutes' stop for breakfast I conversed with a man who was going to Kansas to look for a store location in a small growing city. For ten years he had owned a retail store in a suburb of New York, but now that a New York department store had established a branch in this suburb his sales were below the red mark. Moreover, taxes had been threatening to devour his store and home. He was breaking loose. One reason for the invasion of his suburb by the New York department store, he said, lay in the snarled traffic and insolent "No Parking" regulations in that city. Growing numbers of suburban purchasers were getting the notion of trading at home. Multiply this one experi-

ence by tens of thousands so far as taxes and overcompetition are concerned.

Mountainous taxes, over-reaching competition, the strangulation of business by city traffic — these are the motivating impulses in countless waves of migration of all degrees. Impossible taxes, particularly, are changing the population map of the United States. Within a year, thousands of industries of all sizes and many products have torn up their roots and sought new fields. Rebellion against the ravages of taxes, this greedy scourge of "prosperity," is wreaking its vengeance upon cities and towns and leaving them almost bare of industries in many cases.

On the other hand, more than a thousand of the less generously settled cities and regions of the United States are actively engaged in plans to secure and support, through industry, ten million relocated people within five years; and these cities and regions are competing with each other to obtain factories, wholesale houses and stores that are showing their heels to the pyramided tithes of population-choked, bankrupt burghs.

IN CHICAGO many "outlaw" motor stage operators were cutting fares recklessly, and men wearing red caps were almost dragging travelers into ticket dens housed in barber shops or other incongruous covert. Stages of all degrees lined the curbs on Twelfth Street. Flamboyant lettering on the stage windows announced rates to Los Angeles at twenty-six dollars, New York thirteen, Reno twenty-two, Dallas eight. Hawkers for private automobiles

offered to take groups anywhere in the United States at the lowest cut rates. In Chicago the migrations converged and scattered again.

That night on the Chicago-Omaha stage I had as a seat companion for a time a mechanic from Detroit, bound for Iowa where he intended to rent a piece of land and "stick up a shack." Detroit was hopeless, he said, and thousands of idle workmen were accepting this truth. "In two days a week the automobile factories can make all the cars they will ever sell," he asserted. "The only migration into Detroit is to the bread lines. That's why you can bus it from Chicago to Detroit for two dollars. Most of 'em hitch-hike."

Around midnight he left the stage and a man back of me, who had been holding a child, took the empty seat. Sitting there in the darkness — night stages usually run dark inside — he confided to me the strange truth that his own profession, engineering, had become his marplot. As one of nine efficiency engineers for an Eastern industry he had worked out methods of super-machine production, sometimes displacing scores of men at one swoop. Then the company's markets evaporated and the plant shut down, dropping the nine engineers.

His wife and two children were with him, and they were to live in a Nebraska town where he was going out for himself in a small manufacturing business. "I am starting with one man, and I shall work with my own hands. This country will have to get closer to hand labor than it has been in thirty years," he declared. "Mass idleness, under modified industrial leadership, can beat out mass

production that has gone stagnant because of vanished markets. Mass idleness can be transformed into factory labor at whatever rate of production the available market requires; and although some element of machines of course must be a part of so-called hand labor — the present-day meaning of which is commonly distorted — man power will be, must be, the chief factor in what people now talk about with questioning accents as *recovery*.

"Up to the autumn of 1929," he continued, "mass production had a vision, a Fairyland of markets. Of all homes, sixty-six per cent were considered obsolete; sixty per cent of office buildings, seventy-five per cent of other business buildings, fifty per cent of industrial equipment were obsolescent. Of all buildings, appraised by mass production at \$120,000,000,000, seventy-five per cent to be replaced! What a market! The theory of 'progressive obsolescence' and continuous replacement at brief intervals included everything from automobiles to clothing, furniture, bedizenments and gadgets. The national income was \$90,000,000,000 a year, and besides, American mass production was to develop the people of all the world into spenders! Here indeed was a hippodrome worthy of a billion factory robots. Who dares today even to hint at the return of such ghastly purblindness of marketing vision? Without the scaling down of machine production to the point where man power can be employed, how many years or decades will be needed for 'recovery'? Will it ever come? More and more, foreign nations are going to make their own goods, and

here in America mass production will never again superimpose upon us, under the lure of prosperity, billions of dollars of stuff we don't want and can not buy without another inflation of credit, followed by destruction."

IN OMAHA I dined with a Nebraska manufacturer who said the State had become factory-minded and hoped to corral many fugitive smokestacks that were flitting past. Omaha was the best place in the Union for industries, being in the middle where freight rates were the same everywhere.

I asked him about the local robot population, but he confused robots with livestock and showed that every Nebraska resident owned four hogs, part of a horse, two cows and nine hens, along with land. Nebraska had untold barrels of flour, fried cornmeal mush, buckwheat pancakes, oatmeal, beans, carrots, sugar beets, apple pie. The mortgage crop and scarcity of industries to balance agriculture were Nebraska's mistakes, he said.

Then came a traveling man from Utah and told me some things I knew because not so long ago I drove in my car from Nevada to Salt Lake City, through the salt desert, then heated to 130 degrees. Salt Lake City has a mighty excogitation to dyke off part of Salt Lake and create a fresh-water lake for factories.

Mostly, Utah wants steel rolling mills that wear flaming halos at night; wants million-dollar plants, glass factories, sulphuric acid, ammonia and dynamite works; wants crucibles and caldrons, and robots if necessary — but not an over-

supply. Utah wants *people* and capital to develop the ores and chemical substances under its mountains and valleys. With redistributed industry and population, Utah might use a million more people, or, in time, several million.

While riding south over the hilly back roads in an Omaha-Topeka motor stage, I talked with a Kansas manufacturer about robots. He opined that robots might be all right as factory labor in New York, but give Kansas factories manned by men and women. Robots would not buy Kansas food. "Kansas has experimented considerably with farm robots," he related ruefully. "Some hundreds of thousands of farm laborers here have been displaced by super-machine farming, but the devil of it is that they are all back here now, or camping in woodchuck holes around the fringes of the State, out of jobs. We have raised so much food with robot labor that we have to sell for a dollar stuff that brought four dollars once."

Kansas has recently made its first survey of manufactures in that State, and has its ears tuned for the rumble of approaching forges, mills and foundries.

Texas and Oklahoma have received more migrants since 1930 than any other region, except possibly the Pacific Coast, though one can only guess how many will remain. A thousand persons a day are now entering Texas with the expectation of staying, according to a land salesman who hoped to drop dead if this wasn't true. But Oklahoma too claims the largest permanent migration. The two States look at each other darkly across a

chasm of competition to secure, especially, new units of industries that are splitting up in the centres of overgrown manufacture.

This partial removal of industries by the distribution of units seems of itself to presage the decentralization of sufficient population to ameliorate unemployment in the years immediately ahead. In many places manufacturers have expressed to me their belief that this is the quickest way toward recovery. Regional units of corporations often have better earnings than the parent plant, and such units confer far more benefits upon the people than big city plants give. Rural plants create regional and national wealth of a type that is not compatible with urban industries. Of course, both types of factories turn the raw products of the earth into tangible property. These raw materials may be timber, ores, chemicals, clays or a thousand things, including crops; but the effect upon population in smaller communities is magical. Home-building becomes an expanding industry of itself, and each home is a going business with a permanence of buying power and assurance against depressions. Factory workers in great numbers will engage in part-time farming hereafter. The large reduction in living costs will enable decentralized labor to accumulate surplus and avert pauperism such as we see today in all mass-stagnated cities. Said one manufacturer:

"With all this must come the modification of super-machine production to balance unemployment. Any one who travels through the United States and talks with people can have no doubt of this. The mil-

lions are not going to starve. They will take over industry themselves and modify it so they can work — if so-called big business does not modify it. In the end, however, big business will do it in self-defense, if not willingly."

FROM chambers of commerce and other sources in the Southwest I secured lists of "removed" and branch factories covering the last few years, and the number runs into thousands. Leading causes for removals were prohibitive taxes, high electric rates, deteriorating home cities, racketeering, bad living conditions, labor troubles. A machine shop moved because industries it served had gone. Another, hit by taxes, attached itself to a Texas industry as a new department. A factory left because of indifferent coöperation from its bank and chamber of commerce. Many factories showed their heels to the home town to start again in regions of rising population.

Texas prophets predict a net growth of three million people in this decade, making nine million. Twelve Texas cities have grown more than 100 per cent in ten years — some of them several times this rate. Oil and gas have played a part in all this, but on a Texas stage a passenger told me his town multiplied four times chiefly because millions of acres of cattle land had been cut up into farms. Land companies had brought new farmers, while factories, wholesale houses and stores had come from different States. Throughout the nation, wholesale establishments are in a state of flux, like industry. Local capital has resented paying

tribute to large wholesalers far away.

Eastward through Southern States I went, still by stage. In Mississippi a manufacturer who employs some scores of workers told me that nearly all of them lived on farms and made the best type of labor. Mississippi sends out an Exposition Train loaded with the State's products to show the North, and to start factories on the road to Mississippi.

On an Arkansas stage a local mayor said to me, "In my town we have a factory and most of the hands come in from farms. One man, for instance, works there two or three days a week, but all his off-time is spent clearing and improving his land. In seven years his labor has added four thousand dollars in value to the farm. Labor is natural wealth, but it becomes *your* wealth only when you put it into permanent property of your own. If you live in cities where you must spend all you earn, other men get all your labor wealth. Your off-time is waste. We want small factories in Arkansas where men can work out their independence this way. At least one member of a farm family should have factory work."

At twelve o'clock on a night jump I lunched with a factory-location broker in Alabama who said he was working and traveling long hours following up manufacturers' inquiries from many points. Alabama wants more industry and is pressing its advantages for cotton and wool textiles, paper, rayon, steel.

In Georgia the Forward Atlanta Commission makes special surveys by the hundreds showing what industries can do there. Atlanta now has much industry, and on this

foundation it hopes to establish a hand-picked population now escaping from Taxville, Racketburg, Robot Centre and other regions of mass idleness and pyramided woe.

Kentucky is well organized for an influx of factories. For some years the Kentucky Progress Commission has been analyzing all the towns, and many an industry has been introduced among them.

"We have big industries that follow the 'live-on-the-farm principle,'" said a manufacturer. "Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee together have fewer people than the metropolitan district of New York has, and many corporation executives from the large Northern cities have been down here investigating. Here the living cost is half and wages go further, even if smaller. Besides, the workman is a free agent, and has a business of his own in the background that will always feed and shelter his family."

I AM going to jump to Oregon and Washington, though not by stage. These States, too, are hot on the trail of errant factories.

Out of the chaos of battered cities in the East and Mid-West, the Pacific Northwest predicts a tidal wave of population that will sweep millions of people into that region in the coming years. How far away Oregon and Washington really are I found out when I motored there from New York with my family in 1924 — on those prehistoric roads. I have been there since, several times. Many years ago I was "back flag" in a party locating the route of the Great Northern Railroad in the Cascade Mountains. Great has been the change.

Even now, Washington and Oregon contain only three-fourths of the number of people in Chicago, yet partly for that reason these two States envisage a hegira from the East. There is room in the Northwest, where a high-powered civilization has been constructed — with railroads and ships that cover the world — now capable of absorbing in due course all of Chicago and Detroit, and possibly Philadelphia. So they say. California has built another great civilization and brought in almost three million people since 1920. Industry follows markets.

Oregon and Washington are not without factories now, but there will be new batteries of them to use the Northwest products of the forest, farm, livestock, mines. Fish by the shipload. Other set-ups will fabricate things that come from the Orient, and no doubt revived Chicago men will work with whale oil, jute, hemp, rattan, ramie, kapok, nitrates, hides, bristles, curled hair, bones, hoofs, human hair, Philippine mahogany, teak, tallow, shells, camphor, licorice. Detroit recruits will wear Oregon and Washington masks in sulphuric acid plants operated for far lands.

Lumber enough to build homes for all the families in America — so they tell me! Why live on shelves of steel in the sky?

Then there's Nevada, which has acquired only 91,000 permanent residents. I spent a night at Austin, now a deserted Nevada city with a remainder of 700 souls, though once it had 40,000 miners. Today the tremendous project of the Hoover Dam is the basis for new population forecasts, still a few years off, that

run into a million people or more — for this dam is to make available electric power twice the volume of Niagara's. Nevada expects to send for people to make carbide, chlorine, abrasives, glass, paint, dyes, steel alloys and metal products. Low-cost power, they say, will make Nevada the electro-chemical centre of the West.

New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho and Montana, all told, have fewer people than are crammed into Philadelphia, where I picked up a newspaper recently and found seven full pages advertising mortgage foreclosures. Is this he-man stuff — rounding up two million people inside industrial corrals and then seizing their tents from over them?

The Dakotas have a population smaller than Detroit's, although you could walk across Detroit in a day while the Dakotas jointly are 700 miles long and 500 wide. Ah, but the Dakotas, like thirty-odd other States, are crawling out of their chrysalis. They have raw products, rough materials worth billions for manufacture, and with these they propose to balance up and promote both food and home industry. Minnesota is in on this. Among them, they will make building materials out of corncocks, straw and clay, in quantities that will house no small part of the West. And Wisconsin is planning and zoning the whole State for forests or farming, and is reforesting heavily so that men of the future will have work and their families homes.

Self-interest, of course, has its part in the promotion of industrial migration; it plays its part, too, in the decision of industry to move, or to start a branch factory in some dis-

tant State. If all industry were simply planning work for all men and homes for all families, this ghastly dilemma of the richest nation would be cured. When industry moves, it *wants* to move, and is convinced that the new location is better than the old.

One Chamber of Commerce president in the Southwest expressed it this way: "We know this migration is coming because, for one thing, industrial owners are studying location in a scientific way not commonly undertaken before. Another reason is that industry, big and little, sees the tremendous impetus which the depression has given the migratory motives of the population in the con-

gested areas. Thousands of cities and towns in the more open regions are on the rising tide, and since most of them are young and small, they offer alluring prospects. But perhaps the strongest of all reasons why industries will move or establish branch factories is this: if they don't, new capital will appear and seize these opportunities. Experienced executives, displaced by Eastern concerns, are available — many of them already are here. In some lines, notably clothing, millinery, machinery and industries serving farms and homes, new enterprises are fast gaining headway in regions where cities and towns are growing rapidly and thousands of farm families have come in."



"No More Miracles"

BY HENRY CARTER

Mr. Roosevelt's Opportunity in Foreign Affairs

IN ONE of his earlier tales Mr. H. G. Wells relates the doings of a young cockney Englishman on whom the power of performing miracles was suddenly and mysteriously conferred. Through the mere expression of his wish or command he was able to raise lamps, tables and buildings from the ground, and out of nothingness to create clothing, jewels, riches and other articles of vertu. Passing from these cruder experiments in levitation and creation (which included an interesting episode in which an officious policeman was translated to Gehenna, and by a kindly afterthought thence to San Francisco), the young man waxed more ambitious and finally one night commanded the moon to stand still. The moon obeyed, but as the performance of this miracle involved stopping the rotation of the earth, all movable objects on the earth's surface, including Mr. Wells's hero, were hurled by centrifugal force into chaos. In a last moment of self-possession our hero gasped: "Let everything be just as it was before I ever started on these miracles," and then, as the universe settled back into its usual mold, "Lord," he prayed, "let there be no more miracles!"

The story is an instructive one and not inappropriate to the times, for, if the mandate of the recent Presidential election could be put into articulate form it would closely paraphrase the poignant words of Mr. Wells's protagonist. There has been much talk of a New Deal, and properly so, but the fundamental desire is for the Old Deal, for things exactly as they were before the period of Republican miracles, the era of unearned prosperity and cataclysmic depression, the age of best minds and best intentions, of morality by legislation and peace on earth through the courtesy of the Kellogg Treaty. The days of miracles and of wonder-workers are now past and the American electorate has said with unmistakable emphasis that it does not want them back.

Yet the march of events has not stood still and to recapture the spirit of the Old Deal calls for a New Deal to meet the changed exigencies of the times. What form Mr. Roosevelt's New Dispensation is to take remains hidden in the womb of time, and prediction and forecast are properly at a discount in these disillusioned days, particularly in the field of internal affairs and economic developments. Yet in the sphere of world politics

and of American foreign policy prognostication is somewhat less rash, for nations in their dealings with one another are prone to follow unchanging patterns of national behavior, patterns of devastating simplicity, which are capable of being distinguished and charted within reasonable limits. In theory at least politics stops at the water's edge. While far from being a whole truth this is another way of saying that the fundamentals of foreign policy do not change from one administration to another. There may be variation as to emphasis, immediate objectives, and methods — no two men handle foreign policy exactly alike — but this does not affect the basic pattern and momentum of national behavior which is practically unchanging and unchangeable, which is an affair more of instinct than of reason and which is more easily described in terms of geography, history, race, culture, economic needs and enlightened self-interest, than in blue prints of a Utopia.

BRIEFLY, American foreign policy rests upon three pillars, Non-Entanglement in European affairs, the Monroe Doctrine, and the Open Door, and it may be predicated that any tentative in foreign policy that loses sight of the principles and implications of these departs from the realism essential to the successful conduct of foreign affairs, and sooner or later must come to grief — as Woodrow Wilson discovered to his cost. The free operation of these simple and comparatively primitive principles, however, has been complicated and impeded by a curious and seemingly incorrigible trait in our national

character, namely the spirit of altruism and idealism, an altruism without responsibility and an idealism divorced from realities. In yielding to the glow of self-righteousness which these can impart, the Republican diplomacy has been as fatuous and unrealistic as the most fanatical international moralist could have been, perhaps more so, for the full fruits of its post-War course are only now ripening, and, to change the metaphor, some pretty queer birds are coming home to roost.

Mr. Walter Lippmann has strikingly described the contradictory, ill-considered and unrestrained qualities of the Republican post-War policy in its misguided attempt to have it both ways, and there is no need here to labor the point. High tariff, high production, high exports of goods and capital, plus an insistence upon the repayment of public debts which our course of always selling and never buying inevitably made increasingly difficult, constituted an edifice which could not stand. It has fallen in complete collapse, and left us in a situation where we are glutted with unsellable goods and unlendable gold, where a Moratorium became necessary and where the recent attempt to restore the old structure of War debt payments led to default by France and others, and to the necessity of a radical revision of the debt settlements if we are to recover anything further on the amounts we advanced Europe during the War. What Mr. Roosevelt's immediate attitude and that of his Secretary of State toward this question will be when the responsibility is theirs can not here be predicted. During the campaign Mr.

Roosevelt suggested that with the return of normal international trade which he proposed to foster through reciprocal tariff agreements the burden of debt would cease to be oppressive. More recently he is represented as being prepared to swap the debts for European disarmament, advantageous trade agreements and other desiderata. However, it is open to question whether, now that the process of default is in progress, it may not already be too late to utilize the War debts for trading purposes. It is useless to fight against the facts or to parrot with the Republicans "They hired the money" when, in the words of a statesman of the other party, "They ain't got it and they can't pay it." Sad as it may seem the War debts are on their way to the limbo of German reparations and the paper profits of 1929, and unlike Lazarus they can not be raised from the dead. By taking what cash we can get and letting the credit go, we can cut a cord which will otherwise bind us to European affairs to a greater or lesser extent for fifty years to come, and the sooner the whole transaction is marked "*Finis*," the freer we shall be to get about our real business. Mr. Roosevelt may be able to trade with the debts, but it is doubtful if they can purchase much of more than nominal value.

Yet it is possible that the experience and knowledge of the pitfalls and risks of engaging in European affairs which are typified in the episode of the War debts may serve as a guide in making a fresh approach to the confused, unfruitful and disillusioning disarmament discussions at Geneva. The past three Administrations have made a fetish of dis-

armament, in no small measure as a salve to the twinges of conscience and of frustrated altruism occasioned by our refusal to join the League of Nations. So long as they confined themselves to the question of naval armaments they were on solid ground for that was a matter of direct concern to us. In 1921 a potentially dangerous race in naval construction was impending and in China the forces of disintegration and disorder had reached a point that menaced the balance of power in the Far East and our policy of the Open Door. While we conceded perhaps more than was quite necessary at the Washington Arms Conference of 1922, we did nevertheless measurably achieve our objectives by setting limits to naval expansion, dissolving the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and by adopting a Nine Power Treaty designed to protect China from dismemberment and to reaffirm the principles of the Open Door. The grosser deficiencies of the Naval Treaty of 1922 from our point of view were remedied through the Naval Disarmament Conferences at Geneva in 1927 and at London in 1930, and the principles of limitation of naval armament and of naval parity were finally established and set down.

So far so good — these were matters of legitimate concern to us. However, we did not stop there. Carried on by an almost pathological urge, we then proceeded to take a prominent and often leading part in the endless series of conferences held at Geneva for the grandiose purpose of effecting measures of general disarmament of land forces. However desirable this might be from the per-

fectionist point of view, and quite regardless of the question of its practicability, this was emphatically not our affair, but a matter of purely European concern. In fact, as we found out, we did not even speak or think the same language as our European colleagues. Where we thought in terms of economy and Peace with a large "P," the nations of Europe were through force of their circumstances compelled to think first in terms of armed security. Ten years of continuous war in Europe followed by a decade of bitterness engendered by the inequalities of the Treaty of Versailles had not created there an atmosphere of trust or confidence in an unarmed peace. Admittedly grave though the problem be, it is still Europe's and not ours, for unless we are prepared to act in earnest in Europe, through the medium of force if need be — and we are not — we shall serve ourselves and Europe better if we keep our good intentions at home. Mr. Roosevelt may be obliged to carry on at Geneva to some extent in order not to incur the imputation of having wrecked the already tottering project of general disarmament, but the closer he confines our rôle at Geneva to that of friendly, sympathetic, but disinterested observer, the freer will he be to act in matters which are of real moment to the United States.

SIMILAR considerations apply to the question of our relationship to the League of Nations and the World Court. The League's writ has never run in the Western Hemisphere or in Russia, and that it has ceased to run in the Far East has been made painfully apparent through Japan's

bland and calculated acquisition of Manchuria in the face of all the threats and influence the League, reinforced by the United States, could bring to bear. In fact, if not in theory, the League has been reduced to being a purely European body, and its future will depend upon the degree to which it confines itself to European questions and the extent to which it can make itself useful in the settlement of these. There is now no serious question of American adherence to the League — adherence to the World Court if effected will be so hedged with reservations as to be meaningless. Even so staunch an advocate of the League as Mr. Newton Baker admits that American public opinion is not yet ready for League membership, and Mr. Roosevelt during the campaign felt called upon to observe that it was no longer the same League which he had supported in 1920. All fear of the League as a supersovereignty has evaporated.

However, the League remains as a political institution of some importance in Europe. Likewise it is important as a barometer by which the political atmosphere of Europe may oftentimes be read, and it affords a convenient and efficient means of dealing with non-political matters of general international scope. As such there is every reason why we should maintain with it a close, intimate and direct contact, much as we do with those other political institutions known as nations. The Republican administrations were in point of fact gradually forced from an exaggerated attitude of non-intercourse with the League to a system of backdoor communication and coöperation on occa-

sion, which despite its furtive attributes has steadily tended in the direction of a continuing relationship. It lies within Mr. Roosevelt's power to define and bring this relationship into the open in such a manner as to enhance the advantages which may accrue to us through a normal diplomatic association with the League, and equally to guard against the tendency both here and abroad which seeks through the medium of the League to draw us into the active arena of European affairs regardless of the actual and direct American interests involved. What concrete form this relationship is to take, whether we accredit to the League a special Ambassador or a High Commissioner, or merely designate a liaison officer, is relatively unimportant beside the question of establishing definitely a dignified and continuing relationship with the League that will adequately serve and protect American interests.

By the same token Mr. Roosevelt can appropriately hasten to regularize our relations with Soviet Russia and to put an end to the farce of the policy of non-recognition. Hitherto we have demanded as prerequisite to recognition the acknowledgment and repayment of American loans made to former Russian Governments (totaling perhaps \$250,000,000), compensation for American property seized or destroyed during the Russian Revolution and the cessation of Communist propaganda in the United States. However suitable these conditions may have been in 1920 they seem somehow inapplicable to 1933 when the whole structure of international debts, both public and private, is in a state of collapse,

when social and economic theories are in violent flux and when Communist propaganda in the United States is of demonstrated unimportance and impotence. Aside from the absurdity and futility of refusing to deal with a nation which covers one-sixth of the earth's surface, and which is politically perhaps the most stable Government in the world today, Russia offers a market for American goods, services and capital which can not be overlooked. More important yet, friendship with Russia will give us a friend in Eastern Asia, who, more than any one else, could give pause to the Japanese expansion in Manchuria and so restore the balance of power upon which our Far Eastern policy of the Open Door must rest. Russia appears ready to meet us more than half-way, and once we have the will to agree, the details of recognition, trade agreements and coöperation will follow without serious impediment.

In considering the nature of the diplomatic inheritance which Mr. Roosevelt is about to assume, there is one relic of post-War statesmanship which he may find a distinct embarrassment and handicap. This is no other than that extraordinary document known as the Kellogg Treaty, whereby the signatories solemnly renounce the use of force as an instrument of national policy. Originated by the late M. Briand as a disguised security pact at which he hoped the United States would not balk, it was deprived of all political meaning by its extension to all the nations of the world. Subsequent attempts to read other meaning and sanctions into it lead ultimately to the conclusion that its enforcement in

the event of hostilities anywhere in the world would logically involve the abandonment of our rights as a neutral, for which we have fought or threatened to fight on numerous historic occasions, and that it would appear to constitute a license and invitation to its signatories to intervene irresponsibly and gratuitously in any and all wars, under the pretext of seeking the observance of what is substantially an unenforceable rule of international conduct. Twice invoked by us in the Far East where we could have legitimately intervened equally well without its assistance, it led in one instance to a sharp and deserved rebuff from Russia, and in the other proved as ineffective to restrain the Japanese aggression on Manchuria as did the objurgations of the League of Nations. Mr. Stimson's attempt to put teeth in it by stating that the United States would not recognize territorial acquisitions brought about in violation of the Kellogg Treaty accomplished nothing in itself and is regarded by some as a definite step toward an inevitable clash with Japan. Unquestionably it has left us, so to speak, holding the bag so far as that particular situation is concerned, with little prospect of relief pending a rapprochement with Russia or a revolution in Japan.

Unless the Kellogg Treaty is conceded to be meaningless, it must appear as logically and demonstrably pernicious, unenforceable, or futile, as the case may be, and as such should be bundled hastily into the museum of diplomatic curiosities. Clearly it would be politically impossible to abrogate it explicitly without giving rise to serious, if un-

founded, misgivings at home and abroad. Surely, however, it can be permitted to become a dead letter through a tacit decision never to invoke it, and it is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt will come to some such determination. If he can do so he will have done more to restore American foreign policy to its proper realism than any one man has done since the spacious days of his distant cousin Theodore. War when all is said and done is still war, and not a "violation of the Kellogg Treaty."

ON THE whole it would appear that Mr. Roosevelt's problems in the foreign field will be, if difficult, at least fairly well defined. War debt revision, a modest and non-moralistic attitude toward disarmament, an objective one as regards the League of Nations, a realistic one where Russia and the Far East are concerned, renunciation of the Kellogg Treaty as an instrument of national policy, all these seem reasonably possible of attainment and devoid of undue embarrassments. The Monroe Doctrine will continue to operate much as it has in the past, as it operated under Cleveland, Roosevelt, Wilson, Hoover, and we shall continue to police the smaller Caribbean nations from time to time, and to proffer our good offices to the more southerly of our American neighbors as required.

In the field of economic and commercial relations with the rest of the world Mr. Roosevelt is described as approaching the problems involved with an open and forward-looking mind. Whether these are susceptible of solution through the forthcoming Economic Conference remains to be

seen, and it is to be doubted if Mr. Roosevelt, or any one else for that matter, is particularly sanguine as to its outcome. Nevertheless, its discussions may, if nothing else, prove of some educational value in helping demonstrate the part played in world economy by such things as international debts, public and private, by tariff barriers, trade restrictions, and currency depreciations, and so serve an ultimate if not an immediate purpose. Obviously if this is to be the case, discussion at the Conference must be comparatively frank and free, and this may not be possible until the thorny War debt problem is on its way to solution.

On the other hand the Conference may prove a convenient springboard for launching one of the principal measures which Mr. Roosevelt has in mind for restoring American foreign trade and international trade in general, namely the gradual replacement of the now existing tariff walls between the United States and other nations by a series of reciprocal trade and tariff agreements. Clearly such treaties can not be negotiated rapidly and consequently much time must pass before the ultimate success or failure of that policy can be determined. Such a policy is in its nature experimental and may be subject to extensive modifications. However, it has the virtue of making a beginning in the direction of increased foreign trade through the medium of lowered tariff barriers, and through its principle of reciprocity, it represents perhaps the most practical constructive step that can be made toward bringing the country toward the traditional Democratic doctrine of regarding the tariff as a

means to an end and not as an end in itself.

In reviewing the international problems which will shortly confront Mr. Roosevelt, one can not but be impressed by the fact that he enjoys certain advantages for dealing with them that have not been possessed by his Republican predecessors. In the first place he will be acting in a world that has been chastened and disillusioned by an economic depression of terrific impact and of unparalleled proportions, a world that has ceased to believe in miracles, a world that will be content to take what it can get, and which will be disposed to let the glittering promises of the past go glimmering if it can retain the realities of the present. Of this no one is better aware than Mr. Roosevelt, who owes his election as President to his acute perception of that fact. In pursuing a policy of limited objectives along the historic lines of American foreign policy he can make no serious error and he may be enabled to score substantial and important successes.

In the second place he enters office with a huge majority behind him in Congress which will, within reason, ratify and support any action he may see fit to take. He is indebted to no one person or element in the country or in his party for his election. Neither is he bound by any embarrassing commitments or precedents of policy in his own or in the opposing party. In short he has a completely free hand so far as is conceivably possible under the American Constitution. These are advantages which no President has had since Woodrow Wilson.

Perhaps most important is his

training in the use of the tools of government and his knowledge of what government can or can not do. Nothing has been more significant than his refusal to support President Hoover's plan for an extra-Constitutional commission to examine the War debt problem, and his expressed determination to deal with the question through the traditional medium of international intercourse, namely by diplomatic and personal negotia-

tion. Unless indications fail, he intends to restore these immemorial instruments of government to their proper function, and in the field of foreign affairs to put an end so far as possible to the methods of commission, conference and press agency which have so often and so inevitably disappointed the hopes of the nation. The opportunity is Mr. Roosevelt's and he can seize it, but — "Lord, let there be no more miracles."

Specie

BY FAITH VILAS

THE moon; frail, small,
Lies in night's pocket,
A last penny,
Eager to be spent for any
Whim; to purchase
A silver flare that weaves
Patterns on waves;
Or to buy the garden wall
A shadow-veil of leaves.

But the thick guinea-sun
Would be spent with care;
For weighty food;
Garments that rust;
A bronze screeching gun;
Or a parcel of earth
In which to turn dust.

But night's worn penny,
Thin almost to bending,
Is coin worth spending.

The Future of American Honesty

BY HERBERT C. PELL

Whose optimistic view is that our hope lies in the graveyard

THE failure of business leadership during the last decade has been caused by its refusal to recognize that there must be a moral foundation to social life. Honesty in this country has been a servile virtue, a quality demanded of cooks or clerks — a moss-backed eccentricity. It was no characteristic of the energetic and upstanding go-getter who made America what it is.

On all sides, complaints are heard about dishonest politicians, as if it were not perfectly clear to the meanest intelligence that dishonest politics would be inconceivable in an honest nation. I know of no case of a corrupt political group reaching great strength in any section of this country unless it was supported by the business leaders of the community. It was not the unfortunate members of the Bonus Army or even the leaders of the American legion who discovered that political pressure could be used on cowardly Congressmen to promote private interest.

The effort to make people sober by statute has had no success; it was not upheld by a sufficiently strong popular opinion. And yet we

must realize that there is in this country a greater stigma attached to drunkenness than to dishonesty. We can, therefore, fairly infer that the remedy for business dishonesty does not lie in legislation. We need a moral regeneration of the people. We must hope for the day when honesty in an American business man will not be a private taste like an interest in first editions or in anthropology. There must be a serious reward for honesty: enough to make its acquisition worth while.

When it becomes apparent to the ordinary man starting out in life that, if he devotes himself to "putting over fast ones," he will not be elected to directorates as an upstanding type of an energetic American business man, but will be refused as a sharper, he will not, if he is intelligent, adopt such methods of advancement. When a man realizes that, if his career has been one of dishonesty, neither he nor his sons will be admitted to reputable clubs or to good society, he will probably be content to leave his children a smaller fortune and a better reputation.

We need public indignation, resentment shown by the people against

those who exploit them. Grafters and gangsters are usually cowards themselves, but the communities in which they thrive are always cowardly, or else so deprived of the social sense that their minds are unable to grasp the fact that they themselves may be the next victims.

There is no use in trying to protect the American investor until he is willing to take some interest in protecting himself. Men wear clothes made of sheep's wool; none of us has ever seen a square inch of cloth woven from lions' manes, and yet it is obvious that a lion's mane is both longer and stronger than wool. The difference is that the lion resents being shorn and the sheep does not. Until our people begin actively to resent the looting process, looters will continue to appear. We will never get a real demand for honesty until the average man is more fearful of suffering from the corruption of others than hopeful of profiting by his own chicanery.

WE MUST not, however, allow ourselves to be deluded by those who tell us that we should get back to older standards. Make no mistake, the standards in the old days were far worse than they are now. Business control of the last twelve years was not as shameless as it was during the McKinley boom, and the *fin de siècle* corruption was a small thing compared with that of the Centennial.

Changes in the moral standards of nations are the consequence of shifting economic conditions. An Englishman is not more honest than an American because of any biological distinction, but because there is in

England and in the older established countries a greater reward for scrupulous business dealings.

Honesty is not a frontier virtue. In this country, families move from their place of origin; individuals move from their families. Few feel any serious responsibility to others or have a regard for the reputation of a community from which they may depart at any time.

The generation of boys which fought the Civil War found itself with home ties broken. The new inventions of Bessemer and of McCormick brought railroads and cultivated fields to a land greater than western Europe which ten years before had been inhabited by naked savages and by buffalo. An individual of sufficient force could, before he had passed the prime of life, carve a commonwealth as large as France from a wilderness to be had for the taking. Is it a wonder that force was the most admired quality? The great rewards went, and it seems almost captious to say that they went unjustly, to those who most firmly seized the opportunities that were set before them. Every one was engaged in a race for numberless and magnificent prizes. In this adventurous community, there was no one to judge the race, or to see that it was fairly run. It was to the interest of the leaders of these bold men to keep open for themselves every possible road to advancement, including if necessary crooked paths; therefore, they did not close them to others.

A boy graduating from college before 1880, having a certain ability to get on with his fellows and at least average industry and intelligence, could very reasonably entertain the

hope that, by accepting conditions as they were, he would find himself before he was fifty years old the proprietor of an independent income which would give him all the luxuries he could want.

No such hope is open for the boys of today. We are no longer a frontier country. Savings are harder to come by than they were; accumulations of capital, even small ones, can be made today only by those who will so highly value them as to be willing deliberately to forego many pleasures, luxuries and indulgences. They are no longer the results of fortunate accidents. The last debauch of the frontier has collapsed.

THOSE whose savings are the result of slow and wearisome accumulations will be less willing to give them to bright young business men with glib tongues than were their happy-go-lucky predecessors who felt that fortune would come and go with the wind, who believed that what was not spent would be surely lost in the near future and nearly as surely won again at another turn of the wheel.

One of the causes of the prolongation of the present crisis is the continuance of the suspicion held by the smaller possessors of money that the leaders of finance are not morally worthy of being entrusted with the property of others. The old idea that money, beyond what is necessary for living expenses, might as well be chucked on one project as on another seems to be dying fast.

Property in this country is drifting, as it necessarily must drift in any settled economic community, into the pockets of those who can

keep it and out of the hands of those who can merely acquire it. With its possession, there goes social, moral and political leadership; it is obvious that the standards of the "keeping" class will be different from those of the "getters" and on the whole that they will be better for the country at large. The keepers' hearts may be harder, but their fingers are less nimble; the average person is more likely to profit from the steadiness and order of a conservative and honest community than he is to imitate the tortuous career of the Napoleon of finance.

In the last thirty years there has been a tremendous change in the attitude of the American people and it has been a change for the better. I can remember the time, only thirty years ago, when a young man coming out into the world who did not enter business was regarded simply as a loafer and treated as if he were a menace to the community and a bad example to his associates. The careers of the writer, of the scientist, of the teacher, or of the politician were looked on simply as protective coloration adopted by idlers. Filling his pockets was the only career fit for a real man in a practical business world. There was one exclusive yardstick of success.

This is over and I do not believe that this standard will ever revive in the United States. The time has not come when stock brokers are considered as mere croupiers, but they are no longer considered by the community—in fact, they no longer even consider themselves—as the smart young staff officers of the industrial army. Other standards are creeping into the public con-

science and have definitely taken root there.

Today the majority of the leading graduates of our big colleges do not go into business; the rewards of a commercial career are no longer great enough to draw them from occupations where their intelligence can be advantageously displayed. These men will provide the mental leadership of the new generation; they will become the controlling force in the country. Intelligence may seem to get a small cut of any particular pie, but in the long run, it will win as inevitably as does the percentage at Monte Carlo. As the older leaders disappear, their places are not being taken by individuals as dominant as they, but by committees of promoted clerks. We must not forget that intellectual honesty is the most conspicuous mark of intelligence and that a man

who is capable of being intellectually honest is usually incapable of being dishonest in other ways.

At present, the hope of the country lies in the graveyard, to which will be retired those who block the promotion of the new and intelligent leaders of the community.

If we remain permanently unable to control the enemies of public integrity who oppress us from above, we will surely have to meet the attack of the enemies of public order who will arise from below. It is self-evident madness for the property-holding class in a democracy to set up a standard of mere legalism. Adroitness, organization and chicane can not permanently control the power of the masses. They will overwhelm us or protect us according to whether they have been cheated or treated fairly. They will be ruled by their own sense of justice or not at all.



1918: a German Peace

BY ROGER SHAW

*If the March, 1918, German offensive had been successful,
how different would the world be now?*

FIFTEEN years ago this March, Germany and her allies were at the height of their power as the World War dragged toward its fifth year. Russia had quit the conflict at Brest-Litovsk, Rumania was shortly to follow her example, Italy had been crippled the preceding fall at Caporetto. France had been bled white by her repeated offensives, the submarine blockade was exacting its grim toll of Allied shipping, the United States had not as yet thrown its numbers into the fray in overwhelming bulk.

Then came the great German offensive of March 21, 1918, which destroyed Gough's Fifth British Army through the new military tactics of infiltration which Ludendorff had perfected in secret. The first German gains of ground and prisoners were phenomenal. Paris was again threatened as the irresistible Field Grays surged forward, and the so-called Peace Offensive was on the verge of success. The Allied cause saw defeat looming up out of the battle mists of St. Quentin. Would it, after all, be a German peace?

At this time it is interesting to

speculate on what a German peace would have meant. Would it have been a dictation whose edicts crushed a prostrate Europe beneath the hob-nailed military heel, or would there have been benefits, economic solidarity, a certain innate stability, a demolition of tariff walls and a spread of social benefits and careful management, as exemplified in the internal structure of the German Reich? Certainly Austria-Hungary would have escaped destruction, to be ultimately federalized upon a Swiss basis, and the Balkanization of the Danubian area would have been thereby avoided. The East of Europe, at least, would have been thrown open to an approximation of free trade through customs unions.

One hears it frequently said that the Kaiser was out to conquer the world in 1914; that a German peace would have been an unspeakable calamity to mankind; even that France and England would have been reduced to the humble status of German provinces.

Such extravagant statements will not bear close examination, as the smoke of battle slowly recedes and the fires of propaganda burn them-

selves into dusty ashes. That Germany and Austria-Hungary contemplated conquests is, of course, incontrovertible; but that the extent of these conquests would have been more excessive than those imposed by the peace treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, Trianon and Neuilly, is to be gravely doubted. For Austria-Hungary was completely dismembered by the Allies, and Germany suffered the loss of one-seventh of her territory. All German colonies were lost, reparations payments were fixed astronomically, Bulgaria was pared down, Turkey was slated for complete demolition. "War guilt" and "War criminals" were introduced into the treaties to add humiliation; the German navy and merchant marine were confiscated; the German army was reduced to a police guard. Even the Rhineland and East Prussia, solidly German, were threatened with annexation. All this although the Armistice of November 11, 1918, was based on Woodrow Wilson's equitable Fourteen Points. The Allied settlement has been compared to that imposed on Carthage by Ancient Rome — a Punic peace! What more could the Germans have accomplished if they had won by a knockout? As we examine the evidence, it appears that they would have been satisfied with a settlement considerably more modest.

The neutral nations did not regard a German peace with any special horror. Spain, Sweden and Switzerland were mostly pro-German, judging from their contemporary press comment, while Holland disliked Belgium and distrusted England. In Norway and Denmark the

sentiment was divided, and perhaps mildly pro-Ally. But none of these danger-zone lands regarded the spectre of the German Bully with the panicky fear in which he was viewed across the Atlantic. Let us, then, examine in some detail the ambitions of Germany in the World War.

THE German settlement of Eastern questions was made definite by the two treaties of Brest-Litovsk, signed by the Central Powers and the Ukrainian Republic on February 9, 1918, and by the Central Powers and Soviet Russia on March 3. This Slavic peace was followed by the treaty of Bucharest, signed by the Central Powers and Rumania on May 7. The provisions of these three treaties, intended to be lasting, were annulled by German defeat and the Armistice arrangements of November. But they serve as a valuable index of what Germany wanted, and was able to obtain, from foes completely vanquished on the battlefields of Eastern Europe.

Peace at Brest-Litovsk was concluded, at least in theory, "without annexations and indemnities, recognizing the right of self-determination for all peoples." The Germans demanded that similar principles be introduced in peace negotiations with their enemies in the West, but the Allies demurred at the phrasing which had been originated by Bolshevik Russians. There were lengthy wranglings between Kuehlmann and Czernin, the German and Austrian foreign ministers, supervised by the omnipotent General Hoffmann, and Trotsky and Joffe, the leading Russian delegates. At one point Trotsky

left the conference in disgust for nearly two weeks.

First came the Ukrainian treaty. The Ukraine had seceded from Red Russia to form an independent capitalistic republic, upheld by Austro-German bayonets. Its status was not unlike that of present-day Manchukuo, with Germany playing the part of Japan and Russia that of China. With this new State the Central Powers dealt generously, Austria ceding the Cholm district to the Ukrainians, and promising to organize the Ukrainian portions of Austrian Galicia and the Bukovina into an autonomous crownland. Austria also guaranteed the fullest concessions to the Ukrainian language and culture throughout her Empire. The Ukraine, in turn, undertook to supply the Central Powers with a million tons of breadstuffs annually—an important point in the face of the pressing British hunger blockade.

Soviet Russia, while objecting to this recognition of the Ukrainian State, signed her own treaty nearly a month later—with the Russian Sokolnikov accepting all conditions “dictated by Germany sword in hand.” The Russians were forced to recognize the secession of Poland, Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia, mostly occupied by German armies which had organized native Governments friendly to themselves. The Russians had demanded popular referenda in these districts (following the withdrawal of the German troops), but the Germans contended that the local governing bodies were able to express adequately the feelings of their peoples. Russia also acknowledged the in-

dependence of Finland, the Finns regarding the Germans as national liberators. In Poland the Germans had set up an autonomous Polish Government in 1916, following their occupation of the country.

Turkey received from Russia the important concessions of Kars, Batum and Ardahan. Economic relations with Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria were based on general reciprocity. Russia was ordered to pay 300,000,000 gold rubles as “compensation” for damage done, but not as a War indemnity. In this there was a precedent for the Allies, who refused indemnities but accepted reparations in camouflaged form at Versailles—to the tune of \$31,000,000,000 as finally formulated.

Rumania, by the treaty of Bucharest, ceded the Dobruja up to the Danube. Bulgaria acquired the southern half, which she had lost to Rumania in 1913. Rumania was granted a trade route to the Black Sea via Constanta. The Hungarian frontier was advanced to the Carpathians. Most important of all, the Central Powers secured invaluable concessions on the Danube, in the Rumanian oil fields and over the Rumanian railways. Rumania was compensated by the Russian province of Bessarabia, rich in wheat and possessed of a predominantly Rumanian population. This territory is today a bone of fierce contention between Rumania and the loser, Soviet Russia.

It is interesting to note that the new States of Europe—Poland, Finland and the Baltic countries—were brought into *de jure* existence by the treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

Just as the Allies were glad to set up Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Greater Rumania at the expense of Austria-Hungary, so were the Central Powers glad to pose as champions of small nations at the expense of Russia. Had Germany remained undefeated, they would today be linked to the Reich and to Austria-Hungary by economic pacts, and possibly by dynastic rulers of German origin. Central Europe, in turn, would never have become economically subdivided into succession States. Germany and Austria-Hungary had themselves signed a utilitarian trade agreement in 1918, which would have brought commercial prosperity to great stretches of this now-stricken area.

The exact status of Poland was first in dispute. Austria had desired its autonomous inclusion within her Empire, which would thereby have been expanded into a triple monarchy, but Hungary blocked this solution. Certain Pan-Germans had desired the organization of a Polish federal state as a member of the German Reich. The final solution was that of a nominally independent Polish regency, with the closest of economic ties to both Germany and Austria-Hungary, and Pilsudski in command of the Polish armies. Such a Poland was not to include the Polish areas of Prussia, such as Posen and Upper Silesia, which the Allies later conferred upon the new State at Versailles. But at least there would have been no resultant feud, such as that over the present "Polish Corridor."

It is interesting to note, by the way, that the Russian, German and Austrian delegates mingled in a

friendly way at Br st-Litovsk — be-whiskered proletarians and bemonocled noblemen consorting together in personal amity. How different was the atmosphere at Versailles, where the German delegates were treated like felons arraigned before justice. Moral indignation was alien to the realists who convened at the Congress of Vienna, and at Br st-Litovsk, although the ardent Bolsheviks of 1918 flayed the capitalist world by speech and radio.

WHAT Germany desired in the West is by no means as certain as her aims in the East. In the East the research historian has the definite proof of legally negotiated treaties, whose provisions established a *status quo* at least for a time. But the Germans themselves were joined in violent disagreement as to what should be done in the matters of France and Belgium.

Alsace-Lorraine would, of course, have remained within the Reich — although Kaiser Karl of Austria-Hungary had suggested its recession to France in order that that country might be inclined to a timely peace. Colonel House, incidentally, believed that the two provinces had best be turned over to Switzerland — the Swiss and the Alsatians having much in common. However, a victorious Germany had no intention of surrendering Metz and Strassburg. As to the inhabitants themselves, their protests against pre-War German rule have only been equaled by their protests against that of post-War France.

Belgium was a moot point among the Germans. The Social-Democrats and other liberal groups, who con-

stituted a heavy majority in the wartime Reichstag, were openly against annexation; and the Reichstag's stirring Peace Resolution of July 19, 1917, was far removed from any taint of Pan-Germanism. German labor, opposed to its own national imperialism as well as to that of other countries, was in sympathy with the Reichstag majority.

The German general staff, however, and German big business favored more aggressive solutions. There was talk of Belgium as a German federal state, of an independent Belgium in economic alliance with the Reich, and of minor frontier rectifications of strategic importance industrially or militarily. Many of the Flemish autonomists in Belgium welcomed German interference in their behalf. For years the French and Flemish languages had been in conflict, with the French-speaking occupying a favored position. Flemish is very closely akin to Low German (as spoken in Hamburg and Bremen); and the Pan-Germans were quick to champion the aspirations of their "oppressed relatives."

Belgium, after the German occupation, was therefore divided into French and Flemish halves, with Naumur as a centre for the former and Brussels for the latter. Within the Flemish half, the Flemish language was made exclusively the official one; and the famous University of Ghent was Flemicized to the delight of many Flemish scholars. In all this, the Germans were aided by a *parti activiste* of Flemish nationalists who were demanding an independent Flemish State under German protection. It is possible that such a solution might have been adopted

if Germany had triumphed. The Flemish, looking to Germany as a liberator, could easily have gravitated into the German orbit upon an independence basis. Their position would have paralleled that of Finland and other of the Baltic States which owed their national existence to German efforts. It will be noted that today the countries of the Little Entente (Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia) entertain similar close relations with their own wartime benefactor, France.

The most extravagant of the demands to be enforced against a defeated France embodied moderate plans for frontier revision to the economic and military advantage of Germany. There was talk of annexing Longwy, a fortress, and such iron districts as Briey perhaps. Ludendorff, it appears, considered such action desirable from a strategic standpoint; and it will be remembered that it was Moltke who, in 1871, persuaded an unwilling Bismarck to consent to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine against his better judgment. The parliamentary liberals of Germany were as little interested in gains at the expense of France as they were in gains in Belgium. To them, the War was directed at a Czarist Russia whose cruel despotism they hated. War with the West they regarded as an unfortunate sequel — and they looked to its speedy termination.

As to little Serbia, all but eliminated from the War in 1915, Austria-Hungary had tired of her Pan-Slavic agitation and therefore proposed to weaken her by partial territorial losses. This, however, was opposed by the Hungarian statesman Tisza,

who feared that Slavic annexations might weaken still more the already over-Slavic Dual Monarchy which had wobbled badly throughout the War, and finally fell to pieces. It is certain that the Serbian dynasty of Karageorge, which was anti-Austrian and pro-Russian, would have been displaced — there being a rival dynasty of Serbia, the Obrenoviches, which was pro-Austrian and anti-Russian traditionally. The business-like Bulgarians, real enemies of Serbia, were expecting heavy territorial gains in Macedonia which would, in all probability, have been fulfilled.

Italy, of course, would not have obtained the South Tyrol, Trieste, Fiume and her other War gains. But she would not have suffered severely, for very minor frontier changes were the outstanding penalties which threatened her. Germany felt no special bitterness toward the Italians, and Austria-Hungary (which was violently anti-Italian) had no desire for another peninsular hegemony after her unfortunate experiences of the Nineteenth Century.

AVICTORIOUS Germany would have retained the Hohenzollern dynasty without question, but it is well to remember that the German Empire was in the process of democratization as the War progressed. The secret of its autocracy was primarily the Prussian three-class voting system (which favored plutocracy by assigning votes upon a tax-list basis). In his Easter Message of 1917, the Kaiser promised an adequate franchise reform which would have remedied matters. The Imperial chancellors, furthermore,

were responsible to the Kaiser instead of to the Reichstag. But Prince Max, last of these executives, considered himself responsible to the Reichstag in September, 1918. At this time the Social-Democrats again demanded the liberation of Belgium as a condition for their participation in the Government. Ludendorff's military dictatorship, dating from 1916, had been purely a wartime makeshift; and evolution along the democratic lines of a limited monarchy was in rapid progress. Revolution was quite unnecessary in the liberalizing of the Reich. As to the Junkers, they have fared nearly as well under the Republic as they did under the Empire.

That Germany had special designs against the British Empire is hard to prove. Certain it is that she desired a lessening of British commercial supremacy and prestige; and it is probable that German propaganda was active in India and among the Boers and Irish. Indeed, had England met with decisive defeat in Flanders, independent Irish and South African republics might now be in existence, along with a chaotic India freed from the British *Raj*. But such developments would have occurred spontaneously, rather than at the behest of Germany.

Sir Roger Casement, indeed, was not highly regarded in many German circles during the War. German die-hards regarded him as a traitor, even as he was regarded by British Tories of the Birkenhead stamp. In Germany the Sinn Fein appears to have been widely regarded as a wartime tool — and not a particularly savory tool at that. That

England would have paid roundly is doubtless true, although in comparison to the subsequent reparations levy, the English burden might have been light.

Germany would have claimed the Belgian Congo and, doubtless, the Portuguese colonies in Africa to boot. But these proposed annexations had been viewed with no particular disfavor by Great Britain before the War. The alleged atrocities perpetrated in the Congo region had caused British public opinion to favor a change of management there; and Portuguese Africa was notoriously mismanaged, it seems.

The great gain to Germany triumphant would have been the opening of Central and Eastern Europe to almost unrestricted commercial penetration, on the economic benefits of which the scholarly Friederich Naumann dreamed in his "*Mittel-europa*." Instead of a Balkanization now extending to the very gates of Vienna, there would have loomed the mighty alternative of Berlin-to-Bagdad — a unity depending not on the bayonet but upon mutual prosperity, a unity which had its feeble echo in the attempted Austro-German customs union which was shattered in 1931, and which is hinted at in the so-far ineffective efforts toward a Danubian Confederation. Having destroyed one Austria-Hungary, the logical economic partner of the German Reich, it seems increasingly necessary to create another.

WHERE would the United States have stood as the result of German victory? By March, 1918, the United States had not begun to

exert anything like its full military strength; and the number of American soldiers at the front and in action was comparatively small. Protected by the strong American navy, and facing a war-weary victor whose transatlantic ambitions were practically nil, the Statue of Liberty, it seems, would have continued to hold aloft its beacon to the world's disinherited. German invasion of the vast American continent would have been strategic madness; and Germany had no weapon by which War indemnities could have been extorted from the Washington Treasury.

America was playing something of a lone hand in the World War, as it was. General Pershing insisted on the maintenance of an independent American army command. America had no part in the secret treaties which bound the Allies together. America finally repudiated the Versailles Treaty and signed a separate peace with the Reich. America refused colonial mandates and German reparations. The United States was never an official member of the Allied circle. In 1812 we had fought Great Britain independent of Napoleon, who was also fighting Great Britain. In 1918 there was a much more intensive coöperation with the foes of Germany — but it was none the less limited. Hence German triumph over the Allied nations would conceivably have resulted in an equitable German-American draw; just as 1812 resulted in an Anglo-American draw.

It is true that an economically-united *Mittleuropa* might have proved a formidable competitor to American trade, but prosperity in

one area has the contagious habit of spreading to others. At any rate, one of the leading causes of the current world depression is the economic disruption of *Mittleuropa* — and this depression has spread to the United States with a vengeance. Healthy economic competition would probably have proved preferable to the prevalent mutual misery, in which the Balkanization of Austria-Hungary has played its full share. Debts owed by the Allies to America would doubtless have been defaulted in the event of Allied defeat; but America has not been over-fortunate in the process of debt collections to date — despite Allied victory.

On one thing the United States and Germany were in agreement — on freedom of the seas, for which Woodrow Wilson had striven against England. Wilson and the Germans both favored wartime neutralization of the high seas, with the commerce of all nations free from search and confiscation. Blockades, they seem to have agreed, should be confined to within the three-mile limits of combatants. But the oceans must be as safe for all as any neutral Switzerland. In the event of German victory, the British fleet — which upheld the right of search and seizure — would doubtless have met with the same fate as the German navy, which was scuttled by its own devoted seadogs off Scapa Flow in the summer of 1919.

Incidentally, the famous Zimmermann note of 1917, which offered to

Mexico her “lost provinces” of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, was a fantastic gesture never very seriously regarded in Washington, London or Berlin. The proposed German-Mexican-Japanese alliance against the United States was so impracticable as to delight propagandists and humorists, while it bored the more serious map-makers of the world. The Monroe Doctrine and the hegemony of Latin America were of little interest to a Germany whose specific orientation — *Drang nach Osten* — was commercially eastwards and southeast. The very conception of *Mittleuropa* was somewhat analogous, in its own sphere, to that of President Monroe in the Americas.

The League of Nations idea was not, it appears, exclusively Wilsonian. Matthias Erzberger, the great German liberal who was murdered in 1921, the man primarily responsible for the Peace Resolution of 1917, advocated a League of Nations while the War was still in progress. He even wrote a detailed wartime book upon the subject. Benevolent internationalism was not exclusively a transatlantic product, although to Woodrow Wilson must go the constructive credit. The Peace Resolution had declared that it would “energetically promote the creation of international juridical organizations,” simultaneously condemning “forced acquisitions of territory” and advocating an “economic peace” which could “prepare the ground for the friendly association of the peoples.”

Visitors

BY ETHEL HEPBURN

A Story

THERE was a Wayne farm at each end of the valley, and between them, where the fields ended at the low pasture hill, wound the dug road, along which Susan was walking with utmost care, small brown hands gathering to her body the crisp skirt of a red and white dress which must be kept away from the high weeds and their dusty dew. The dug road was hardly more than twin paths, worn by wheels and the feet of horses through the weeds.

Suddenly the snubbed black shoes stood still. A sparrow lighted on a milkweed stalk, which swayed with the impact of his landing, to and fro. He rode saucily upon its swaying, and Susan put him into words: "A sparrow tilting on a weed. A sparrow tilting on a weed." The whole ripe summer morning swayed on the milkweed stalk, and all the outspread beauty of the valley spoke in her poem, "A sparrow tilting on a weed." If she said it to Esther, which she wouldn't, that one would protest, reasonably, "But it can't be a poem, Susan; it's only one line." It was only one line, but it was a poem, too.

The road curved gently around the hill, and then she could see Aunt

Jo's; the peaked, faded yellow house standing austere apart from the warm red barns and sheds, its sharp line softened by two great flanking trees, the east willow and the west willow. It was hard to believe what Father said, that they had been just two slender walking whips when Grandfather Wayne had stuck them in the ground. It was hard to imagine the bleak outline of Aunt Jo's house without its trees.

Susan went round the house on the side where the dairy was built over a spring. Aunt Jo was out there wiping brown crocks and putting them out on a ledge to sun. The churn stood outside the dairy, propped on a stone so the sun could fill it up; the lid of the churn lay on the ledge, bleaching in the sun.

Aunt Jo didn't feel Susan there, watching her. Aunt Jo always worked so quietly, in a strange, detached calm, as if only her body were busy. She was so different from Mother, who was so present in every moment, darting around at her work like a merry bird, and nearly always humming or singing. That, it might be, was why Mother's hair swirled around every which way, little curls over each temple, little curls at the

back of her neck, and why Aunt Jo's silvering-gold waves rippled back so smoothly to a tight little knot. Susan tried to imagine Mother under Aunt Jo's neat, exact waves; tried to imagine Aunt Jo topped off with Mother's happy, careless curls. It made them both so funny that Susan laughed softly, and Aunt Jo turned around. The corners of her calm, leaf-brown eyes crinkled a little, which was all the way Aunt Jo ever smiled, and she said, "Good morning, Susan. Esther's upstairs. Go on in if you want to."

Susan went on to the house, but stopped inside the kitchen door, finding the house as excited and upset as the dairy was quiet and orderly. Cousin Maggie and Charlotte, Cousin Loren's wife, were scrubbing swishily, one at the floor, the other at the mixing table. The kitchen smelled of apple butter and ginger bread, and somebody had hung fresh curtains, the ones with the sunflower borders, at the windows. Through the opposite door Susan saw Marie, Aunt Jo's youngest and least domestic daughter, polishing the dining room chairs with great energy and concentration. Marie was the first to know Susan was there. She turned, and her eyebrows went up drolly, mocking herself for taking dusting so seriously, or mocking the others for thinking she did. Marie was ten years older but sometimes, at least, they were friends and Susan felt they were contemporaries, each being the youngest daughter of a Wayne, with a younger brother and five older brothers and sisters.

"Hello, Sukey," Marie called in her somewhat sulky voice, "Esther's

upstairs. Go on up if you want to." Then Cousin Maggie looked around, though her shoulder didn't stop scrubbing at the table, "Oh, hello, Susan. Yes, Esther's upstairs. Go on up if you want to." Susan didn't particularly want to but there was no help for it. She felt herself being wafted toward the stairs on the breath of so many permissions to ascend.

Esther was Cousin Maggie's daughter, Aunt Jo's granddaughter, Susan's second cousin and just past ten. Susan wouldn't be ten until November, but there were times when Esther seemed incredibly young to her, times when she would rather be shadow in the grown-up world than substance in Esther's.

Upstairs didn't mean the second floor, where the bedrooms were. Susan didn't glance in a one of them. She went down to the end of the hall, where a little narrow stair led up to the attic. Her feet clapped from the carpeted hall to the bare pine steps, and Esther called out, "That you, Susan?" Susan's head rose out of the stair-well in answer, and in swift interrogation she crossed to where her cousin lay on her stomach beneath the small square window, a dusty book between her propped elbows. Without preamble, Susan demanded, "What are they doing all that for?" Esther closed her book, looked up with wide and solemn eyes, "My Uncle Rodger and my Uncle Rodger's wife are coming for a visit."

SILENCE so sudden and so deep they could hear each other's breath. Susan swallowed with difficulty, and her lips parted; a pulse in her throat was choking her. Her

eyes sought the sky through the little dusty window; the attic was too mean and cluttered a place in which to hear that Sherna Wayne was coming to this valley. The silence was pricked by Esther's nervous giggle; she flopped the covers of her book to break the spell that was upon Susan. "What'll we do, Susan?" she chirped briskly. "What'll we play? What would you like to play, Susan?"

Susan sat down cross-legged upon the floor. Her gravity was a rebuke. She smoothed the red and white dress over her knees, and then, with an oblique glance at Esther she asked, crossly, "Why do you always say 'my Uncle Rodger's wife'? You don't call your Aunt Charlotte your Uncle Loren's wife. Why don't you call her —" she hesitated for a soft breath — "why don't you call her Aunt Sherna?"

Esther shrugged the question off, but Susan waited under straight brows for an answer to it. Esther explained, lamely, "Perhaps because it's such a funny name. Isn't it a funny name, Susan? I never heard of any one named Sherna. Did you ever hear of any one named Sherna, Susan?" Susan frowned deeply. Esther didn't, of course, mean funny; she only meant different. So many people, though, thought being different was being funny. Sherna was different. And it was right for her to have a name that was different, too, a name no one had ever had since names began, except perhaps long ago, some princess in a golden gown.

The attic was so still that the sharp staccato of a momentary argument between Aunt Jo's girls came up to them; they couldn't hear the words,

just the edged voices of women getting crossly tired. Susan was sorry for them, a little. It was a tremendous responsibility, getting a house ready for Sherna Wayne. "When?" she asked Esther, who shook her head. "I don't know just when. I don't think they know. But soon, I guess, the way they all act."

Susan felt like shouting, like racing a cloud shadow over fields, like climbing the tallest tree. "Let's get out of here," she said, her voice sounding out loudly after the silence, "I don't feel like reading today, do you?"

By intuitive agreement they avoided attracting the grown-ups' attention; coming down the stairs very quietly, and turning at the landing to go out through the living room, instead of through the kitchen. They went out into the yard, and when they came to the west willow they climbed into its broad low branches. Susan lay on her stomach along one great shaggy limb, surveying the familiar house, and yard and orchard, and marveling how new, how sharply different and first-seen they seemed, now Sherna's eyes, that had rested on mountains and oceans, great paintings, precious books and important people, were to look on them again. Even Esther — Susan turned her head and studied her cousin through narrowed eyes — even Esther had lost her placid familiarity. She was a strange child, and now she was asking, with naked and unaccustomed directness, a strange question: "Susan, do you really believe my Aunt Sherna is wicked?"

Susan was too astounded to answer, and Esther, as if frightened by

her own temerity, hurried on, "I heard Mrs. Lynn say that Aunt Sherna had another husband before she had Uncle Rodger." Susan felt as if the willow tree were swaying in a great wind; her arms tightened around the branch on which she lay. Too shaken, too unmoored to make any reply she was, and Esther, a bit piqued, perhaps, that her cousin remained so unimpressed by her story, continued, "Mrs. Lynn said Sherna had a little baby, too, and that she went gallivanting round — that she went gallivanting round with Uncle Rodger and neglected her little baby till it died."

THIS wasn't real. This was one of those dreadful dreams, like her recurring one of coming toward home and finding the houses all changed about and Mother not in any of them, where you knew you were dreaming, where you struggled with all your will to get awake, and could not. Yet you didn't quite die of it, because you knew it was a dream. Susan pulled herself out of devastation, now, on the thought that a thing can be said, and not be true. She sat up and faced Esther, and her eyes were angry. "That Mrs. Lynn!" she said witheringly, spitting each word out separately in her scorn. "That Mrs. Lynn!"

Esther retreated before that anger. She agreed, instantly, "I don't believe a word of it, either." And when they had sat in spent silence a little while, she added, dreamily, "Anyway, she is beautiful. I think my Uncle Rodger is sort of beautiful too. And I'll tell you something else," she confided suddenly, in an excited whisper, "I think they're in

love. The way the people in those books up there were in love." Susan nodded, wordlessly, so close to wonder that she could not talk about it. She was seeing Sherna Wayne as she had seen her first, standing in a doorway in Aunt Jo's house, swaying in a dark green dress that folded her round as sepals fold in a bud, a dress whole and uninterrupted, without a single bow, or buckle, or clasp, without a scrap of ribbon or a loop of braid. That moment of her standing there, still and right and living, like a tree; that moment, Susan knew, she would remember when she was dust. Her thoughts groped slowly along the words,

I shall remember, surely, when I am dust
Beauty swaying alone, and unafraid,
Beauty lifting its face to us, alone.

That was two years ago, when Sherna and Rodger had been home on their honeymoon. Susan could never abide that word before. She had cringed from it with a resentful sensing of its meaning a poor concession to romance; a matter of getting through with romance, getting it over and out of the way so that the legitimate ends of crops and canning, of accumulating babies and a parlor set could be served. But on the night they had all been at Aunt Jo's to welcome the Wayne bride, and when Mother was leaving, taking Dinny and herself and little Rodger home to bed while day still hung, caught on a little new moon in the sky, Sherna and Rodger had come out with them on to the west stoop. And Rodger, big Rodger, had spoken then about the beauty of the night, the beauty of the moon. Not ashamedly, as if he ought not to notice things like that, but sweetly,

as if he were saying a poem. And Sherna had slipped her arm through his, and smiling first at him, then down at Mother on the steps below them she had said, "Of course, lover. That's a honey-moon." Making two words of it; her voice all throaty with love and laughter.

And the magic of that now lovely word had mingled with the beauty of the night, and with the glamor of this strange smooth woman who was now a Wayne, too. Magic and glamor and beauty had gone with them down the dug road. Little Rodger, Susan remembered, had been sleepy and cross and wanted carrying, but of course he was nearly seven, and Mother couldn't. But she had held him by the hand, herself trudging through the weeds in the centre of the road, so that Rodger could walk in the smooth rut. And Susan, in the other rut, had reached up for Mother's hand, too, and it had closed, warm and strong, over hers. Dinny, who was twelve then, had trudged on ahead of them, almost lost in the dusk. And up from the marshland the frogs had, as Mother said, "spoken the ancient and mindless word." The dew had been chill through Susan's stockings and through her shoes.

No one had said anything about Sherna until they were almost home. Then she had whispered to Mother, "Isn't she beautiful?" Mother's head had lifted to the far moon, and she had answered, "Very, very beautiful," in her voice that was like no other voice in the world; husky, faintly weary, a bell ringing far off down the wind. Susan had thought, that night, weaving the gold thread of a new love into the close-knit

fabric of an old, that Sherna's voice was a little like Mother's; that it would be more like Mother's when Sherna was old, when she had had many babies to be sad and glad for. That night the thought of Sherna's babies had been sweet; Susan had seen them, little pointed-faced pixies with Sherna's red-gold hair. But now, when she thought of them, their faces were suddenly blind and dark, because of what Mrs. Lynn had said. Of course it wasn't true. What was the terrible power of ugly words that even when you knew they weren't true you couldn't get them out of your mind?

Susan wondered if Sherna would look the same. Her hair would still be reddish gold and her face heart-shaped, delicately drawn and lighted with laughter. She wouldn't, of course, be wearing the green gown, but whatever she wore would be sleek and all of a piece with herself, as if she had been born in it. Susan's heart began to quicken with the expectation of beauty, throbbing a little heavily, as when she woke from an ugly dream which she had already forgotten, but still feared she might remember.

UNCLE NEILL was coming in across the potato patch. "There comes your grandfather," Susan announced in the curiously mature tone she sometimes used to Esther. Neill Wayne was only Father's brother, but he was Esther's grandfather. That, surely, proved that Esther was younger, even if she was older. Esther slid out of the tree; her fat legs twinkled out to meet him. His deep, kind voice boomed pleasantly back to Susan, "Come

on, Sukey. Lunch must be about ready." Slowly Susan lowered herself out of the tree, feeling that while she had been in it she had grown old and tall. She walked sedately into the house to which Sherna Wayne was coming for a visit.

They weren't eating in the dining room, with its deep windows of ferns and spicy-smelling geraniums. Lunch was spread on the great long table at the side of the kitchen. The room was very warm, for that huge furnace of a cook stove had to be fired to frying heat in order to make a pot of coffee, and warm up some potatoes. The table was covered with a red and white checked cloth. There were gold and white eggs, sizzled in butter; yesterday's potatoes, cut in bits and fried to crisp butter-brown; slices of cold ham, and of bread; jelly, jam and apple butter; milk for the young, coffee for the old. And when they had finished, Aunt Jo brought out great slices of Dutch pie, a deep dish rhubarb pie with a latticed top, and over each slice she poured great blobs of yellow cream. They were eating this dessert slowly, because they had eaten too much before they began it, and making the occasional desultory remarks of a family at table, when the clippity-clip of trotting horses, and the clatter of carriage wheels sounded in the lane. They weren't coming up the dug road, which is a short cut to Dalles, but down the hill, in by the "company road" from Langford, the nearest railway town, six miles away.

A waiting silence fell upon them all. Then Aunt Jo said, with her usual absent calm, "It's Rodger and Sherna, I expect." Marie pouted,

"We would be eating in the kitchen, when she came." "Now, Marie," admonished Aunt Jo, conveying in those two words a whole sermon on hospitality, and making people feel welcome, and not getting fussed about trifles, "Now, Marie." A halloo sounded from the porch, and the family rose and moved in solid formation to meet the visitors. Only Susan and Esther remained at the table; Esther still poking with her spoon at her now soggy Dutch pie, and Susan just sitting, her heart pounding, her eyes looking down the red and white cloth at the sticky disorder which Sherna would be seeing any moment now. Excited high chatter, and laughter, coming nearer, Uncle Neill's laughter booming out, and Rodger's following it like a thinner echo. Susan didn't look up from the table, but she knew when they came through the door; Rodger with his arm around Aunt Jo, Uncle Neill standing aside and waiting for some one to come through the door. Now, Sherna was in the room. The laughter and chatter grew thin and far off, and little bells of silence came with the bright presence into the room. Then voices again; then her voice. "Why, Mother Wayne. I do believe you're having Dutch pie. Rodger, they're having Dutch pie. It isn't all gone, is it, Mother?" Nothing of Aunt Jo's was ever all gone. She was clearing a place for them, calmly, and they were sitting down as if they had never seen a table without a red and white cloth.

Sherna's smooth dark voice was running over the moment of strangeness. "Hello, Esther. It is Esther, isn't it?" Susan agonized for her

cousin, having to voice that smothered "Yes'm, thank you," having it waited for and listened to. And then it seemed to Susan there was a special little pause. A presence leaned toward her, a faintly fragrant presence. A soft hand was under her chin, tilting her face. "Why, it's Susan," Sherna cried, and Susan's uplifted eyes saw she was more golden, more beautiful than the memory of her. "Rodger, it's Susan. How's your mother, dear?" Susan felt as if both she and Mother had been decorated. She wondered, afterward, if she had made any answer at all. She stood up, shyly, and in a moment or two, in the confusion of much talking, the table being cleared and chairs being returned to the dining room, she slipped away, and started home.

The valley drowns in heat; heat swirled down from the pasture hill, and no birds sang there; heat swirled up from the wheat fields, across the corn. Susan walked slowly along the way, wearing her pride like a cloak. Sherna saying, "Why it's Susan. Rodger, it's Susan!" in that tone of Susan being some one special. It made her feel tall and slim and all of a piece, like Sherna. It made her feel interesting and important. It made her sure she would be interesting and important. She would walk along the street in San Francisco and people would ask who she was, knowing she was some one special. And Sherna would tell them, her voice grown huskier, and more tired, more like Mother's voice, "Yes, that's our cousin, Susan Wayne, the famous poet. Isn't she lovely? And that distinguished old lady is her mother, our Aunt Helen. Aren't they lovely, both?"

And then, out of the soft mist of the dream, she remembered what she had wanted not to remember. It was wicked, it was disloyal, to remember. She hadn't wanted to; what could she do never to remember again? She trudged slowly through the valley; heat wavered visibly above the fields, and the weeds were still.

MOTHER was in the upstairs sitting room, cutting a coat of Dinny's into a coat for Rodger. Susan idled into the room; Mother's eyebrows went up, questioning, "Why did you walk home in the heat of the day?" Susan didn't answer; she sat on a low stool near her mother, watching the scissors snipping round the paper pattern. Busy hands. One of them was spread out firmly on the pattern, holding the cloth tight under the pattern so that it would not slip, and spoil the garment. The other was using the scissors, swiftly and deftly. There was a broad gold ring on the finger of one hand, and now the scissors handle made a broad silver ring on the thumb of the other hand. Mother leaned over her cutting table; every bit of her mind and body was cutting out a coat. Susan saw, on the top of Mother's head, how the gray hairs stood up by themselves; springing out from the brown ones as if they had a separate life of their own.

Susan said, casually, "Mother, Sherna and Rodger have come home for a visit." The scissors gave a startled snip and clattered to the table. "Why Susan! Why on earth didn't you tell me?" Susan said, truthfully, "I did tell you."

Mother's eyes studied her. Susan

hadn't come in dancing, walking on the wind, weaving garlands. Was something wrong? "Then why did you come home, dear?" "To tell you," Susan countered, dimpling suddenly, and then she and Mother were lost in laughter.

But Mother didn't let it go; Susan could feel the brown eyes, with their steady flecks of gold, upon her deeply as, after their laughter, she insisted, "No, but why did you come home?"

"Oh, well," Susan explained, "they were all so busy and got so excited. You know how it is when company comes."

Mother couldn't help smiling; she said, "Jo is always calm enough."

"Yes," admitted Susan, "but the girls fly around so."

Mother's smile deepened. It was funny, the way Susan considered herself a contemporary of all the children of her father's brothers, from four to forty. And she asked no more questions. Children either wanted to tell you, or they didn't. In a few minutes, when Mother had gone back to the coat, Susan offered, "She asked how you were, Mother, the minute she saw me." Helen Wayne lifted her head again, and smiled at her youngest daughter; their smiles went out and met in an odd, almost secret understanding. And then, Susan's eyes fell. Against all of her loyal will she was remembering. They didn't talk about the visitors, any more.

At supper that night, Helen Wayne saw that none of the others knew Rodger and Sherna were here. Susan had been home all afternoon, and she hadn't said a word about the visitors. How could that be? She

thought about it deeply; supper was nearly finished when she told them, herself, that their cousins had come home. A quick current flowed along the table. Father smiled at Mother as if something special had happened. Dinny looked at Susan quickly, then away again, and the pink crept along his ears as it did when he caught himself minding some one else's business; Margaret and Bess exchanged swift, startled glances; little Rodger questioned, almost crossly, "What Rodger? Whose Rodger?" And Eloise tossed her proud, young head and said, truculently, "Well, what if they have? I can't see that they're so much more important than any one else. Every one acts as if Sherna Wayne were the most exciting person; a visiting princess, among her peasants. You'd think we never saw any one from a city."

Susan felt them all looking at her. She felt they expected her to answer, to champion her lady. She did not lift her eyes, or move, or breathe, and Mother said, gently, "Sherna is a very beautiful woman, Eloise. There are not so many beautiful women in the world that one of them is ever commonplace." Eloise was sulky, but silenced, and no one said anything for so long that Susan began to feel smothered, she was breathing so shallowly, so listeningly. Father wondered, then, how long they were going to stay. He didn't ask any one in particular, but Susan felt him looking at her. She murmured, unhappily, "I don't know, Father; nobody said anything about their going away." As soon as they began laughing Susan saw, too, that it was funny. But she couldn't laugh

with them. She could only sit miserably trying to smile into her chocolate pudding, feeling the tears sting the inside of her eyes. When she did look up, she saw that Mother wasn't smiling, too.

SUSAN didn't go to Aunt Jo's the next day, nor the next. Mother didn't ask why; only her eyes were asking. But Eloise quizzed her, "Why on earth don't you go up there, you're so stuck on Sherna Wayne. Esther will think you're a great one, deserting her like this." Susan edged away without answering her sister, and then Mother began asking Eloise how she wanted her new voile made up, with one flounce or two, and no one questioned Susan again.

But next day, after lunch, Mother said to her, when they were alone, "Susan, wouldn't you like to go up and ask Sherna and Rodger down to tea this afternoon? Aunt Jo and the girls, too, if they can come. Sherna liked those date-filled cookies I baked this morning. I'll wash the yellow tea set before I begin the lunch dishes," and without waiting for a reply she moved briskly toward the china closet, and began carrying out the yellow plates and cups, taking them to the uncleared lunch table, where they sat among the every-day white and thicker china like princesses among dairy maids.

As Susan went along the dug road she remembered the line, "A sparrow tilting on a weed." The weeds were all tilting, today, for a high wind ran along the valley, rippling the wheat into an amber sea, rustling the corn, shading the marsh grass in

the lowest fields from gray-green to green, to gray. Up the slope of the pasture hill the wind rose against the tress, who pushed back with their branches, their leaves, scolding and whispering about the wind, but really liking to be shaken by his impish laughter. Susan thought the birds liked the wind, too; liked to set their wings against something more than empty, quiescent air. They plunged into the wind with strength, and when they were tired they turned and rode him back again.

Susan's skirts were a pink cloud in the wind; her ribbon rattled crisply at her ear. Just a breath more and her feet would leave the earth; she would be walking on the wind, above the dust. Of course, the wind never got to that one breath more; it always stopped just short of lifting her above the earth. She was thinking how too bad this was; she was saying, "Oh, to go walking on the wind," when around the curve in the road she saw Rodger and Sherna swinging down the wind. Their feet, perhaps, were on the ground, but their hands swung together across the weeds, and they seemed to be flying. Sherna's sea-green skirt billowed ahead of her; her golden hair was whipping in the wind. Their voices came flinging down the wind to Susan, "Halloo, Susan. Hi there, Susan." Their clear and merry voices came down the wind.

Susan tried to shout back to them, but the wind flung her words behind her; she waved madly at them; she ran to meet them, pushing her body fleetly into the wind, feeling the wind rush by swiftly, the ground less swiftly going by. Their faces were alight. Sherna cried, "We were com-

ing down to see your Mother, Susan. Is she at home?" Susan laughed aloud, "She was sending me for you," she told them, "I was just coming to ask you to come down to tea." They ran, in gusts of laughter, almost all of the way; it was easy running, with the wind at their backs, whipping them along. Susan raced ahead of Rodger; when she looked back it was Sherna she saw, Sherna's beautiful face, abandoned to laughter, framed in hair so windy and so wild. Was she a woman, really? Was she not the very body of the wind? Was she not some lovely witch who rode the wind around the world?

Mother was standing on the porch. "Hi there, Aunt Helen!" Rodger shouted when he saw her, and bounded up the steps and gathered her up in his arms; all you could see of Mother, until Rodger let her go again, was her lavender and white skirt, blowing out a little at one side of him. When Sherna and Susan came up to them, Mother was rosy and laughing; she put her arms around Sherna, and Sherna held to Mother, hard; and when she had done that she wasn't a witch any more, or the body of the wind. She was a woman.

THE yellow cups and the snowy cloth, Grandmother McAllister's thin and precious silver spoons, date-filled little cakes, and muffins and gooseberry jam; laughter and bright, merry words, and the feeling of people liking to be together. What more could there be in an afternoon? But soon the fingers of shadow began to point toward evening. The talk became quieter; shadows of

sad or quiet things moved over the merry words they had been saying. It was almost time for Rodger and Sherna to be going. Susan watched it die, the bright afternoon. They would be gone soon. And then, when they were gone, with their up-welling soft laughter, their two beauties that were so different, yet so quickened each by the other, there was something she would remember. She would not want to, but she would. Sherna was a woman now, tender-voiced and kind but she had been a witch this afternoon. A witch might let a little baby die. . . . Some one was looking at her; some one was pulling her away from that dark dream. Susan lifted her head. Across the room she saw her mother smile. Her mother's eyes were steady as a lamp, as a star.

Margaret went, and Bess, to walk a little way with them. Eloise said she was going to Dalles for the mail. The boys went out to their work, with Father. The kitchen was empty, and full of quietness. Shadows lay in the corners like great, gray cats; you could almost hear them breathing in the room. Susan was to dry the yellow teapot, when Mother was ready. Very carefully, on a towel with a teapot outlined in the corner. Mother was talking softly about Rodger and Sherna. She didn't seem to be listening, especially, for Susan's answers. And then for a long time she said nothing; only hummed, softly, "Deep River . . . my home is over Jordan . . . Deep River . . . I want to cross over into camp ground." Softly, and with long silences, so that if a child, by any chance, should want to speak . . .

Susan's words emptied out in a

little rush. "That Mrs. Lynn said that Sherna had a husband before she had Rodger. She even said that Sherna had a little baby, and that she went gallivanting around with Rodger, and neglected her little baby till it died." Mother's face, instantly, went grave and still. Oh, people! people! it said. Susan looked away, and waited. She watched Mother's hands washing the dishes, the bright gold band of her wedding ring slipping in and out of the sudsy water — in and out, in and out.

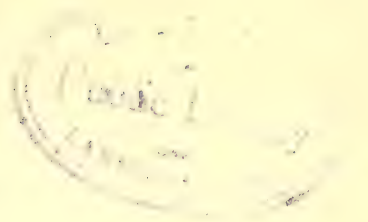
Mother's voice was like no other voice in all the world, husky, faintly weary, a bell ringing far off down the wind. She was saying, lightly, "Mrs. Lynn had a husband herself, before she had Mr. Lynn. Don't you remember, Susan, the two oldest boys are named Smith?" Susan giggled hysterically, and was still listening. More gently, so gently the words seemed breathed, rather than spoken, Mother was saying, "A little baby is a delicate thing.

Do you remember baby Helen, Susan? She died, the blessed angel, and I'm sure no baby was ever born that had better care. Our Barbara was a wonderful little mother. It seems to me Mrs. Lynn lives much too far from California to be knowing why Sherna's little baby died. . . ."

Silence rested its wings over the room. Then the teakettle began to hum, gently, and Mother lifted it, took it to the table and tipped a silver stream over the yellow cups. "All right, Susan," she said, and Susan picked up the towel with the teapot outlined in the corner. She lifted a yellow cup.

"Deep River," Mother had gone back to her song, "my home is over Jordan . . . Deep River . . . I want to cross over into camp ground." The room was sweet with peace. Susan was enfolded in the moment, complete and whole. She said in her heart, My home is here. And I never want to cross over — anywhere.





The Challenge to Gold

BY GARNAULT AGASSIZ

*If the basis for most proposals of monetary reform is the belief
that there is not enough gold in the world, here is their
refutation*

KING GOLD, dictator of the world's financial domain, hears again the challenge — a challenge that resounds more ominously perhaps than any this proud monarch has had to accept in the long and colorful course of his reign. For not only does deposed Silver rise phoenix-like from his last crushing defeat, but many other pretenders rear their heads, threatening the dictatorship of the ruler who in the past century has achieved virtual absolutism.

Not since 1896, perhaps, when William Jennings Bryan shook the financial world with his "Cross of Gold" crusade, has the demand for monetary reform become so universal or so insistent. Even the ultra-conservative sound-money zealots acknowledge that some constructive steps must be taken to regulate the flow of gold, so that it may resume its normal functions in international trade, and prevent for all time the recurrence of such economic percussions as that which is now shaking the world to its foundations.

As in all times of world-wide depression, especially those following

in the wake of periods of unusual prosperity, there has arisen a demand for currency expansion, and many and fascinating are the measures proposed to bring this into effect. In addition to direct currency expansion — which common sense opinion no doubt will resist to the utmost, for certainly this country does not wish to experience the conditions faced by Germany a few years ago — various other remedies for the correction of the nation's financial woes have been advanced, including schemes for the revaluation of gold, the employment of the electrical unit as a basis of currency, and the use of various commodities as forms of barter.

Bimetallism naturally is another panacea of the advocates of financial reform, the ratio between gold and silver to be arbitrarily fixed. But the stability of any such scheme could be measured only by the ability of Governments to control the production of the precious metals, for if the output of either silver or gold were to exceed greatly the monetary demands, then bimetallism would be a failure.

Nor would the introduction of bimetallism add materially to the immediate supplies of money, for the world's only present available resources of silver are in Asia, and it is questionable whether these hoards could be tapped. Only through a gradual increase in the world production of the metal could the enormous stores of silver that would be required under a straight system of bimetallism be acquired.

Silver has been permanently dethroned. As Sir Charles Addis very succinctly expresses it: "The superior convenience and economy of gold has enabled it to oust silver as a medium of international exchange."

Recognized economists are in agreement that the world will become prosperous once more only by making gold available to the debtor nations on such terms and in sufficiently large amounts to enable them to restore their financial stability, an action that should result in raising the price levels of the basic commodities — a determining factor in starting the wheels of industry in a new whirl of activity. Incidentally, they agree, too, that an important factor will be the lowering of the trade barriers that now prevent free commercial intercourse between the nations of the world.

THE chief argument of all the proponents of inflation is the old, old story of the shortage of gold, which is largely mythical, for the world's stores of gold are not only greater than they have ever been in history but they are increasing consistently.

Since 1914, for example, the gold mines of the world have yielded over

300,000,000 ounces of the precious metal, valued in the aggregate at more than \$6,000,000,000, while in the same period the gold reserves of the chief central banks and Governments have increased nearly 250 per cent.

But it must not be assumed that all the gold won from the earth is available for monetary purposes. On the contrary, it has been estimated that at least fifty per cent of it is utilized by the arts and industries, or disappears entirely from the channels of commerce through hoarding or other fortuitous circumstance, such as shipwreck. It would be hard, indeed, to compute the aggregate value of the treasure that has sunk below the deep waters of the seven seas since the precious metal was first mined in Egypt nearly three thousand years before the dawn of the Christian Era.

Gold is becoming more and more of a commodity. It never was employed to the extent of silver for currency, for at one time seventy-five per cent of all the silver in the world was used as money, although in the past five years the amount of silver coined has fallen from 42,000,000 to 25,000,000 ounces, the reason being, of course, that instruments of credit, such as paper money, are largely replacing metallic money everywhere.

Of course, there is a remote possibility that the production of gold in the world may fall in the future, but to employ this wholly academic theory to dethrone at this time the metal that has served the financial needs of the world so well is unjustifiable.

Before the War it was generally

conceded that the limit of gold production had been reached, and that within a few years at most the decline would have set in — the South African mines could not be worked forever. But the expected has not materialized, as evidenced by the fact that world gold production in 1930, amounting to approximately 20,000,000 ounces, was only a million ounces less than the production for 1914, and only 2,500,000 ounces less than the record production of 1912. Who, indeed, can predict what the future may bring forth? Canada's mines are now yielding over \$63,000,000 worth of gold a year, and much of her vast territory is yet wholly unexplored. Gustav Cassel has claimed that the world's resources of gold will have to be increased at the rate of only three per cent annually to provide commerce with all the gold that it will need under the most exacting conditions.

Then there must be taken into consideration the vast gold hoards of India, now flowing to the money markets of the world for the first time, which have the same effect as though the metal came from newly discovered mines.

SINCE the abandonment of the gold standard by Great Britain more than \$375,000,000 of this precious metal has flown to the markets of the world from the mystic shores of India; a movement that has led to wide speculation as to whether this vast and densely populated empire is to renounce its traditional policy of hoarding and begin to utilize its almost incalculable wealth in the development of its natural resources and its commerce.

Down through the centuries which witnessed the rise and decline of Egypt, Phoenicia, Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome, this land of strange customs was carrying on an almost uninterrupted commerce with Eastern Europe by the long trail to the Mediterranean through the rugged passes of Afghanistan, drawing to itself and concealing against discovery the treasures of other lands. According to Pliny, more than a million sesterces, approximately \$50,000,000, were being expended annually by the Romans on the products of India, and from then until very recent times this nation, with its teeming millions and its extremes of wealth and poverty, has followed its traditional policy of hoarding, until today it is estimated that it has in its possession forty per cent of the world's gold and thirty per cent of its silver.

Jevons describes India as a sink of the precious metals. Certainly for untold centuries her people have hoarded both gold and silver as though it were part of the national religion. The instinct to save is a trait common to both prince and peasant. Since time immemorial the ruling potentates have made immense collections of jewels and precious metals, and the humblest peasant, literally starving for the mere necessities of life, has stored his wretched pittance against a day of misfortune.

The wealth of the Indies has been proverbial for more than a thousand years, long before the amazing feats of navigation in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries brought the various countries of the world into closer communion.

Shah-Jehan, builder of the immortal Taj-Mahal, who came to the throne in 1627, was only one of the many princes of India who accumulated immense hoards of wealth. It was this mighty ruler who moved the capital from Agra to Delhi, and constructed there the great Palace of Delhi, perhaps the most magnificent structure ever erected by man. This palace, which took more than twenty years to build, had as its central inspiration the famous Peacock Throne, said to contain precious stones worth \$150,000,000. Shah-Jehan, who rests beside his beloved Mumtaz-Mahal in the magnificent mausoleum he erected to her memory, was overthrown by his son, Aurang-Zeb, who in his own turn is said to have increased the imperial revenues nearly \$200,000,000 a year.

The annals of the East India Company, chartered in 1600 by Queen Elizabeth, and in almost absolute control of the destinies of the empire until after the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, are full of fantastic tales of the vast treasure hoards of India, while even today the wealth of some of the potentates is considered to be fabulous, the Nizam of Hydrbad, for example, said to be the world's richest man, having hoards of gold, silver and precious stones that are believed to be almost beyond computation.

One of the fundamental reasons for the hoarding practices of all classes in India is the lack of a banking system in our sense of the word. India has approximately 700,000 communities, and all the banks, including branches, within her borders number less than 300.

The people as a whole have an inherent distrust of banks, which they do not understand. Therefore, to protect their savings they must either bury them or convert them into jewelry. This very general practice of making the women the guardians of the family wealth has made the wearing of ornaments a deep-seated custom, and jewelry has become more essential to the average woman of India than food or raiment. She loves display, and if gold and silver are beyond her reach, then she covers herself with necklaces, bracelets and bangles of glass, gilt, or the baser metals. Year after year, the savings of the common people find their way into the melting pot. Every village has its own goldsmith, who works the gold and silver of the community under the ever-watchful eyes of the owners.

What the aggregate wealth of India in precious metals and jewels may be it is impossible to compute exactly, but many competent economists claim that in gold alone it is richer than either the Federal Reserve banks of this country or the Bank of France. Reporting to the United States Bureau of Foreign Commerce in 1927, Don C. Bliss said: "Vast treasures have been accumulated — estimated as amounting to more than \$4,000,000,000. But they have been jealously hoarded in the form of unproductive precious metals. Put to productive uses, or loaned out in the world's money markets, they would suffice to make India one of the powerful nations of the world. The traditional wealth of the Indies is there, but it yields nothing to its possessors."

Not only has India taken tribute from all the world, but she has been a consistent producer of the precious metal also; in recent years her annual production has amounted to approximately three per cent of the total output of the world. Gold mining was one of the pioneer industries of the country, as old as its civilization, ancient writers having suggested that its mines were the source of the fabulous wealth of Cræsus. Gold mining in India at present is confined to the Kolar Fields of Mysore, which, 7,000 feet in depth, produce annually 580,000 ounces of fine gold, valued at \$10,000,000.

In the forty years ending in 1875, India imported \$1,500,000,000 in gold, or \$6.35 per capita, while in the half century following her net importations of the metal amounted to \$1,145,000,000, a colossal sum indeed when one remembers that it represents more than eleven per cent of the total production of the world for the same period. And this in spite of the fact that India has to remit to London each year \$100,000,000 in gold to defray administration charges and interest on loans. In the decade ending 1929, India absorbed more than half of the non-monetary gold of the world, increasing her annual importations from \$12,000,000 to \$95,000,000.

India's accumulations of silver are also stupendous, the estimates of experts ranging from three to eight billions of dollars, compared with an aggregate production of eleven billion dollars for all the world since the beginning of time. Her importations of silver between 1921 and 1930 amounted to 890,000,000 ounces.

And we must bear in mind that actual figures concern only the importations of the precious metals into India in the past century. How vast are the stores of hidden wealth accumulated in the centuries that antedated her subjection by Clive can be only a matter of conjecture, but some authorities hold that they must represent a sum equally as large as the aggregate of modern-day accumulations.

The tremendous influence that these stores of wealth, once loosened, would have upon world commerce, especially in facilitating the far-flung commercial activities of Great Britain—for the gold, for the most part, will naturally flow to London—can be only uncertainly visualized. The mere fact that a greater portion of the new gold supplies of the world comes from British sources has no actual significance, because Governments are compelled to purchase gold just as they are any other commodity.

IN ANY discussion of the present world's gold situation, one must not overlook the fact that gold today has a far greater spread than formerly. In Great Britain, for instance, the volume of non-metallic money has expanded tenfold since 1850, while the gold resources have increased only threefold. The same is true of almost all the more progressive nations of the world, for there is a growing tendency to utilize gold only for the settlement of international obligations and to control the fluctuations of commodity prices. Gold has become largely the basic implement of price comparison. Even currency today is used

only in the settlement of payrolls, in the retail trade, in the payment of transportation and in other indifferent ways. By far the largest part of the country's business is carried on by means of checks, which generally are not cashed at all but cancel each other in the clearing houses.

That gold will remain the rock upon which the world's monetary structure of tomorrow will stand appears inevitable. The possibility of all the world's being speedily won to the gold standard, however, has become somewhat remote since Great Britain was forced from her cherished pedestal. At the moment, thirty-three of the countries of the world are officially off the gold standard, and at least a dozen others are so in actuality. The mere fact that a nation settles its external obligations in gold does not mean that it is on the gold standard; the true interpretation of this phrase is the ability and willingness of a nation to meet its currency and other obligations in gold on demand, and to permit the unrestricted exportation of the precious metal.

Nevertheless, it is inconceivable that any medium of international exchange can be found to replace the metal. One must not lose sight of the fact that gold has been almost the common standard of the world. The dollar of the United States, the pound of Great Britain, the franc of France, the mark of Germany, the lira of Italy, the yen of Japan, or the ruble of Russia in normal times have been monetary units expressed in definite terms of grains of fine gold. They were fixed measures, bearing a definite relationship to all the other monetary units of gold

standard nations. Thus gold has been a standard of comparison for all the world, so that whether in the pit of the Chicago Board of Trade or in any of the other commodity markets of the world, cabled transactions have been instantaneously translatable into the particular currency of any country.

The question at issue, then, is largely one of the ability of the world's stocks of gold to meet the demands made upon them. Here are two tables that should answer any question that might be raised to the contrary:

WORLD GOLD PRODUCTION
(in millions of dollars)

1913.....	460	1923.....	368
1914.....	440	1924.....	393
1915.....	470	1925.....	393
1916.....	455	1926.....	400
1917.....	421	1927.....	402
1918.....	385	1928.....	407
1919.....	366	1929.....	403
1920.....	333	1930.....	417
1921.....	330	1931.....	442
1922.....	319	*1932.....	475

*Estimated.

In addition, the world's total stocks were augmented by a secondary supply of metal released from India and China to an extent of approximately \$100,000,000 between the years 1913 and 1930, inclusive, and \$350,000,000 in the past two years.

WORLD GOLD STOCKS
(in millions of dollars)

1913.....	4,857	1923.....	8,635
1914.....	5,342	1924.....	8,956
1915.....	6,238	1925.....	8,973
1916.....	6,625	1926.....	9,209
1917.....	7,139	1927.....	9,567
1918.....	6,807	1928.....	10,026
1919.....	6,794	1929.....	10,305
1920.....	7,238	1930.....	10,915
1921.....	8,029	1931.....	11,258
1922.....	8,402	*1932.....	11,860

*Estimated.

The sources from which these tables have been compiled are the Federal Reserve Bulletin of gold stocks and gold released from India; Production Report of the Director of the Mint, and the Interim Report of the Gold Delegation. The figures do not include gold releases from private holdings in such countries as Canada, Australia, the United Kingdom and France.

Mr. George H. Roberts, an authority on world finance who was Director of the Mint from 1898 to 1903, says:

"The figures for gold production and those for the annual additions to the world's monetary gold stocks over the period 1913-1932, inclusive, show an annual cumulative gain greater than any one rated as an authority ever has contended was necessary to maintain the general commodity price level. Nobody ever has estimated the increase in physical production and trade of the world over a period of years at more than three per cent per annum, or in the United States at more than four per cent per annum.

"The tables show the increases in central bank holdings from other sources than the mines, but they also indicate that the mine production in 1932 was back approximately to the highest figures shown, which were for the calendar year 1915. They show further that the increases in bank holdings in the past two years have been greater than in any other two years in history. This is especially interesting because it is an established fact that the world was on a high rising scale of commodity prices throughout the years 1900-1913, and the rate of

gold production for that time is now being exceeded.

"The contention that an inadequate supply of gold was the cause of the crisis and depression has been based on a falling off of the production of the metal during and shortly after the War, resulting from an increase of mining costs. An examination of the table of central bank holdings will show that their stocks continued to increase from year to year almost without exception. The explanation of this lies in the fact that gold coins that previously had been in circulation in many countries were gathered into the central banks as a basis of currency issues or increased deposits, thus becoming much more efficient in the service of business and in their influence upon prices than when the coins were in circulation."

Of the gold of the world, approximately seventy per cent is now held by the United States, France and Belgium, and it is because of this maldistribution of the metal that King Gold is not able to meet the demands of world commerce. When this reluctance of nations to part with their gold hoards has been overcome the situation should correct itself automatically.

Unfortunately, none of the great monetary nations has yet made any attempt to stabilize gold on the lines recommended by the Geneva Financial Conference of 1923, nor have any of the suggested salutary measures recommended by the Gold Delegation Committee of the League of Nations been put into effect. Perhaps when they are, business will right itself and the attacks on King Gold again subside.

Philo Vance & Co., Benefactors

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

Fiction has its advantages over fact, especially when the case is one of murder

NOTHING interests so many people, and interests them so much, as murder. The first great stories of the world were murder stories. Osiris, you remember, was not merely slain but cut up into excessively small pieces by his wicked brother, Set. Agamemnon, while engaged in the perfectly innocuous and even laudable occupation of taking a bath, was ruthlessly assassinated by his wife and her lover, being in fact one of the earliest recorded victims of that triangle situation beloved alike by dramatists and novelists. Clytemnestra had the more unusual experience of being killed by her own son, while Herakles, driven temporarily insane by vengeful Hera, exterminated his entire family.

But if the ancient Greek dramas are redolent of gore, so too are those of Shakespeare. *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III*, *Othello*, *Julius Caesar* and many others show murder achieved, while only the fact that Shylock's very cleverly contrived plot to remove Antonio swiftly and painfully from this life was defeated by a piece of legal chicanery saved *The Merchant of Venice* from being

a tragedy and turned it into what might technically be called a comedy.

So much for the past. In our own day, murder plays are often successful, as witness the thrilling *Criminal-at-Large*, while murder stories crowd the publishers' lists. No other type of fiction is issued in such abundance or is relished by people of so many different kinds and classes. Next time you see a sweet-faced old lady with a book tucked under her arm, steal a glance at the title. Ten to one, you'll find that it is the *Something-or-other Murder*, or the *So-and-so Mystery*. As for authors, few of them are able to resist the temptation to try their hands at this very popular type of fiction. Though John Galsworthy, Edith Wharton and several others have as yet refrained, Clemence Dane, Eden Phillpotts, A. A. Milne and others too numerous to mention revel openly in murder, while publishers' announcements that John Jones, author of such and such a murder mystery, is in reality a well-known novelist masquerading under a pen name, are more plentiful than strawberries in June.

Why?

Why should benevolent bankers and timid stockbrokers, adventurous maiden ladies and enterprising grandmothers delight in tales whose theme is the unlawful annihilation of a human being?

Many reasons have been given for the undeniable popularity of such stories. People want an exciting yarn to help them forget the depression, is one. Readers enjoy matching their wits against the author's, is another. The sex-obsession of many of our so-called serious novelists has become an intolerable bore, is a third; and in this last there is probably more than a little truth.

But murder stories were just as popular during prosperity, perhaps even more popular than they are today, and if the attraction they undeniably possess is that of a contest in shrewdness and the logical working-out of what at first sight appears an insoluble riddle, then tell me if you please why the detective story has become almost exclusively a story of murder?

Wilkie Collins wrote two of the best detective stories ever published, *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White*. Yet the first of these, though it does introduce a highly desirable murder at the very last, centres about the theft of a marvelous diamond, the "moonstone" of the title, while Count Fosco, the admirable villain of *The Woman in White*, was far too tender-hearted to rob a lady of her life; he merely deprived her of her identity. Edgar Allan Poe wrote mystery stories and created a model detective, but only in *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt*, which was founded on fact, do we have what

might fairly be called a genuine murder, while neither *The Gold Bug*, which has been imitated about as often as any tale ever written, nor *The Purloined Letter*, ancestor of countless detective stories, deals principally with assassination in any form. Skeletons, it is true, were found when the secret of *The Gold Bug* was finally revealed, but they were merely incidental and not the main theme of the plot.

Sherlock Holmes, as you surely will remember, was concerned with other types of crime almost if not quite as often as with murder. *The Speckled Band* brought death, and so too did *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, but *The League of Red-Headed Men* was quite a different matter. Theft, blackmail, treason and various other nefarious and more or less illegal activities claimed their share of the attentions of the most celebrated and best loved of all fictional detectives. But though there are still a few who, like Valentine Williams in *The Mystery of the Gold Box*, his latest and very interesting story of the German spy, Clubfoot, use murder only as an accessory to theft or international espionage, they are about as rare as genuinely reliable tips on the stock market. Moreover, Mr. Williams's tale is at least as much of an adventure as it is of a mystery story, with the author loading the dice quite shamelessly in favor of his simple-minded and remarkably trustful hero.

But despite such notable exceptions, crime of other varieties is, fictionally speaking, but little known at present, while fictional murders are numerous enough to give Chicago an inferiority complex. Again, why?

The reason is simple, even obvious, and this it is: every normal human being, man or woman, has at some time in the course of his or her probably quite innocent life, wanted to murder somebody.

LIVES there a man with soul so dead that he has not at least once, if not very many times, longed to strangle the majority of his wife's relations? Or a woman so utterly devoid of true feminine feeling that she has never experienced a simple but profound yearning to feed her in-laws on a diet of arsenic and prussic acid?

Bankers, lawyers, stockbrokers; do they not all long, at more or less frequent intervals, to slaughter their clients? And do not their clients just as frequently desire to slaughter them? Doctors, as we all know, are a privileged class with special opportunities, so of them it is perhaps best not to speak. But if ever you meet an author who firmly insists that he or she has never once, during his or her entire literary life, fairly ached with longing to stab, poison, strangle, shoot or otherwise exterminate an editor, you can be perfectly sure that that particular author is either an unmitigated liar or afflicted with a failing memory, if not with senile dementia. As for dramatists, their feelings towards managers and producers are notoriously of a homicidal character; it is the one point on which they are certain of finding themselves in complete accord with each and every actor. And it is whispered that managers are not always overfond either of players or of playwrights. Even clergymen, being after all

quite human, no doubt feel an occasional, though of course immediately and heroically suppressed, desire to take certain of their parishioners gently by the hand, lead them to the nearest lethal chamber, and then double-lock the door.

This latter becomes yet more probable when we remember how often an acute moral indignation is intermingled with our completely straightforward desire to annihilate some objectionable fellow-being. We all of us know people who really ought to be killed, and that as speedily as possible. Sometimes a good many of us are agreed upon the desirability of extermination, even though we may object to being personally involved in the exterminating. How many more or less misguided persons feel, for instance, that to wipe out the entire Congress of the United States, neglecting neither the Senate nor the House of Representatives, and with them a majority of the active members of both political parties, would be an essentially meritorious and thoroughly patriotic action! You might describe a feeling like this as the altruistic desire to murder, quite distinct from the personal, and it must be admitted, far stronger one. Stronger, no doubt, because it descends to us through countless generations. Our early ancestors, dear unsophisticated souls, merely lay in wait for the individual whose departure from this world they regarded as desirable, and when the proper psychological moment arrived, whacked him efficiently over the head with a good hefty club. And although this direct and unadorned method has long since been

abandoned by the best society, not so very many years have passed since an exact acquaintance with the etiquette of the duel, if not a personal experience with coffee and pistols for two in the early dawn, was regarded as an indispensable part of a gentleman's education. It is only in very recent years that dueling has ceased to be fashionable, while its close relative, war, is not yet entirely out of favor.

We have of late, however, been compelled to find vicarious substitutes for the direct and personal satisfaction of club and rapier, and it may be noted that it is only since the latter has ceased to be used by the more respectable and law-abiding portions of the community that detective stories have risen to their present height of popularity. For tales of murder are favored partly because they enable individuals of all sorts and conditions to indulge their thuggistic desires without running even the very smallest risk of exchanging their easy chairs for that far less comfortable and really quite precarious one known as the electric, and also because such stories make them feel how very wise they have been to refrain from manslaughter.

THE detective story is one of the most potent safeguards of our present-day civilization. Now that comparatively few people have any genuine and restraining fear of hell-fire and brimstone, fiction of another kind has to a very great extent taken their place as a deterrent of assassination. If it is not entirely successful, neither were they. Murder is frequent in fact; it might be much more so did it not occur so often in fiction.

For in novels and plays and short stories murder, no matter how adroitly contrived, is invariably discovered. It did not take Sherlock Holmes very long to discern the truth regarding the excessively objectionable individual who made unrighteous use of *The Speckled Band*, and the slayer of Marie Rogêt was quickly indicated by Dupin. To this well-established convention, if to this one only, fiction-writers are unanimously faithful. And who can say how many slayings have been averted by the conviction so strenuously and continually implanted that somehow or other murder will out! However deftly planned and carefully executed the fell deed may be, there is always the possibility that the detective of real life may show some faint indications of the power of discernment so abundantly possessed by the detective of fiction, not to mention the ever-present peril of the yet more perspicacious amateur. Undoubtedly, many an aged, wealthy and niggardly relative's life has been saved by the simple fact that the heir-apparent was a detective story fan!

Look at some of the best of the many recently published murder stories, and see how entirely deterrent is their teaching. Take the very important matter of an alibi, for instance. The person who contrived *The Murder of Caroline Bundy* possessed one which seemed impervious, while an entirely innocent individual had the very greatest difficulty in establishing anything of the sort. But Alice Campbell (whose tale, incidentally, is a particularly ingenious and interesting one) shows that a determined in-

investigator like Neil Starkey can find the inevitable flaw, however well concealed. Christopher Bush's new thriller, *Cut Throat*, also deals with an alibi reinforced in every possible manner, and the cleverness with which his favorite Ludovic Travers reduces it to pulp entitles the book to a place on the list of every puzzle-lover. There was *No Witness!* to the double murder which occurred in the supposedly closed Long Island house of Cortlandt Fitzsimmons's imagining, and again the assassin had an apparently invulnerable alibi which might have enabled him to escape scot-free, but for a little too much fondness for talking. Even when circumstances and coincidences conspire to make the mystery doubly mysterious, as they so extraordinarily did in that *Kennel Murder Case* lately solved by one of the most competent and least likable detectives of fiction, S. S. Van Dine's notably successful Philo Vance, the criminal is certain to suffer at the last. In this latest of Vance's cases, however, there were only one attempted and two achieved murders, which certainly reveals a new and commendable restraint on the part of the author.

The Kennel Murder Case, however, is not the only one which demonstrates the futility of any hope on the part of the dealer in multiple murder to win safety by choosing the wholesale in preference to the retail variety. *Poison in Jest*, John Dickson Carr's hair-raising tale of a strange and forbidding household, seemed to threaten the extermination of an entire family before the murderer was discovered. *The Corpse on the White House Lawn*, arranged

in that exceedingly improper place for any well-regulated cadaver by the comparatively new and very entertaining writer who prefers to be known simply as "Diplomat," did not long remain solitary. Incidentally, he provided an opportunity for some very amusing pictures of Washington life. Ellery Queen's extremely adroit *Greek Coffin Mystery* involved no less than three dead bodies, though not all of them owed their demise to violence, as did those who figure in the same writer's too far-fetched *Egyptian Cross Mystery*. Of late years the single murder has to a great extent given place to double, triple or even quadruple ones, the second, third or fourth often bringing about the discovery of the first, as happens in *Dr. Thorndyke's Discovery*, the latest tale by that prince of detective story writers, R. Austin Freeman. Here the first murder is so cleverly concealed that it long remains unsuspected, not even the body being found. Mr. Freeman follows his own special technique of letting the reader into the crux of the secret from the beginning, and allowing him to watch with interest and a certain feeling of superiority the perplexities and difficulties of that most interesting of scientific detectives, Dr. Thorndyke.

But whether he (or she) assassinates one or several, discovery is certain and the penalty exacted. Even when, as happens in *The Corpse on the White House Lawn*, the defunct individual is one whose slayer can justly be regarded as "a public benefactor who has rid the world of one of the most dangerous men in either hemisphere," retribu-

tion follows with no more delay than is needed to unravel an extremely tangled web and, of course, fill the requisite number of pages. Fictional murderers do all they possibly can to impress it upon us that even the most undesirable of individuals can not be forcibly removed from this mundane sphere with impunity, no matter how dexterous or how generally beneficial the removal may be.

THIS is no doubt especially necessary nowadays, when we are perforce brought into more or less close contact with many persons whom we sincerely feel should be murdered for the good of the community in general and ourselves in particular. There are, for instance, those people who happen to live in the apartment just over ours, heavy-footed individuals, endowed with a positive passion for wearing the thickest of thick-soled shoes. And our next-door neighbors, whose radio, though it starts at dawn, does not even consider ceasing its activities at eve, dewy or otherwise. And the cheerful motorist, who at two in the morning summons forth his friend with repeated honkings of his strident horn. And the festive parties whose members shout good-night to each other in the wee small hours. Not to mention those persons who regard theatre or concert-hall as the one really suitable place in which to indulge in lengthy conversations, beginning immediately after the rise of the curtain. And then there is the switch-board operator who chews gum with fervor and devotion, as well as the singularly objectionable individual who never

troubles to look up a telephone number, but trusts to his entirely unreliable memory and calls the wrong one, which usually happens to be yours or mine. The young parents, too, who insist on telling you all about the cute thing Johnny said yesterday, which invariably reminds them of what he remarked the day before, and the people who will persist in showering you with unasked-for and usually quite preposterous advice — well, to quote the memorable words of our esteemed friend Ko-Ko, "They'd none of them be missed." His own list of individuals whose extermination would be anything but regrettable is still excellent, by the way, though perhaps not quite comprehensive enough, and a little behind the times. For motor horns, radios, telephones, subways and other modern instruments of torture were of course quite unknown in happy Titipu.

It may be that one of these days, when civilization has risen to a height of perfection it has not yet attained, the provocations which render homicide legally justifiable will be extended to include many of the pests above mentioned, as well as those so ably enumerated by the Lord High Executioner. You can readily imagine the prisoner of the future candidly informing the judge that his victim was a persistent adviser, or a passionate motor horn blower, or perhaps one of those dentists who after putting what feels like the entire contents of a linen closet into your mouth and draping a rubber curtain gracefully over your chin proceeds to tell you what he regards as a funny story. Would the

judge of the future despatch the slayer of such a one to the electric chair, or even to the penitentiary? Not a bit of it! He would be released forthwith, receive the thanks of the court as a benefactor of humanity, and perhaps be awarded a Congressional Medal.

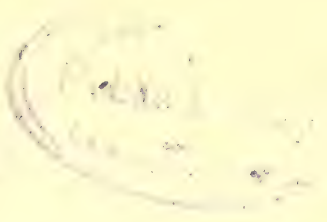
When those thrice-happy days arrive, murder stories will not be needed to provide a safety-valve or to place a restraint upon the natural assassinator propensities of most individuals. No longer will the ingenuity at plot construction of the expert fiction writer be used to demonstrate to us poor commonplace mortals that we couldn't possibly be as adroit as all that. No longer will the serried ranks of fiction detectives, from Dupin and Sergeant Cuff to Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Thorndyke, Ellery Queen, Philo Vance, Monsieur Hanaud and their numerous confrères need to stand as warnings to us all to resist the lure of murder.

Yet on second thought, will that time be quite as happy as it seems in fond anticipation? Perhaps not.

Perhaps we, if we were living then, wouldn't find it happy at all!

For while you and I know many persons who really and truly ought to be killed, persons whose demise we would regard as an unmitigated blessing, it is possible — barely, of course, but still possible — that certain others might not agree with us. It may even be that there are people in this world so stupid, so entirely wrong-headed and perverse as to feel that the most beneficial, the most thoroughly desirable of all murders, would be the murder of you, or me, or both of us together! And of course we wouldn't like that. No, on the whole, it seems as if we should congratulate ourselves on living while the laws regarding homicide remain unchanged, and detective story writers still exert themselves to the uttermost to prove to us that to murder anybody is to commit an extremely serious blunder, sure to be attended by consequences of an unpleasant, and quite possibly fatal, description. Fiction, my friends, has many advantages over fact; especially when the case is one of murder.





What the Younger Generation Thinks

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Along with a predictable diversity of attitudes among its articulate members, it has at least one general trait: that it thinks in terms of the social sciences

THE present younger generation lacks an authoritative voice to express its feelings and aspirations comparable to that of Randolph Bourne which so clearly announced the general outlook of the generation now getting on toward middle age. Bourne's group was broken and disrupted by the War, for few followed him in opposing our entrance into it and of those who survived it not many were able to recover the fine vigor of their early enthusiasm. They dissipated their energies in various febrile ways and have left few monuments by which they will be remembered. As they grew older, they split into fragmentary groups, mutually incompatible, and out of a considerable crowd only two now seem devoted to what Bourne stood for: Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford. Even these two, however, are rather scornful of Bourne's master, John Dewey, and they point to the fact that Bourne himself was finally disaffected by Dr. Dewey's stand on the War and was,

in his last days, moving away from him.

This is a rather typical record of a generation, as all will recognize who have ever studied writers and their publics in their social rather than their individual relations. First the inspiring blush of early dawn when all seem agreed as to what is to be done, then the differentiation of interests, the disaffection of various members to the preoccupations of their elders (thus ensuring the continuity of opinion and action so depressing to the young), the dissipation of the energies of many more in trivial but financially rewarding fashions that have little to do with the true ideals of the group, and the passing of the conservation of the original impulse to one or two faithful souls who alone remain to let us know that once upon a time a younger generation formulated an ideal. This history is eternally being repeated and it is only the fact that never yet has any social group been so thoroughly defeated that its

younger members do not experience enthusiasm at the prospect before them, if only the old hampering ideas be abandoned, that keeps society from falling into unspeakable lethargy and eventual decay.

Even the present younger generation, though it lacks any discoverable leader, has the fine enthusiasm of its predecessors. Few of its members have any very intimate knowledge of the War, though its effects have created the world in which they live and which they propose to remodel. The average age of the group of which I speak is thirty years. It is college-educated and usually in accordance with modern ideals, which is to say that it is not intimately preoccupied with the classics whether of literature or social thought; it does not dwell in the shadows of Plato and John Stuart Mill nor does it spend its days and nights in discussions of Sophocles and Hobbes. It is not ignorant of them, be it said, but they are matters of incidental erudition rather than passionate interest. This generation is infinitely more concerned about the works of the leaders in the social sciences, psychology, sociology, anthropology, economics and politics. Probably at no time since the Eighteenth Century has Pope's dictum about the proper study of mankind being man received such general and fervent ratification. And the way of approach they approve is not the intuitional, traditional and dogmatic outlook common in the past, but the scientific method.

Like some of its predecessors who have also had much the same pre-occupations, as, for instance, the Bourne generation which received so

much inspiration and support from the activities of a similar group in England, that of Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy and the Webbs, the present younger generation flatters itself that it is "realistic." But it differs from its predecessors in being not so much interested in improving the tone and emphasis of the present economico-political system, which it considers moribund, as in forcing a drastic revision of it. Its members are, consequently, greatly interested in economics and have placed economics at the centre of their thinking rather than on the periphery. Politics, they see, is mere byplay, though under the present arrangements it is the only way in which economic forces find expression in government. Having a firm hold upon the proposition that the underlying economic structure determines the form which culture takes and the values to which men give allegiance, they rely very little upon such vague factors as "a change of heart" and so are not to be confused with the reformers who have persistently attacked the more nauseous aspects of American life down the years. They are not the conscious heirs of Lincoln Steffens. They rather represent the appearance in American life of types formerly associated by Americans exclusively with European conditions. For the first time in American history a generation has clearly realized that our society is no longer fluid. It has progressively since about 1890, when the frontier officially disappeared, become more and more rigid. The differentiation of the social classes has become more marked and it seems quite certain that the class lines will be more

clearly drawn than ever in the years to come. Their thinking represents the reactions of a generation which, while not abandoning the American dream of a society in which all will receive the boons and usufructs due a citizen of a great nation, has yet recognized that the nation has departed far from its traditional pattern and if the dream is to be translated into actuality the fight must take that irreducible fact into account.

WHETHER it is the simplification of time which makes earlier generations seem more of a piece than the present one, or whether the sharpening of the issues makes for a clearer definition of purpose, the fact remains that the present younger generation is easily divisible into conservatives, idealists and radicals, and each group has its vocal representatives. There seems to be no crop of young "liberals," which is an interesting and significant fact.

Rather than pursue the issues into their ultimate fastnesses among miscellaneous articles and book reviews, it seems best to concentrate attention upon three or four books and pamphlets which are clearly representative. No considerable body of articulate opinion will escape discussion if this method is followed and none will receive disproportionate attention. What the inarticulate young are thinking is just as difficult to say today as in any other day. It is highly likely that, as one who has had a chance to observe them thinks, they are "shifting from one foot to the other," and are entirely without opinions. They are the potential followers of the men of action who will,

if anybody does, translate the ideas of the articulate into deeds. At present they are stalled in a conservatism, not a reasoned doctrine so much as a conservatism of inertia, from which they will perhaps be shaken by the catastrophic social happenings which the writers so obviously expect.

A highly characteristic book, even to its title, is John Chamberlain's *Farewell to Reform*. That title seems to me to express in a terse manner the fundamental spirit of the generation as I have sketched it. Certain of the older reformers object that reform is not dead and insist that the younger writers are really reformers with a new programme, but as Mr. Chamberlain makes so admirably plain, the men about whom he writes were all moralists and most of them were merely trying to stay the inevitable evolution of the system to which this country had unconsciously dedicated itself by accepting the industrial revolution. They were agrarians and hence opposed to the needs and purposes of industrialism; that is, in traditional American terminology, which really tells so little, they were Jeffersonians and not Hamiltonians. Where they departed from the traditions of Jefferson, they tended to be representatives of the lower middle class in revolt against the practices of the upper middle class industrialists, the plutocrats. They were the proponents of the small business man against the big business man. In essence, they were for the same system as their opponents, but fought the logic of its evolution. Whatever they were, they were futile, for the Jeffersonian ideal had long been dead and the small business man could only fight a los-

ing battle. He still fights, to be sure, but with less and less hope of success. His needs can not be catered to without reversing the economic drives behind our society, a task only comparable to that undertaken by King Canute in a moment of paranoiac exaltation. Of all the reformers of the period from the Eighteen-Nineties through the World War whom he discusses, Mr. Chamberlain has greatest admiration for Robert La Follette. His conclusions about La Follette really sum up the case against reform: "La Follette's greatest weakness was that he hoped to turn back the clock, as it must seem to us now; he put his trust in a farmer-shopkeeper class as a generating force, whereas we, who are born into an industrialized world, must put our trust in the implied threat of labor." Or a more general statement which tells the same story: "When it is once fully understood that the conflict of the 'Nineties, which saw Bryan go down before McKinley, and the subsequent and similar battles of La Follette, Roosevelt and Wilson for the common man in the next decade, were not stirrings of red revolution, but merely a struggle between small and large capitalists, the significance of the movements . . . becomes plain."

IF THE conclusion at which Mr. Chamberlain arrives is the one accepted by most of the members of the younger generation, it is not by any manner of means accepted by all of them. At least two groups, the conservatives and those spoken of with a disapproving irony our elders may find it difficult to understand, as "idealists," reject it. Mr. Henry

Cabot Lodge, Jr., may well stand as the representative of the conservatives and in the title of his slight but highly significant book he sums up his indictment of those to whom he is opposed. He calls his book *The Cult of Weakness*. He is against those who would recognize as permanent the stratification of America into classes; he still argues that our society is fluid and should be so arranged that the "superior" man is assisted in his struggles to reach the top, the economic top. Summarily, he is a "rugged individualist" of authentic vintage and so has no truck with any sort of collectivism. Moreover, he rejects as utopian all efforts toward disarmament and argues for good old-fashioned preparedness. Naturally he is a nationalist rather than an internationalist, and his nationalism leads him to identify his programme with the American dream.

Young Mr. Lodge (he is thirty) seems to have advanced but little beyond the ideas entertained by his grandfather, who shows signs of being chiefly remembered for his bitter animosity toward Woodrow Wilson. And Woodrow Wilson, it is interesting to recall, was the last President who can, with any justice, be called a representative of the small business man. In his Administration the great tide of reform of which Mr. Chamberlain has written the history gave its last surge, and since early 1917, when we entered the War, it has been going out. Mr. Wilson's defection from his announced ideals left many "liberal reformers" stranded on the beach where they have remained ever since. But his defection was an immense help to those who

took a conservative line, those who, that is, played in with the logic of American evolution. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was such a one and his grandson seems to hope to thrive on the seeming victory of conservatism over "the cult of weakness." There is considerable sense in young Mr. Lodge's position, for it is quite necessary that the present order have its partisans. As he himself recognizes, most of the articulate intellectuals take a quite different line and so he seems to stand alone. But it is a case where what we see or seem has little relation to reality, for Mr. Lodge is undoubtedly the spokesman for a considerable part of his own generation. He speaks, that is, for the vast army of men and women of thirty or thereabouts who are being groomed for the seats of power in our financial, industrial and commercial worlds, to say nothing of the millions of white-collar workers of a lowlier sort. His chances of achieving social power in his own person are much better than those of his generation whom he seeks to dispose of by dubbing their outlook with an opprobrious epithet.

Moreover, Mr. Lodge is realistic and he occasionally shows clearly that he, too, recognizes that economics is the central problem with which we must deal. Blasting the rattlers of the olive branch, he observes quite correctly that as far as most pacifistic propagandists are concerned, "practical economics are never considered with peace promotion in mind." This is pleasant realism and makes for fellow-feeling on the part of those who most decidedly disagree with him. It is the lack of any such realism in the "idealists" which has given that tested term of applause its

present ironic connotation. Confining their revolt to ideals, resting complacently on the fallacy that by re-defining what men shall think while still allowing them to remain within the present environment one will effect a revolution, they write pleasantly irrelevant books and charming articles.

AN EXCELLENT example of this sort of activity, which in another day would have won its author unstinted applause, is William Harlan Hale's *Challenge to Defeat*. One can sincerely admire the boldness with which Mr. Hale, the very archetype of idealist, attacks his ogre without thinking much of the weapons he has selected.

Mr. Hale announces that "the distinct note of the present century, the coming era, will be community. And the word is used in no moral, no didactic, no social-improvement sense . . ." One finds in this statement a marked characteristic of the younger generation: a horror of being caught with the shibboleths which sufficed the American reformers for many, many years, moral reform and social improvement. Mr. Hale continues: "By community is meant an integration of the mental and creative faculties of man, a gathering-together of his now scattered powers and fallen possibilities into a definite new cultural world." Unfortunately, Mr. Hale has no idea how this is to be done, for it is plain that it requires a social revolution for its realization which he nowhere mentions. Neither has he much grasp upon a central problem of his time: how to achieve social power. He does not see that the road is through economics. And

so when he expresses his disapproval of present economic conditions, he expresses his disapproval and that is all. He does not even get as far as the "muck-rakers" who at least gave the who, when, what and where of that of which they disapproved.

Two notions of Mr. Hale's which are related to his new cultural integration, one probably fallacious and the other true, are typical examples of his method of thinking. He feels that science is going to become vitalistic (a notion very popular in Germany whence Mr. Hale draws his strength) and that art is going to become "materialistic." But the emphasis of society which has turned art in the direction of materialism will, it seems pretty certain, operate with equal force on science. Mr. Hale is entirely too much impressed with the freely bruited objections to scientific materialism and fails to recognize that the ideal which he applauds, vitalism and the parallel mysticism of such physicists as Eddington and Jeans, is not related to any fundamental necessity of science but rather has a social origin. Confronted with the disorder of society, literature retreated into the unconscious, its emphasis became excessively subjective and personal. A parallel development took place in science and finds expression in vitalism and mysticism. Because of our vast admiration for men of science, we tend to overemphasize the significance of their vagaries and to attribute to their weaknesses an importance we do not grant to those of literary men. Literature, moreover, responds much more quickly and sensitively to shifts in social conditions. It is therefore already emerg-

ing out of the state of psychologism into "materialism." It is responding already to that emphasis which I cited as the central factor in the thought of the young: economics. Science may confidently be expected to follow this line very shortly.

WE HAVE come now, by a rather circuitous but nevertheless necessary route, to the question of how, with all its recognition of the centrality of economics, the younger generation proposes to realize its ideas in action. It is upon this rock that its vessel splits, for there is no unanimity of opinion discoverable. There are almost as many programmes as men among those who demand a fundamental change in our social system, and while a careless conservative thinker would put them all down as impossibly radical, they really vary all the way from proposals to "bore from within" present organizations to proposals for revolution. The situation makes painfully plain a fact which must, with whatever reluctance, be recognized. That is that, however much they may be partisans of the scientific method, proponents of social action can not rest in an allegiance to it. The ineluctable necessities of the struggle for power force the admission that the scientific technique can be bent to the requirements of any social outlook and that its results are measurably "colored" by the outlook of the dominant group in society. For this reason social politics requires that even the most scientifically minded adopt a position which has significance in relation to the realities of the economic set-up. The possible positions are many.

Representatives of the younger generation have taken up most of them.

Already reference has been made to conservatism as represented by Mr. Lodge. What liberals there may be among the young have kept amazingly quiet. Liberalism is the privilege of the socially secure and those among the young who meet this requirement do not seem to be vocal. Wherever they are keeping themselves, they find sufficient sustenance in the writings of Walter Lippmann, Stuart Chase, John Dewey, Charles Beard, George Soule and so on, all middle-aged and elderly men, rather than in the work of their fellows. It will be noted that most of the writers mentioned rest their case on the scientific method as such and declare its sufficiency. Mr. Soule, for instance, in his *A Planned Society* specifically repudiates the title of liberal and asks rather that he be called a scientist. The inadequacy of his position is clearly shown when, on carefully reading his book, one recognizes that he has no technique for effecting the very admirable changes in our economic system he so cogently advocates. Whether dimly or clearly, most of the articulate members of the younger generation recognize that one must have some definite programme for attaining power, for exhortation to those now sitting in the seats of the powerful is futile. Failing to find any light upon this matter in the writings of the liberals, they are perforce thrown on their own resources and they have difficulty in maintaining much worthwhile independence in a partisan world.

It drives numbers of them ineluctably, and in many cases unwillingly,

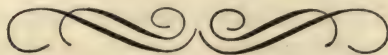
into the camp of the Communists. Unfortunately for their mental health, the Communist party in America is a sorry spectacle and only a few who are either too weary to care or who find themselves there because it is the fashion just now in their set, can find a place in it. This is clearly illustrated by the fact that few of the American writers who recently announced that they were now Communists actually entered the party. Some of the best known were actually refused admission on the grounds that they were doctrinally suspect. The real power of communism in America can not be measured by the number of party members or the vote gathered in the last election. It rather resides in those American writers who are, for one reason or another, outside the ranks of the official party, who yet follow the Communist line.

A typical expression of the opinion of this latter group is V. F. Calverton's *For Revolution*. Excluded from the Communist party for metaphysical reasons and contemning the Socialists as no more than left-wing liberals of the white-collar and academic variety, he argues by implication for a Communist party which will be directly related to the American background and foreground. The guiding idea is that every country must make its own revolution and that nothing can be done as long as men in Moscow, utterly ignorant of American social peculiarities, dictate the party programme. Does Mr. Calverton find America ripe for revolution? "The objective external conditions are, but the subjective psychological ones are not." And so: "Our task is to create that revolution

to cultivate the forces that are necessary to its success. It is no little task that confronts us, and it behooves us to gather up all our energies and dedicate all our strength to its achievement. To do less is but to fail. And to fail in that task is to betray the cause of human progress, to sacrifice the future freedom of the human race." Mr. Calverton is, of course, a convinced Communist and he and his fellows have gone the whole way to the left. Many hover unconvinced on the edge of communism, borrowing some of their social convictions and much of their ideology from it. Marx has more partisans than the Communists and many admit the validity of his sociology who are unprepared to accept the politico-economic group which envisages a Marxist State, considering that a kind of utopianism unrelated to his sounder ideas. This is a paradox the Communists might profitably apply themselves to resolving.

Only a few of the articulate young, like Mr. Lodge, will take up political careers. They will rather supply the ideology of change without effecting it in deeds. The rôle of the intellectual in politics has always been an unhappy one. One has only to study the

case histories to have that unfortunate fact borne in on one, starting with Sir Francis Bacon and continuing down through the years, taking in John Milton, Edmund Burke, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Arthur Balfour, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Charles Sumner and Henry Cabot Lodge. In the end, no matter what the original inspiration, a politician becomes involved in a partisanship which destroys the intellectual in him. Had the Restoration not intervened, John Milton would have come down to us merely as a man who wrote with vicious violence in favor of the Commonwealth. Oliver Goldsmith's verdict on Burke is well known. And so on. We must not look to the young whose medium is words for the active leaders of tomorrow. If they represent any deep-seated need in American life, their ideas will fertilize the minds of men of action. It seems to me that the present younger generation, by concentrating its attention on economics and firmly grasping the necessity for finding a road to power, has a greater chance of profoundly influencing the American future than any since the Civil War. Will the chance be muffed?



Our "Come Seven, Come Eleven" Theatre

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

*Who advocates for its poor condition an application of the
repertory idea*

WHO is responsible for the lowly condition of our theatre? Who should be held accountable for its failures, its degradations, its mismanagement? Any one who has read at any length in the history of the theatre's past will note that there has persisted from earliest times a constant grouch against its cloying evils. The Tweed Ring was never more persistent in its determination that the responsibility for wrong-doing should be attributed to the other man than the theatre has been, and to this day continues to be; the theatre is convinced that the other man has wrought destruction to dramatic art and has dragged the theatre down from the high estate where it rightfully belongs.

It is surprising that, persistent as this criticism has been from generation to generation, there has, at each and every time, failed to come to light any clear thinking on the subject of the theatre's evils and weaknesses. Our small blessings each season have blinded us to our short-

comings; novelty in entertainment has always covered the critical sense; the successive discoveries of science which have helped to improve the physical conditions of the stage, and have made its mechanical possibilities more flexible, have surprised us and eased our critical uneasiness. Some flair of personality in the actor, some innovation and moral daring in the playwright have given us a feeling of progressiveness. And, because of the outward show of circumstance, we have fallen into the pitfalls of praise far in advance of the inherent worth of the drama we were seeing, and far beyond the significance of the method being employed.

This has always been the case with drama, and the easy acceptance of the theatre in the public mind as a cardboard playhouse wherein to catch fleeting interest — the easy-going belief in drama as a type of amusement wherein the crowd has to be appeased and satisfied by subterfuges best thought to be in accord with contemporary interest — has made of the theatre a speculative business,

ruled on the basis of immediate acceptance for a quick turnover, or immediate failure to meet the terms on which any play can live in the theatre as it is now organized. Thumbs up or thumbs down; labor rewarded on an inflated wage basis, or else labor gone to naught and representing an extravagance that is unwise and unwarranted.

The theatre has always had attached to it three departments without which it can not function: the actor, the playwright, the audience. The conditions under which these have functioned have been determined and modified by the background and convention of the time. These three together have helped to create their theatre; but they have, in turn, been identified and shaped by a theatre typical of their age. The value of theatre history lies, not in its dates and anecdotes, but in the fact that every theatre through the ages has conformed to the social life and the economic condition through which it has been supported and by which it has been governed. Therefore, each in turn of the elements I have differentiated as being component parts of a living theatre has come in for its share of opprobrium in our random feel for a theatre which we have always hoped might exist were the evils we wrote about once removed. Is the actor responsible? Is the playwright? Is the public? Who is the culprit that has kept the theatre always going to the dogs?

We know perfectly well that there is none so great that he has not been found wanting by others; mannerisms have been laughed to scorn, manners judged immoral by a succeeding time. Euripides was satirized

by Aristophanes; Shakespeare rewritten by the Restoration dramatists, and reviled by Tolstoy and Shaw; Jeremy Collier was countenanced by Macaulay, deplored by Lamb, and later, in our day, Wycherley has been lauded as a moralist! There are those who have criticized Garrick, measured the limitations of Kean, frowned at the perfections of Edwin Booth. We have seen the workings of endowed theatres, we have witnessed opera flourish on subsidy, we have heard the unstinted praise of stock companies. And despite it all, and notwithstanding the varied praise heaped upon them, we have let such régimes pass; and the only explanation we give for the changes is "Other days other ways." We must infer that evils grow out of every system. Modern authorship could not and would not submit to the servility of patronage which was for so long the mainstay of dramatists and managers; players today would think it beneath their dignity as citizens to wear the uniform of a royal house, though they might not treat slightly the endowment of a theatre which would give them work the whole year round. On all sides there are a multitudinous clatter of complaint, an onrush of suggestion for the betterment of theatre conditions. This restlessness which has always been in the theatre is based upon an uncertainty the like of which is not to be found in any other institution. There is no real science of theatre, though there are techniques to be learned and ways and means to be studied. There can be no guarantee that plays will be successful; there is no pledge that audiences will be

faithful; there is no tangible surety anywhere in the play business; and, upon this lack of surety has been built the gambling spirit of the theatre. We are not suffering from a new disease; only the social and economic complications are different.

BUT these complications are enough to be disquieting. The old home remedies are rushed forward: the bottles are shown labeled "Repertory," "Stock," "Community," "Art," "Experimental," "National," "Subsidy." But the theatre is a bad patient; it is loath to take medicine. It is willing to enlarge its ills; for example, expert as theatre men are supposed to be, they fell into the trap of a larger and better theatre in Radio City, and the Music Hall, seating 6,200, failed after the first week, because it was a monstrous blemish on the face of Art, with a financial budget that had to be shoveled weekly from the resources, and a daily audience that rattled in the cavernous beauty of its auditorium. A simple logic could have diagnosed its heart failure even before the architects had put pencil to paper; simple inferences from eighty theatres surrounding it in New York would have told the story. But the sporting chance drove them on to destruction.

And what we have just witnessed in Radio City is symptomatic of the entire amusement situation, only intensified and magnified six times. The Music Hall is built on real estate in the most valuable area of New York City; its stage ignored the asset of intimacy, and was built for spectacular scenes; its running payroll must necessarily be large to ac-

cord with its size, even if its dancers and musicians were to be engaged on a yearly contract. A super-programme would have to be offered to appeal to a New York audience that was already surfeited with too many theatres and moving picture palaces. A diagnostician would immediately put his hand on the crux of our theatre troubles: "You are not suffering from production troubles but from real estate inflation. You must pay your rent or out you go. You have no time for anything but for a success. You are not a nurturing home for the protection and preservation of the better things in Art. You are salesmen who have to meet your bills. You are suffering from mind worry due to business pressure. You blow between the two extremes of 'My God, I've had a failure!' and 'Thank God, I have a success!' You don't care about values."

When a "long run" play sloughs off, when the receipts drop appreciably, managers turn it the way of by-products and mulct it. A play is squeezed dry under such a system, and then is stored away. There is never a thought given to its real values. Entertainment must go big, profits must be handsome. Our present theatre is built on that tension, and the theatre politic is suffering from it.

Now we know that ever since the theatre began expense has been a problem. Whether by royalty or a good angel elsewhere, whether by municipalities or guilds, from the time of the miracle and mystery play, from the time it took so many shillings to buy a coat of buckram for the *Spirit of God* and costumes for the *Two Worms of Conscience* to the era when it cost

over a thousand dollars to clothe a Ziegfeld chorus girl, accounts in the theatre have always had to be kept, and the piper paid. But accounts have shown a steady rise in cost, a steady increase in richness of detail, a steady demand for extravagance on the part of audiences, a steady insistence on paying tribute to realism. There was a time when a card would tell an audience that "This is the Forest of Arden." The days of such imagination among audiences are gone. Who is to blame? Is it the manager? Is it the audience? Or is it the spirit of Big Business that has, since the era of the Theatrical Trust, stamped out the virtues of the theatre and weighted the playhouse with a maximum of commercial organization and a minimum of Art?

Audiences have demanded the increasing cost because they have been trained in a school of *seeing*; they have helped to create the era of the moving picture. The mad orgies of spending at Hollywood, the fabulous salaries — out of all proportion to the worth of the players — are in contrast with the other end of the business where moving pictures are within the economic resources of the democratic mass. The ease with which people are able to go to the movies has given photodrama a precedence over the legitimate theatre where the price of seats is out of all proportion to value received, and is certainly out of reach of the average pocket-book. At this very moment a much advertised play is on its way to New York; three popular "stars" are in the cast. The price of tickets for the opening night is to be five dollars, lowered in an era of depression. Arguing on that basis, and

bearing in mind the galaxy of names, the payroll, even at three dollars and a half a ticket, which for that play will probably be the normal price, will strain the ingenuity of the management. Such a condition is abnormal and bad for the theatre. Is the actor responsible for it? Partly. All concerned are responsible, but above all, the system creates the cause for high salaries, high prices. Because of the system, a play is expected to do its duty right away, and then is thrown into the discard. The habit of revival, the habit of taking to the road, the habit of putting the actor in a position of having an assured income, have all disappeared from the theatrical horizon. It's a gamble of capital on the one thing immediately at hand. And, since the business is thus so disjointedly organized, it is further handicapped by labor problems where salary levels are governed by federations; and by railroad problems where freight rates become a prohibitive barrier, and have helped to close the road to an assured amusement programme.

SUCH conditions have helped to hasten the development of Little Theatres, Community Playhouses and similar outgrowths of the country's interest in drama. There may be a way out for the theatre in this encouraging and healthy development. Such centres as Cleveland, New Orleans, Pasadena have theatre properties that are functioning in a satisfactory way to their communities — to such an extent that these theatres are guaranteed by a yearly budget drawn from a loyal membership. Crude and unprofessional as some of these efforts may be, they

flourish in an atmosphere of willingness to experiment; there is no mad rush to cash in. But I have felt, after analyzing Kenneth Macgowan's *Footlights Across America*, that there was no cohesion to the countless efforts for a theatre independent of speculative Broadway, independent of dominating old-time commercial policies. Only in a sense of relationship, in a sense of coöperativeness, in a sense of professional responsibility, will their effectiveness be felt. These Little Theatres have no solidarity of purpose; they are not keyed to the perfection of professionalism. It can not be denied that the commercial theatre has improved with the improved taste of the public, that it does show an adequacy of production by the side of which the productions of earlier days seem crude. And actors act worthily in rôles that are not worthy of their best efforts.

Mr. Arthur Hopkins has grown old in the theatre, to judge by a recent article of his. He shakes his fist at Ibsen who is, to his way of thinking, responsible for the theatre's erring from the straight and glorious path of the past. All argument is weakened when people begin lauding the glorious past, for they really don't know what they are talking about. There were undoubtedly virtues in the old system of stock, in the old zest of travel along the theatre circuits, in the old habit of revival, in the frequency of classical acting. But there were shortcomings also, there was dramatic inertia among native playwrights, there were crudity and slovenliness of production.

None the less, the actor swept the country, leaving in his trail a love of drama and getting in return a loyalty

from the public which the present-day actor knows little about. It was this habit of loyalty which made successes of the theatres in New York. Commercialism has no time to bid for devotion; all that managers desire in the New York theatre today is your money, and they proceed to sell you a show. It would be better if they cared, as Wallack and Daly and Palmer and Frohman once cared, for a clientele. But, to quaver in emotion over the memories of Daly — noting as we do the itch he had to improve Shakespeare, and reading as we can of the farces of German origin that merely succeeded because audiences were loyal to Daly's exceptional company of comedians — is foolish; the golden glow becomes a bit tarnished.

I believe, however, that we could learn this from the past: that loyalty is best developed by the special appeal a theatre has to make. The only theatre we have in New York at the present time that is an example of this is The Theatre Guild: we know before we go to see a play, as done by that organization, something of the quality and standard of the production. It was a similar familiarity with the policy of Augustin Daly that won him devotion. And I believe that the semi-professional theatres which I have mentioned could establish a similar loyalty as a civic virtue, and thereby in future days win local civic support.

THERE undoubtedly is something the matter with the theatre. The statistics for last season in New York showed disaster, partly due to the depression but very largely caused by poor managerial judgment. Eighty-three per cent of

the plays offered were failures, an increase of six per cent over the year before! The success of the Irish Players on a visit to America this year with a none too distinguished company has emphasized again the advantages of a repertory of plays. But the coherency of this repertory, its appeal to a definite national coloring of temperament, its native cadences, its entire Irish quality, present no haphazard problem of selection. The Abbey players are still parochial in their concerns. Under the spell of a brogue that is musical, the critics ask: "Why can't we too have a repertory company?" And I echo the question, "Why not?" It won't of course cure the theatre of its ills. The public is not prepared for repertory. The competitive method is too deeply entrenched to be choked out suddenly. But it is surprising that a repertory theatre has not been established in New York before this on the faith that good plays might be revived, and other plays — accounted failures as "long runs" — might be given a chance in accord with their own drawing capacity. For instance, *Prunella*, by Housman and Granville-Barker, was a dainty morsel as presented by Winthrop Ames; it is one of those occasional pieces which have no "long run" appeal, but which should be so placed in a repertory that they might be taken down as the mood prompted for a few performances. But this much is certain, that such plays should not be allowed to disappear altogether from the theatre.

It has now become a game for groups to discuss what sorts of repertories they should like to see.

Even the critics are at it, and one afternoon, George Jean Nathan, John Mason Brown and Brooks Atkinson sat patiently at a table recalling possibilities for such a repertory out of a list of plays presented during the past fifteen years. According to Mr. Atkinson, they soon found that there could be no common heritage of expression for an American Repertory Theatre, as there had been for so many years at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Such a theatre as we might organize in the spirit of repertory must have a flexible acting company that would meet the demands of the widely different plays we might present. When Gershwin invades the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, there are brought among the sedate choir the raucous brasses of jazz. So those three critics decided that no repertory could these days get along without Negro players — a problem which never concerned the English repertory attempts in the past.

Nevertheless, undaunted by such problems as these, our three critics talked it over, and Mr. Atkinson came out in his paper with a list as follows: *The Emperor Jones*, *S.S. Glencairn*, *The Hairy Ape*, *What Price Glory?*, *Sun-Up*, *The House of Connelly*, *The Show-Off*, *Lucky Sam McCarver*, *Saturday's Children*, *Street Scene*, *The Royal Family*, *Paris Bound*, *Once in a Lifetime*, *June Moon*, *The Racket*, *That's Gratitude*, *Brief Moment*, *The Wisdom Tooth*, *When Ladies Meet* and *Another Language*. With reticence, Mr. Atkinson handed this forth, explaining that maybe it was too nearly a New York repertory list and not a list which would be palatable for the entire country.

His plea for the repertory idea raised a deal of controversy in the newspapers. Elmer Rice came forward prophetically and itemized his opinion of such a scheme for the American theatre: (1) The heterogeneity of our American drama is not deep founded, merely surface. (2) A repertory company would permit from the director a boldness in casting that would do much for the actor. (3) Here indeed would be a training school for young players and young people generally interested in the theatre.

We have heard these arguments before; there is nothing new about them. And we have been familiar with the very just indignation Mr. Lee Simonson showed in his provocative volume, *The Stage Is Set*, that so far there is no indication that America regards the theatre as a civic institution. Yes, it is too bad that the museums and the orchestras and the opera houses and the universities and the community centres should be given all the favors, and the theatre so pointedly ignored. What is the reason? Wall Street has been known in prosperous days to endow musical comedies, but not one cent for Shakespeare or Molière. Even in Mr. Atkinson's scheme there is no room for the classics. He is partly right that in our present mood we are much more in a receptive state for O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* than for Greek tragedy.

But can you make a repertory for a theatre without feeling out your way? We have always had a policy of approaching the theatre in a cut and dried manner, saying, "We will have so and so," and expecting it to flourish overnight. A set of million-

aires responded to the call for a New Theatre. "Millions will do it," was their slogan. But every one, inside and outside the theatre, has to be educated in the requirements of new methods. Lessing tried to help formulate opinion among German theatre-goers when he wrote his now famous *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*. This much I feel is certain: that if repertory is to be, there is one thing it can not be: a haphazard choice. It must grow out of certain devotion, some loyalty and a recognition that one of the evils of our present system of management is this commercial squeezing dry for profit's sake. For we have been cruel to our plays. We have worn them threadbare for one generation; and we haven't cared whether or not the next generation might want to see them.

DO NOT for one instant imagine that the fundamental ideas of repertory and stock theatres are the same. A repertory company and a stock company have certain permanent similarities, but the systems of play selection are entirely different. In stock, there is a devastating rush to change the bill every week; there is no effort to keep the repertory so pliable that, in the course of one week, three or four plays could be given with but little preparation, and with an ease which might be likened to taking a book from the shelves and rereading it.

In other words, a repertory theatre is pledged to provide the atmosphere which fosters good drama. If endowment follows in its wake, so much the better for repertory, since, notwithstanding what sort of a theatre you have, budgets have to be balanced

and bills have to be paid. And there is a simultaneous growth in the idea of repertory behind and in front of the curtain. The audience is an integral part of the scheme. For repertory presupposes that there is a desire to see certain plays preserved, certain plays encouraged, certain healthy experiments perpetuated. The consequence is, if it is a true repertory theatre, it must determine to itself what constitutes a repertory play.

I am of the belief that a much greater sweep of choice is to be had than merely plays of a period of fifteen or twenty-five years. I may be old-fashioned to believe that the human values in the classics are permanent, and that a persistent recrudescence of the spirit of Shakespeare, of Molière, of Sheridan is evidence of that permanent value. On the other hand, Mr. Atkinson is perfectly right to emphasize that the repertory idea is not an academic one. It is measured and supported by contemporary interest. But it does a thing which the theatre as it is now constituted does not reckon with at all; it accumulates tradition. Now, this latter statement will at once challenge opposition; for outside an undusted library, I know of nothing that piles up dust more rapidly than tradition. The history of the theatre shows us clearly that many a theatre movement has been handicapped by the traditional point of view. So Mr. Nathan, Mr. Brown and Mr. Atkinson — although they did not specifically state it — suggest that a repertory theatre is one that, in order to hold contemporary audiences, will subject itself to constant elimination and new accretion.

Only those who keep closely in touch with the theatre can possibly know how quickly theatre interest changes, how rapidly there accumulates a body of new drama to select from. I have recently reviewed the period between 1925 and the present in our American theatre, and the list of worth while plays — despite the depressing results of the show business — is formidable. And there are many plays in that list that should be so placed that an occasional revival is made possible without rebuilding the production at a repetition of the initial financial outlay. Under the present system of production, what is the future for Marc Connelly's *The Green Pastures* or Lynn Riggs's *Green Grow the Lilacs*?

In London, the repertory idea did not flourish. It was left to the Provinces to do the trick. So it may be that in America, the Little Theatre development will nurture the new repertory policy and do so on a modest scale. The unfortunate thing in that, however, is that a corrective of theatre limitations is taken out of professional channels and dedicated solely to amateur and semi-professional groups. In the present era of extravagant production, the patient that needs most care is the theatre outside these groups. Maybe the time will come when such centres as Cleveland, Los Angeles, New Orleans, with their community properties, will turn to the professional stage and offer sanctuary for the more ambitious player, the more ambitious director, the more ambitious dramatist, who can only hope to forge ahead professionally in so far as they are willing to clip their sails and do as the others do. It is because

of the limitations placed upon them in a theatre run for profit as the box-office spells it, that many of our players turn to summer stock. They want to break the dull monotony and the uncertainty of the theatre as now organized. They have all been poisoned by the system; existence is made precarious for them; they follow the line of least resistance and they cash in on whatever they themselves represent in the amusement world. That is why the theatre has been spilled into the studios of the moving picture corporations. There, at the present, the crazy antics of inflated values are creating evils, threatening an art and weakening the power of certain dramatists in whom we have had some hope. The by-products of drama and literature are undermining the strength of our writers.

THE world at the present moment is full of a desire to revalue our economic and social structures; it is an unsettled state where we are waiting for that miraculous thing: the leader who will tell us just where to get off, just where to make adjustments, just where the old inflations are unnecessary, just where government is costing too much, just where an informed public is to help in the new order. The theatre, after its own revolution, when the scenic artist brought a valuable philosophy of production into the playhouse, is now passing through this same economic crisis. Let us hope that in the course of this readjustment, there will be a revaluing in the working out of a sane and more balanced amusement business. We are sniffing at the bottles marked "Repertory," "Endow-

ment," "Community Theatres," but little can be done until economic problems and labor problems and circuit problems are faced squarely. Under the old régime, it is scarcely possible to decrease the cost of theatre-going. But that the cost of theatre-going could be appreciably pared is a fact that can not be gainsaid.

It may be that we are suffering, as all other professions are suffering, from a distortion of values, and that we will find it difficult to meet the new condition. The actor would hate to see Hollywood salaries fade; but on the other hand many a player would like to see an annual income assured. The dramatist has been spoiled by the "long run" habit; repertory has no charms for him unless he has a play that Broadway has killed and he believes repertory would save. But for a long time to come he would rather try Broadway first. He too is a gambler and will cut his ideas for the game. Did not Owen Davis say, after the interest created by his *Detour* and *Icebound*: "Now I've done it, I'll go back to writing a play that will make me ten times the money!" Elmer Rice, we hear, received \$250,000 for the movie rights to *Street Scene*. I'm glad he got it, but does not such valuation stunt the idea of a healthy theatre? Repertory is a utopian idea to such, though, in justice to Mr. Rice, I believe such a theatre would interest him. In fact, in such a theatre, there would be hope of seeing *Street Scene* in occasional performance, now that it has had its run, drained the capacity of the moving picture houses and been theatrically discarded, except for an ambitious semi-professional or stock performance.

No, the changes I have spoken of as being necessary for a resuscitated theatre can not come overnight; they have to evolve through a process of supplanting by degrees. Certain things are doomed in our theatre world, and certain things we would like to have. I am almost tempted to prophesy that the Broadway fetish is dying; that there will be other Rialtos through the country. I might almost state as a certainty that out of our scattered theatre interest, which has resulted in a wider area of an informed public, there will sooner or later come a closer relationship which

might, in whatever organization it is adopted, make more vital and more workable a road system which would invite interchange of dramatic effort from Coast to Coast.

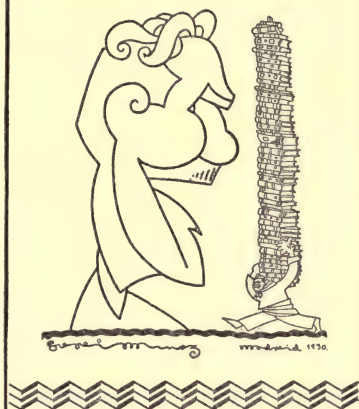
The theatre at this present moment is suffering, as other professional activities are suffering, from lack of leadership and lack of ideas. We are still crying for bigger and better things without knowing what: that's why the Music Hall at Radio City was a fiasco. We still believe money can do it! Our theatre is still a gamble. Our "come seven, come eleven" theatre!



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



IN THE course of a few casual remarks upon the subject that is engaging the attention of the American public at the moment, and which ought to be good for a longish run, unless by a miracle we suddenly find ourselves out of the frame of mind that makes us wel-

come the discussion of a wholly new system of economics, the Landscaper was guilty last month of gross understatement. Offering an apology for straying from the field of beautiful letters, he said he was merely doing a sort of advance review of a possible book on Technocracy. As a matter of fact, there is a whole flood of books and pamphlets on this subject, either already on the market or soon to appear, and this early in the game one canny publisher has withdrawn a proposed volume. It was to have been written by Walter B. Pitkin, author of a tremendous work — in length, at least — on the stupidity of the human race, but whether his investigations in this direction were looked upon as furnishing the necessary qualifications for a discussion of the new fad is a mystery that will probably never be cleared up.

Understatement about any phase of Technocracy is out of place; it is

one sin, at least, from which the Technocrats themselves have been singularly free. In fact, they had no more than let loose their first barrage of figures upon a jittery world than experts in various fields began to deny that they knew what they were talk-

ing about. Other economists came forth at once with charts and tables to show that the Machine, instead of being the villain in the piece, was really the hero; that every advance in production had meant an actual increase in jobs, and one suspects that most of the people who have tried to find out what the whole thing was about have eventually reached the same state of mind they attained during the discussion not so many months ago of the gold standard, complete confusion, and the complacent feeling that not even the experts know what they were talking about. That, in fact, they are not unlike some of our leading scientists, who, faced with insoluble problems over which they can not climb, gaily borrow wings from the metaphysicians and begin to cut circles in the upper ether, a queer enough spectacle in a world full of queer spectacles, and no decrease in prospect.

Just a Good Circus

NOTHING is farther from the intention of this modest observer than to be dogmatic about Technocracy, except in one way. Until the Technocrats, as Stuart Chase has wisely said, learn something of psychology and anthropology, they are merely having themselves a good time, and instead of being a menace to capitalism, are no more than a good circus. They have thought up a most engaging revolution, and a most thorough-going revolution, without bothering to consider any of the practical steps necessary to put it into effect. This means, or so it seems to the Landscaper, that we are in no more danger of turning to the electric dollar any time soon than we are of going Bolshevik; it does not mean at all that we may not absorb certain useful ideas from the Technocrats, just as we have absorbed many useful ideas from the Socialists. That, however, the present interest in Technocracy indicates a serious and permanent interest in economics, as some people have argued, seems pretty doubtful; one observer has said that we are just now in the "white rabbit" stage of the depression, when we are fascinated by the efforts of the magicians to pull something out of the hat — something, one supposes, that looks like the basis of a square meal.

No Lack of Books

STUART CHASE has a pamphlet on the subject, published by the John Day Company, for twenty-five cents that is well worth reading. *The A B C of Technocracy* by Frank Arkright, thought by some to be a

nom de plume of Howard Scott, also explains the whole business with reasonable clarity. Wayne Parrish's *New Outlook* articles have been collected into a book, and Allen Raymond's summary of the situation, which appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune*, is also available between covers. Mr. Raymond's publishers announce his book as an "impartial and unprejudiced" survey, which it is not. It makes good reading, but Mr. Raymond's bias is evident, and he is too much inclined to fall back upon the *ad hominem* argument. He contends that Howard Scott is not by any means all he has been represented to be, that, in fact, he is without a college degree. One wonders just what this proves. The present hubbub about Technocracy has centred to a large degree about Mr. Scott, but he is not the founder by any means, and, anyway, it is conceivable that his ideas might be perfectly sound no matter how much legend may surround him and his career. Mr. Raymond, however, goes back to Veblen, a proper source, and presents also some of the criticisms of the movement that have been made by other economists. He has a chapter called "A Plain Man Looks at Technocracy" that is especially valuable. Harold Loeb's *Life in a Technocracy: What it Might be Like*, is also available, and an interesting contribution. And the Viking Press reports Veblen's *The Engineers and the Price System*, published some fourteen years ago, as a best seller. It costs \$1.50, and is good, sensible reading. And there is *Introduction to Technocracy* (John Day) the official book of the movement, by Mr. Scott and several others.

Whither Are We Drifting?

OTHER recent books on the general subject of what is wrong with us and what ought to be done about it include two large volumes on *Recent Social Trends in the United States*, the report of one of Mr. Hoover's commissions, headed by Wesley Mitchell and William F. Ogburn (Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill). Every conceivable subject is touched upon, and the conclusion is not altogether cheerful; in fact, our sociologists seem to suspect, along with a good many of us, that we have not done quite as much with our magnificent opportunities as we might. That, in other words, there is more the matter with the United States than a temporary headache after the debauch of 1927-1929. Monumental seems a mild word to apply to this work, which few people will have the patience to read through, but which will serve as a mine of information for years to come. F. M. Huntington-Wilson's *Money and the Price Level* (Century, \$2.00) is a logical, coherent and simple plea for the remonetization of silver. The author, formerly Under Secretary of State, does not believe the gold standard should be abandoned, but that we should go in for bimetallism. He makes the flat assertion that we must either return to the price levels of 1929, or go completely bankrupt. Credit expansion, he says, has failed; currency expansion, toward which we are obviously headed at a hand-gallop, he thinks highly dangerous. The Landscaper is not competent to pass upon the validity of his arguments, but he does know how to argue. For those

who wish to review what happened to us in the "Golden Age," meaning the years just before the crash, there is Frederick C. Mills's *Economic Tendencies in the United States*, published by the National Bureau of Economic Research at \$5, which is a carefully prepared history.

Back to Babylon

A THOUGHTFUL book that belongs in this general category is Francis Neilson's *The Eleventh Commandment* (Viking, \$2.50), which goes all the way back to Babylon, Greece and Rome for its startling analogies with the America of the present time, particularly to the effect of an undue tax burden upon the fate of nations. A careful study of Hebrew prophets, Greek philosophers and more recent students of affairs, including Kant, brings Mr. Neilson back to the present again; one of his deductions is that we may have a taxpayers' strike at any time, and it is very hard to dispute this contention; we can not escape either a taxpayers' strike or the surrender of most of the private property in the country to the organizations that impose taxes. This tendency in certain agricultural States has already reached amazing proportions; a vast new public domain is being created, which will have to be put to some use. The inescapable paradox of the present is that the property owner is far worse off than the renter, a condition, of course, that can not continue for any length of time. Mr. Neilson goes on to a study of the life of Moses, whom he considers a great economist, and from this to a fresh consideration of the life and teachings of Jesus, which he seeks to apply

anew to the problems of the present day. This brief review may make the book sound disjointed, but it is bound tightly together by a reasonable thesis, and is full of provocative material.

Gates to Happier Lands

FOR those who would rather forget themselves in books than to spend their leisure in the presence of problems they face during all their waking hours, there are sufficient new novels available to supply any reasonable demand. The Landscaper is happy to observe that Isabel Paterson's remarkable book, *Never Ask the End*, mentioned here already, is finding the favor it merits. There are a number of reasons why it should be read, not the least of which is its revelation of the hearts and minds of middle-aged people, and of the survival of the romantic spark. The world will not let middle-aged people be romantic figures, but Mrs. Paterson knows very well they are; those who have crossed the line will recognize the truth of her picture, and younger people should read her book to find out that age will not cure the pangs of love, although it may make them easier to bear, less sharp. It is seldom that one finds a novel as brilliant as this which is profound at the same time. If the Landscaper seems insistent about it, the reason is a sound one; it is simply too good a book to be overlooked.

Robert Nathan's Novel

ROBERT NATHAN's new contribution to the happiness of the chosen few who respect and admire and enjoy his highly delightful and individual talent is *One More Spring*

(Knopf, \$2.00). One hesitates to say that it is a story of the depression, but such it is; the story of Mr. Otkar, an antique dealer, who loses all, except a very ornate Eighteenth Century bed. He joins forces with a friend, a penniless violinist, and together with the bed, they move into Central Park near the Zoo, occupying a tool shed lent them by Mr. Sweeney of the Street Cleaning Department. Eventually a New England prostitute of high ideals, joins their odd ménage, and a banker becomes a temporary member. This outline does little justice to a book that may be read in two hours, but which will linger in the memory for a long, long time, a lovely example of the beauty of style, delicate humor and gentle satire of one of the most gifted novelists in this country. Mr. Nathan can be whimsical without ever being kittenish; a keen and fine intelligence runs through everything he does, and this faithful admirer has often thought that to see him a best seller would restore a good deal of lost faith in human nature. It makes the world seem sadder to think how many people have not read Mr. Nathan's novels; if there are any ready to start at this point, they can do no better than to read *One More Spring*.

Good American Novels

JAMES GOULD COZZENS has written an excellent novel in *The Last Adam* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), a book about New Winton, Connecticut, which shows a quite remarkable insight into the whole workings of a New England community, with a doctor as the principal character. It is a hard-boiled

book, or, as we used to say, realistic; very frank in spots, and without the overtones, perhaps, that go into still better fiction. But it is undeniably good reading, done with skill and effect, and of value as a record of an American small town. The author is a young man of versatile talents, and ought to be watched. Green Peyton's *Black Cabin* (Little, Brown, \$2.00) is the first novel of a young Virginian that reveals considerable ability, and which is particularly interesting because it deals with the stuff of our own time. It is the story of three young people, Julian, an intelligent young aristocrat, with more brains than sense of direction; Marty, his sweetheart, and Ann, Marty's cousin, a straightforward young person who falls in love with Julian on sight and takes him away from Marty. Ann's passion is expressed without restraint and Julian, not really knowing what he wants to do, finds himself married to her through a ruse on her part as old as time. Nobody gets any happiness out of the arrangement; one sees free young people in the grip of problems that have stumped older and more experienced members of the race, and the spectacle is distressing. Mr. Peyton's atmosphere is remarkably good, and his characters are alive. He has something to say, and he writes well.

Palm Beach in Season

Two unusually good collections of shorter pieces are Joseph Hergesheimer's *Tropical Winter* and Alan Pryce-Jones's *Hot Places*, both published by Knopf, at \$2.50 each. Mr. Hergesheimer's ten stories of Palm Beach suffer from a certain monotony, since he had to try to put the

spirit of the place into each as it appeared in a magazine, but they are all readable, and all reveal a degree of vulgarity that ought to shock anybody who still realizes that at times and in places, at least, there has been a decent and ordered civilization on this continent. He writes of climbers, and of people who are on the inside; he describes the pseudo-Spanish houses occupied by the newly rich, and furnishes all the details of the servants' liveries, the drinks, the food and the manners, of the patrons of the resort. It is all ghastly, and exercises a sort of horrible fascination. Mr. Pryce-Jones is a very young Englishman who spent several months in South America, and decided that instead of trying to do a travel book about it, he would undertake to catch the spirit of three of its countries in stories. Chile, Brazil and Ecuador are the three chosen; the Ecuador story is almost a novelette, occupying half the volume. A brief chapter explains the significance of the stories, and gives the author's feelings about South America, which he says is one of the few places left on earth, outside Russia, that does not resemble cheese in an advanced state of desiccation. Of Chile, he chooses to write a story about a dance marathon held in Antofagasta; of Brazil, the tale of adolescent passion centring about a café on one of the mountains above the city of Rio; and of Ecuador, a baroque story about a Spanish marquis who built a palace near Quito, and the strange goings-on of his widow. He writes very well indeed, and the third story, particularly, is brilliantly handled. He is in earnest about trying to catch the

spirit of the countries he writes about and is a pleasant relief after so many of his wearily flip young compatriots.

Some Amusing Novels

ELINOR MORDAUNT'S *Mrs. Van Kleeck* (John Day, \$2.50) is a highly readable novel about a woman who kept an "hotel," where beautiful young ladies were among the regular guests. This was in the South Pacific that Mrs. Mordaunt knows so well, and the portrait of her principal character is executed with admirable skill. She has a good story to tell, too, and the novel is altogether a lively slice of life, although serious enough in its outcome. Other lighter books of recent publication that may be recommended for a pleasant evening include Mrs. Marie Belloc-Lowndes's *The Duchess Intervenes* (Putnam, \$2.00), which is a departure for this author in that it is social comedy and not a mystery story — the tale of a Duchess who could not keep her hands off other people's affairs; *I'll Tell You Everything* by J. B. Priestley and Gerald Bullett (Macmillan, \$2.50), a humorous mystery story in which a mild young man of thought suddenly becomes a man of violent action; and *Villa Aurelia* by Burton E. Stevenson (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00), a novel of romance and intrigue on the French Riviera which is filled with swift action against a lovely background.

Sinclair Lewis's *Ann Vickers* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is, of course, one of the most discussed novels of the moment, since it is the first book of Mr. Lewis's after the award of the Nobel Prize. The Landscaper has not yet had a chance

to read it, and the reports at second hand are somewhat varied. Carl Van Doren, whose excellent biographical and critical study of Lewis has just been published, considers it one of his best books; others do not find the principal character attractive. It will be interesting, of course, to see whether it attains anything like the popularity of Mr. Lewis's earlier books. One of its principal handicaps, of course, is the general reluctance of the public to part with the purchase price for any book.

Excitement in Russia

AMONG the books of recent publication that offer both entertainment and information is *British Agent* by R. H. Bruce Lockhart (Putnam, \$2.75), which was chosen by the Book Society in England and the Book-of-the-Month Club in this country. There is an introduction by Hugh Walpole. The author was Consul General in Moscow at the age of twenty-seven, and later was selected by Lloyd George to head the British Mission to Russia. It was on this visit that Mr. Lockhart fell afoul of the Soviet authorities, and came very near losing his life. He actually served a term in prison, and was later condemned to death by a Russian court, but not until after he was home. He was in Russia during the days of Lenin and Trotsky and knew everything that went on as nearly as one man could, and he has the happy faculty of putting his thought and impressions on paper. His earlier chapters deal with his experiences in Malaya, where he fell in love with a beautiful woman of the royal house, and upset a whole community by taking her to live with him in his

bungalow. Mr. Walpole compliments him on his modesty and honesty, and both qualities are strikingly evident in his book, which has much of the appeal of such volumes as Yeats-Brown's *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, or Robert Bernays's *Naked Faquir*; the writing is extraordinarily fresh and vivid, and the material is full of fascination. It is a safe guess that this is to be one of the most widely read and discussed books of the new season, and it ought not to prove disappointing to any one who picks it up.

Trotsky's Own Story

LEON TROTSKY'S OWN story of the Russian Revolution, one of the great pieces of historical writing of this century, is now complete, with two new volumes added to the first, which made its appearance last autumn. Simon and Schuster are the publishers and the price is \$3.50 a volume, if sold separately, or \$10 for the set boxed. The three form a unit, and the volumes at hand are, if possible, of more importance and interest than the first. Volume II deals with "The Attempted Counter-Revolution," Volume III with "The Triumph of the Soviets." An introduction to Volume II replies to some of the criticisms of the first volume, and a terminal essay gives Trotsky the opportunity of arguing for the policies that caused him to be exiled. In the final volume, a world-shaking event, the birth of the U.S.S.R., is seen in perspective, which makes thrilling reading. Not very often in the history of the world has it happened that a man so close to great events as Trotsky has had the ability to record the happenings he himself was helping to shape; his

book is sure of immortality. Max Eastman is the translator.

Recent biographies offer a wide range of choice, running all the way from a brief new life of Queen Elizabeth to a treatment of Alexander Hamilton from the Freudian point of view. Mona Wilson is the author of a life of Good Queen Bess, which is the most recent addition to the series started last year by Appleton, and which costs \$2.00 a volume. The portrait is both lively and sound, a happy interpretation of a complex, but unfailingly interesting, character. Johan J. Smertenko is the author of *Alexander Hamilton* (Greenberg, \$3.50), in which Mr. Smertenko attempts to explain the career of Hamilton as the outgrowth of his lowly origin, a constant battle to attain the social position denied him by his birth. This method has both its attractions and its dangers; here it is used with skill and intelligence, and the result is good reading. Since the United States is going more and more Hamiltonian, it is interesting to speculate what might have happened to this country if Hamilton had had a different start. . . .

A Life of Stanley

JACOB WASSERMANN turns his talents again to biography in *Bula Matari: Stanley, Conqueror of a Continent* (Liveright, \$3.00), the life of one of those strange men who through their very restlessness have more than once changed the whole course of history. Herr Wassermann has set down all the known facts about Stanley, but has gone a step further in trying to get at the roots of his life force. Stanley, like so many other men of action, was completely at a

loss when he was forced to be still; his death in a London suburb was heart-breakingly ironic. Herr Wassermann has not only done a fine study of the man who opened the Black Continent to civilization, but has caught much of the spirit of Africa itself. This is first-rate biography. The children of this century need to know about Stanley and his search for Livingston, one of the great stories of the hundred years past. A moving narrative of another adventurer is *One-Arm Sutton: A Modern Soldier of Fortune* (Viking, \$2.50), an autobiography of which the author says it is at least ninety-five per cent true. Sutton is a mining engineer by profession. He lost an arm at Gallipoli, and he has been nearly everywhere, more particularly recently with Chang Tso Lin, the war lord of Mukden, to whom he was an invaluable assistant. His life has been filled with yarns, and he knows how to spin them; it is not necessary to bother about the other five per cent.

The only remaining biography at hand is a friendly life of Jimmie Walker, called *Jimmie Walker: The Story of a Personality*, by Louis J. Gribetz and Joseph Kaye (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, \$2.75). There are many anecdotes, of course, and some real work has been done in an effort to explain what sort of person Walker is. To most New Yorkers he was little more than a symbol of the boom; actually he was a very remarkable person, wholly aside from the clothes he wore and his wisecracks. There is little hope, one supposes, that any one will care to read about him now, but he is entitled to his day in court, and here he gets it.

Are You a Guinea Pig?

IN THE field of general books, the Landscaper's favorite just now is *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs; Dangers in Everyday Drugs and Cosmetics*, by Arthur Kallett and F. J. Schlink (Vanguard, \$2.00), which is, in effect, an exposé of the way the present Pure Food and Drugs Act does not protect the public, and also of the bunk that continues to cling to advertising. Mr. Schlink helped Stuart Chase to write *Your Money's Worth* several years ago. He and Mr. Kallett are both associated with Consumers' Research, one of the soundest organizations in the country, whose missionary work in the cause of honest advertising and honest merchandising has been priceless. The new book is full of startling statements, such as the charge that one nationally advertised toothpaste contains a deadly poison and another an abrasive that cuts the enamel. Antiseptics that are both expensive and worthless are named by name, and the danger in certain well-known cosmetics made plain. Yeast and bran, those modern panaceas, the latter advertised, as is pointed out, with recommendations of foreign physicians, always draped around with human internals and trying to look scientific, come in for their share of attention, and many other products with which we are all familiar are called up for review.

Also the advertising of certain popular magazines is analysed; those of us who can remember the magnificent series of articles Samuel Hopkins Adams wrote in *Collier's* years ago on patent medicines may be surprised to discover that many

quack remedies are still going strong, and that many dangerous drugs are still offered to the public. Methods change, and certainly advertising is more subtle, more diversified and perhaps more dangerously dishonest, than it was in the good old days of Peruna and Pink Pills. Messrs. Kallett and Schlink want to see things improved, and they suggest that magazine and newspaper readers write in to editors when they see misleading or dangerous advertising in their favorite journals. Probably a more successful way to bring about reforms than the mere passage of more or tighter laws.

Mayas and Incas

SPEAKING as one who has a passion for archeological explorations anywhere, and more particularly, for those on this side of the world, the Landscaper wishes to give a cordial recommendation to *Flight Into America's Past: Inca Peaks and Maya Jungles*, by Marie Beale (Putnam, \$3.50), a fascinating book, with 114 illustrations, which explains how it is possible to use the airplane to view the remains of two great civilizations in Central and South America. Mrs. Beale writes entertainingly of her experiences in flying 18,000 feet up over the Cordillera, and of skimming along over the mouths of active volcanoes, also of her contacts with the people of South America, a blend of the blood of the Spanish conquerors with the remnants of two great races. She declares that Maya and Inca succeeded in disproving two popular theories about highly developed civilizations in bringing their magnificent efforts to fruition against enormous climatic handicaps. The

Mayas worked in very high altitudes in a most severe climate; the Incas in a fierce tropical jungle. Mayhap, she says, we may learn the secret of living and working in the tropics, and find the solution for our economic difficulties, an interesting enough idea. Any one seeking suggestions for an unusual vacation will find this book just the thing; it is also one of the most up-to-date and understandable accounts of Maya and Inca civilization to be found anywhere.

Witchcraft of Today

VOODOOS AND OBEAS: *Phases of West Indian Witchcraft*, by Joseph J. Williams, S. J. (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, \$3.00) is a careful and scientific account of weird rites that are still practised in many islands not very far off the coast of our own country. Some doubts are cast upon the complete authenticity of the colorful reports of William Seabrook in *Magic Island*, although Father Williams himself is careful to say that he is not questioning Mr. Seabrook's good faith, merely the absolute accuracy of his observation. Of course, the present author looks upon the survival of witchcraft as an unmitigated evil, but his book is not merely an attack; it is the result of long and careful study.

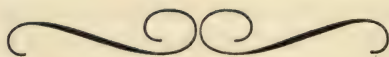
Revolutions in Spain

READERS who wish to familiarize themselves with the course of events in Spain will find the whole background of the revolutionary movement presented in great detail in *Toward a New Spain* by Joseph A. Brandt (University of Chicago Press, \$4.00), the most complete account of the sort available in English. Mr.

Brandt concentrates most of his attention upon the Revolution of 1868, which resulted eventually in a republic in 1873. There were five presidents before the restoration of the monarchy the next year, and a large number of constitutions, the Spaniards being by nature and instinct word-fellows, so that making a new constitution was the regular remedy for an impossible political situation. A short sketch of the present republic, which has held its own to a remarkable degree, reveals Mr. Brandt as very hopeful of its future, although he realizes that many of the problems which vexed liberal leaders in the

late middle of the last century remain to be solved. His is a book only for students of the subject, as the detail will prove too great for most people, but it represents a great deal of work, and is valuable for reference.

With this, the Landscaper drops the subject of books for a time at least. *Si Dios quiere*, he will be on his way again shortly, and hopes to write the next Landscape from somewhere in the neighborhood of Key West, or maybe Cuba, after a leisurely journey down the Atlantic Coast, making observations of all sorts, to be reported here later.



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Apéritif

Morbid Silver Lining

PUBLIC-SPIRITED individuals have been fulminating against the kind of movies represented by *Frankenstein* and — most recently observed by this Hollywood unenthusiast — *The Mummy*. It seems that horror, like unpunished crime and disrespect for the flag, is unfit for contemplation, particularly by the young. But it also seems that such movies are practically the only happy development of late years in the industry; ecstatically terror-stricken people jam the halls where they are shown; producers rack their brains for new plots to satisfy the demand. Which is so ordinary a concomitant of viewing with indignation that it would not be worth remark except for another matter.

This is the decline of admonitions from high places to the effect that what we need is confidence. I mean admonitions unrelated to facts. We still need confidence, of course, in moderation and suitably applied; but there are not so many people urging us to snatch it out of thin air. We are rather told to attend to such matters

as the War debts and balancing the budget, on the theory that confidence will return when they are settled, and with confidence better times. This lull in the pæans of Pollyannaism has a connection, I think, with the movies mentioned above, and in future depressions recognition of that connection may be useful.

When the several proponents of unqualified optimism were issuing statements wholesale, they were undoubtedly acting with the public weal in mind, and it is conceivable that, if their advice had been taken without the barrels of salt which generally accompanied it, some measure of good might have resulted. But no one was in the mood for such cheeriness. A decade of success stories in the magazines, spoken yarns concerning bootblacks who made millions in Wall Street — the whole inflammable atmosphere of pep, progress and prosperity — had blown up in October, 1929, and change was in order. New fictions were needed, and trusting in big business and the destiny of America seemed like an old wives' tale. Yet that was all the leaders offered.

The psychological historian will undoubtedly write some day in technical fashion the mental phases of the last three and a half years, but most of us remember well enough a few roughly classified ones: the unreality at first, when every one had heard that there was a depression but few felt it personally; then the sudden knowledge, resulting from a pay cut, a dismissal, or a passed dividend, that the thing was really going to affect *us*. The third phase (still going on) was when we began to magnify our troubles, to use our own imaginations. "Maybe you think *you've* had a tough time, but listen to *my* story. . . ." That was the catchphrase, comparable with "What's Radio doing today?" in 1929.

Just when this wide-spread urge toward melancholy legends set in is hard to remember. But it could not have been much later than the beginning of 1931. In April of that year William Faulkner published *Sanctuary*, and partly as a result of the developing dismalism became for the first time a best seller. The "Cult of Cruelty" waxed rapidly thereafter: so soon as 1932 it was given attention in literary periodicals. Similarly a great boom in contract bridge occurred during these years. Then out from the cynics' quiet places emerged the jig-saw puzzle craze. That these last two manifestations are not merely normal American fads, like Mah Jongg and Tom Thumb golf, can be easily deduced from their far greater difficulty and inanity than anything that had appeared before, and the fact that they deal in numbers of almost incredible magnitude — a natural nostalgia for 1929 prob-

ably. Outwardly intelligent people have been seen gravely attempting to piece together jig-saw puzzles of more than a thousand dizzy fragments.

Doubtless there are other phenomena of this sort — all representing the people's suppressed desire to feel the worst, if only vicariously. These examples are sufficient: they run the gamut from simple eye-strain and backache to deliberate self-exposure to nightmares or worried sleeplessness. All, I venture, must be the result of our leaders' refusal to recognize the new trend in imagination and their insistence on sticking to the old Second Decade formula for satisfying the people's romantic yearnings.

IMAGINE — with the adaptability of hard times — that the October crash had been greeted with another kind of announcement from on high. Suppose that in November, instead of a promise that the momentary reaction would be over within sixty days, we had received assurance that an unprecedented, disastrous, horror-inspiring depression had just begun, and, from all our big business men and bankers could see, was likely to last well on into the Twenty-First Century. Suppose it had been predicted that within sixty days no bank in the country would be open, that there would be twenty-five millions unemployed, that the Government would fall so deeply into debt that Washington would have to close down all its schools of advanced oratory and postgraduate bureaucracy. Suppose the rulers, with gloomy visages, had said: "The price system has failed utterly in our

hands; politicians are absolutely incapable of controlling the complex mechanism of modern life; business men are no better. We all give up."

What would have happened? I am inclined to think that one long incredulous hoot of laughter would have gone up all over the country. And when the mighty had answered that with still direr prophecies, it would have been repeated with relish, the process continuing in diminuendo throughout the period comparable with our first depression phase. Then when salary cuts, passed dividends and dismissals opened up the second phase, every one would have come to with a start, recollected the forebodings of his leaders and set about analyzing them. Evidently, it would have seemed to him, the forebodings had some basis after all, but why should such a *sudden* catastrophe happen? Something must indeed have been wrong.

Right there, I have a wistful hope, they would have consulted the economists. Perhaps their political rulers would have advised it, having admitted helplessness themselves; perhaps their curiosity would have taken them unbidden to the experts. And in that there would have been a vital psychological benefit. Economists have not been exactly silent during these years, but their words were unsolicited in the main, and earned the natural reception of gratuitous advice. If the people had gone to them and asked their opinion, the words might have been fewer, better considered and far more widely heeded. And there was fairly concerted agreement among them on most of the immediate major questions: international debts, tariffs,

banking, the need for expanded purchasing power, corporate follies, speculation, the farm problem.

Probably the recent Senate investigation of banks would have occurred in 1930, and we might now have had the strong, unified banking system which we need. Capital structures of all kinds would have been examined and alterations made where they are still needed. Adjustments would have been made in tariffs and international debts, so as to check the progressive strangulation of foreign trade. Perhaps the desired confidence would have appeared as a result of knowledge of the problems and the consequent opportunity to work toward their solution.

But the second phase and the beginning of the third, as they were, included fresh assurances that nothing much was wrong, which tended to discourage private investigation except by more or less professional economists. Mass contemplation of the worst was confined to personal troubles, the horror movies and other distressing trivialities. It was not until late 1932 that a gentleman of dynamic imagination in the use of statistics set forth the situation (as he saw it) in such dramatic terms that the masses gave it their attention.

Whether that had anything to do with the fact that our leaders seem finally to be coming to grips with essential problems is debatable, of course, but there is at least a chronological argument in the affirmative. Certainly the picture Mr. Scott painted was thought to be black enough, and equally certainly people were more interested in it than they ever had been in admonitions to be confident.

It is perfectly true that few persons foresaw how terrible the depression would be — probably true that unforeseeable events during the depression magnified it during its course. But within a very few months after the market crash in 1929 it was plainly apparent that *something* was wrong. There were economists in the country who had been predicting for a long time before that that many of our most popular policies and practices would end in trouble. Con-

sequently reason existed for head-shaking and dire prophecy, if only on the grounds that people who expect the worst are never disappointed. What was done instead was to hold up before the populace a disembodied silver lining, while denying the dark cloud which surrounded it.

At any rate, there is a lull in the pæans of Pollyannaism. There is also a general fascination for the morbid. Something good should surely result.

W. A. D.

Peace

BY SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK

HOWEVER may unrest monopolize
 The melody, peace is an overtone
 That can not be surmounted. Pain may moan
 The poignant motif of existence; rise
 As may the clashing chords in passion's guise;
 Increasingly above them and alone,
 Peace dominates. What hungry ear has known
 A sound more sweet than sound when sounding dies?

Peace is an overtone in which all calm
 Is centred. Man may struggle with the scales
 Of his own being, but to seek the balm
 Of its compassion when his tempo fails
 The mounting clamor of his lot. Its psalm
 Of stillness tempers, silences and veils.

Englishmen Look at America

BY R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

The very difficulties holding these two peoples apart contribute to a better understanding

WE LONDONERS missed them more than we should have supposed last summer — those vivacious, talkative, energetic, curious visitors from overseas. We had often been critical of them in the past, in a light easy-going way. But this time, when they were so conspicuously absent, we experienced a sense of loss, realizing that the splash of color which they brought into the London scheme in July and August was indispensable to the plan of the year; the perspective was wrong without them.

When I say we missed them, I am not thinking of the United States dollars they might have exchanged for pounds — though doubtless those also were welcome enough. I am speaking of the persons themselves. These bright visitors from the United States were wont to come when London was needing them most. The "Season" would be nearly over; Parliament would be at the last gasp of its Session; business men would be thinking of holidays, and wives, nursemaids and children already on their way to the sea. August would seem to be descending, drab, sultry, meagre, upon those millions who con-

tinue to live in the metropolis when it is said to be "empty"; and lo! precisely at the psychological moment the situation would be saved by the shining arrival of our transatlantic visitors.

We remember, now, how in other years we used to greet New York, Philadelphia and Chicago in the streets of London; and that we were glad to meet Ohio, Kentucky and Oklahoma on the top of an omnibus, and to make contact with the Pacific seaboard in the ozone-like atmosphere of our electric subways. But where, this year, were those business men in light gray suits and straw hats with their air of tolerant possessiveness who used to be seen in the neighborhood of our best hotels? Where were those fair things so exquisitely clad in the smartest of smart creations straight from Paris, which made one wonder whether all American women were *always* so wonderfully dressed, or whether it was only that these garments had to be worn once before the ordeal of the New York customs? Those unwearying questers after public monuments, those athletic college youths, those gay flocks of maidens asking and

finding their way everywhere, migrants pausing here for a brief moment of experience before flying on to sip elsewhere — once familiar, if half-alien, visitants who, at London's drabest moments, brought color and gusto! Where are they now, and what teeming cities do they inhabit?

Yes, for one reason and another, Englishmen have thought much about Americans for as many years as any young American can remember. I am not thinking of the Englishmen who have been over in the United States, and in the course of a visit or two have learned so much that there is nothing they can not tell Americans about their own country; but of those who, never having been there, none the less have pictures in their minds of the Statue of Liberty, skyscrapers, Ford's factories, Hollywood, grain-laden prairies, dollar multi-millionaires and speakeasies, and have a shrewd suspicion that Presidential elections take place once every four years, and that, while they are in progress, foreign diplomats had better watch their steps.

OBVIOUSLY, this Englishman's picture of the United States is a mixed one, containing innumerable elements, some of which appear to contradict one another. But all pictures are like that. This one has quite definite characteristics at any given moment, though it has been changing from time to time. The popular idea of America is not quite the same today as it was two or three years ago. The post-War picture at any time has been very different from that of the pre-War period, and if one could go back to the Nineteenth Century

picture, he would find something utterly different. Some of our grandparents, I believe, imagined America as a country of strong, simple, earnest souls who had all been born in log cabins, like Abraham Lincoln; others were dominated by the Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe description, or by Walt Whitman, or by Mark Twain; and a few by the Dickens parody. This is only to say that the average Victorian Englishman had not really placed the United States at all in his ethnographical world picture; it was still a vague space on the map where the pioneer and the Red Indian *had been*, and something new and growing undoubtedly *was* — but just what, was still vague, futuristic and ill-considered.

That picture was being filled in far more definitely and precisely in the thirteen or fourteen years before the War. One might get the impression that at one stroke, somewhere about the year 1900, the whole scene had been transformed. The imagination which had conceived rolling prairies and log cabins now substituted, and as if by a magic touch of Aladdin's lamp, vast cities, factories churning out products for insatiable consumers, skyscrapers blotting out the light of heaven, sky-signs illuminating the streets, Wall Street engaged in "frenzied finance," newspapers with incredible headlines — in a word, an industrial community rushing on at a headlong pace into hitherto unheard of extremities of mechanized activity. (The prairies, which had once filled the picture, seemed to have been forgotten, and hundreds of thousands of square miles of potential plowland.) The effort should have been made to

reconcile this fantastic picture with something much better known, and actually visible, tangible, real, namely those citizens of the United States intent on business or pleasure who were already visiting England in quite considerable numbers. These living examples of United States citizenship should have been seen as figures in the foreground to which all that vast civilization in the background had to be related. But the average man does not always "connect" in this logical way. Moreover, in those days the visitor here was not always so well received as he should have been, for Englishmen were not demonstrative in emulating the splendid spirit of hospitality with which, then as now, Americans received the stranger in their midst. It was a fault, due more to shyness than "uppishness," which we hope we have been growing out of.

Doubtless there were thousands of Englishmen in those pre-War days whose judgment of the United States was not so inaccurate. There were authors who went over to get to know the public that bought their books; newspaper owners who studied American newspaper production; engineers who were interested in the latest labor-saving devices; educationists who wished to know more about American education; welfare workers who studied social experiments in American cities; and diplomats, of course, who had no illusions about the ascending part that the United States was playing in world affairs. There were many Englishmen who were well-informed about America; yet England as a whole, before the War period, was not psychologically in touch with the greatest

English-speaking nation. She had not yet formed an intimate mental picture of the mass life of the other nation such as must be formed if one nation is to be sensitive to changes of mood in the other, or capable of responding with some tact to a gesture, or of being quiet at moments when silence is golden.

THE War made a big difference. To begin with, it produced considerable changes in the habits and manners of the English people themselves. It made them in some respects more like Americans in their behavior, even before friendly contact had been established between the Associated Armies in France. For Englishmen, so long as it lasted, the War was a tremendous leveler. It did not abolish differences in wealth, but it did, for the time being, tend to break down differences in class. A new sort of camaraderie, a genial community feeling, asserted itself, under which barriers of prejudice, pride and shyness disappeared. A new slang invaded the language which was in use everywhere, and it was noticeable that many of the slang words were of American origin. It might not be true to say that the English nation at this time was Americanized, but certainly many habits and snobishnesses which had separated it from the Americans disappeared. That brilliant if somewhat prejudiced Spanish philosopher, Ortega y Gasset, has said that all Europe has recently become Americanized, not through the direct influence of the United States, but under those common democratic influences which made America "American." I do not know whether that is true, but I am

sure the War made some millions of Englishmen much less unlike Americans than they had been; it broke down some of those reserves which tend to separate men; it produced a sort of geniality and openness of manner which Americans evince spontaneously; so that they found, when they mingled with American troops in France, that there was much in sentiment as well as in language which at once put them at their ease with them — as the English were seldom quite at ease with the French.

So already, in 1919, the ground was somewhat prepared for the mighty assault of Americanism upon the English mind and imagination which was to gather momentum steadily year after year. Many remarkable changes have come over the British people in the last dozen years, but few more remarkable than that which occurred through the alteration of their sense of *nation-values* — and especially the awareness of a mass force on the other side of the ocean emitting spasmodic nerve-waves of energy round and round the earth. The whole world was seen to be dancing to jazz tunes which originated there; crowding to see film pictures made on that Far Western seaboard; listening to voices which spoke with a Western accent; thrilling to emotion evoked by Hollywood performers. The whole world was touring the roads in automobiles from Detroit. All the hotels of Europe were fitted out to receive the overflow of tourists from overseas. What more amazing to the English tourist in France, accustomed to the indifference of the French to sanitation, than to discover

that they had conquered their national repugnance to plumbing and had everywhere installed hot and cold water-pipes for the sole purpose of satisfying American visitors!

The America-concept was built up by stages in the minds of average Englishmen. When President Wilson returned from Paris to Washington after the Versailles Peace negotiations, they thought that the Treaty, including the provision for the League of Nations, was settled. But when the politicians and people of the United States turned down the President and rejected the Treaty, it was necessary to readjust the "America" picture. Clearly she belonged to an order of things all her own. One did not feel that there was any mystery about her, as one might about an Oriental nation — she was too frank to mystify — but certainly she was incalculable. On the other hand it was impossible to feel that there was anything in the least hostile about her aloofness from Europe — did she not at once organize famine relief for starving Russia, and join England in bringing financial help to distraught Austria? She was adamant about European debts, but her people were ready on occasion to pour out gifts.

But what most of all impressed the practical imagination of the Englishman during those years was the legend — or was it the reality? — of the inexhaustible wealth of the United States and the infinite capacity of the people for harnessing the forces of nature to create ever more wealth. Size, speed, machinery, power, wealth — these were of the essence of the America-concept. The thousands of miles between the

Atlantic and the Pacific might have been tens of thousands — they were thought of as endless. The grain-producing and mineral-producing capacity — infinite! The cities — machine-using, with every device for labor-saving! A country which could grow its own food, rear its own cattle, yield its natural oil and mineral ores, and at the same time so mechanize industry that goods could be turned out by mass-production cheaply and abundantly for the satisfaction of the growing desires of a vast population, with an ever-increasing overflow for foreign markets. And in addition to all this, the banks, with reserves of credit mounting up for fresh and ever-fresh investment!

The whole picture, gigantic and complex as it was, might be summed up for the average Englishman by one word — the magic word "Ford." That word not only suggested mass-production, specialization of mechanism, labor-saving, but was also a standing reproach to the old industrialist's caution in restricting output. It made men say, "If you are doing badly, halve your prices and double your wages. If that does not do the trick, halve and double again." (English manufacturers, by the way, did not take this advice.) Working men thought of America as a country where the poorest worker received six dollars a day, and where there were no unemployed — as a country in which the more people there might be requiring food and automobiles, the more wealth there was for those whose business it was to cater for their needs; the more exuberantly men multiplied their wants, the greater the capacity for satisfying them.

And so we got into the habit of saying, not "as rich as Cræsus," but "as rich as an American." This wealth, as we imagined it, became something fabulous, and more than fabulous; for fables have often depicted a man of prodigious power or unthinkable wealth — a merchant prince, a Maharajah, or an oil-king, but never before a nation of well-off people. Yet this is what the new America-legend was imposing on our imagination. There was no Socialist in England who would have ventured to put the claim for a minimum wage so high as five or six dollars a day, yet this, it was supposed, was to be had for the asking by any man in the United States who was willing to work. Work for all, high wages for all, automobiles for all, and an ever-upward movement in the scale and in the standard, every man buoyed up with the rosy prospect of becoming a millionaire himself. It seemed to the English onlooker who believed what he read in the newspapers, that whatever America might or might not have done in other respects, at least in the economic sphere, she had solved the problem. There at least she had made a success. In that sphere of life she had knocked spots off Europeans. She had shown them something to imitate. The Utopian dream of prosperity for all — had not America realized it?

IN PRIME production, in industry, in commerce, in finance, America went her own proud way, so easily first of all the nations in economic power that there was nothing to put beside her. And economic power in modern times is simply *power*, power

par excellence; all other physical means of exerting force are subordinate to it. It was very formidable, this supremacy, dominating the horizon wherever we turned. There is not a nation in Europe which had not an "America complex," a state of mind in which the ever-recurring emotions were those connected with "debts, armaments — armaments, debts." And to this awareness of colossal power was also added the idea of a people whose national pride was peculiarly sensitive to criticism. Europeans got the impression that America might say what she liked to the world, but that the world must be very careful what it said to America. If, for example, any one in Europe felt sore because the United States had not entered the League of Nations, he would be wise to keep such thoughts unexpressed. If any nation hoped for a remission of any part of its debt to America, it was felt that the wisest course would be not to mention the matter. It was her privilege to say what she liked about the scandal of European armaments, but beware of the *lèse majesté* of saying anything about the failure to suppress bootleggers.

I stress this formidable aspect which America assumed in the eyes of the average Englishman up to about three years ago; but it is necessary to insist that even then it was modified by many factors. One instinctively admired such force, knowing that mere size and mass would not have produced this tremendous result if there had not been vitality, initiative, drive and moral quality behind. But there were special reasons why Englishmen should appreciate the American point of view.

Before the War we, too, had been accounted a nation rich, aloof, proud, intolerant of criticism. Our very insularity, our division from Europe by the narrow waters of the Channel, had given us some of the sense of self-sufficiency which is so natural for Americans, with an ocean on each side of them, and half a continent for territory. In addition, we realized that there was much in the mentality of the American people which enabled us to be nearer to them than to any other country. Though, of course, we deplore the debt that Europe and England owe to the United States, we are the first to sympathize with the principle that debts should be paid. Though we are glad that we never adopted Prohibition, we are bound to remember that our legislators for half a century have been similarly influenced by powerful Temperance reformers. We, too, have been a nation of tourists. We, too, have sent our bands of missionaries to the heathen. We, too, have often endeavored to press our moral codes on foreign nations, just as America today, with an arrogance which we admire, would compel Europe to be pacifist. Indeed we, too, want Europe to be pacifist. Though we are no longer in a position to bring strong pressure to bear on the world to live according to our ideals, we are the less inclined to grudge America her supremacy, since her world projects, in the main, are as acceptable to us as to her. We are not depressed by the sense of her overshadowing power, since we have often felt that it was often used on our side, or at least to the advantage of causes that we esteem.

Such was the position, then, three years ago, in which we saw all the nations of the world looking over their shoulders wonderingly at the Colossus — a power strong enough to influence profoundly our shrunken Europe, if she cared to — a country to which it was possible to feel we had become a sort of poor relation, though with some of the privileges of kinship. But since the position of a poor relation — especially to one who has been rich — is not quite satisfactory, there was sometimes a sense of strain. But this statement requires modifying, since the majority of Englishmen have not yet learned the virtue of humility or puffed themselves out with the pride that goes with it. Let me put the matter otherwise. The United States seemed friendly enough, but miraculously armor-proof against our latter-day weaknesses. We were conscious of being humanly fallible in the management of our economic life. America seemed unerring in the pursuit of success — superhuman.

AND then came the crash — the tottering of 1929 — the *annus terribilis* (as Professor Arnold Toynbee has called it) of 1931 — the subsidences, the bubble-prickings, the collapse of the very foundations of belief — belief, I mean, in the innate value of commodities, in the sacredness of gold, the eternity of the Bank of England, and even the superhumanity of the United States. We saw the whole structure of world wealth and world trade shaken, and the spiritual elements which inhabited these material things — “credit,” “confidence,” “security” — diminished. Those

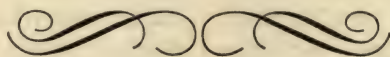
were the spiritual elements in which the United States had seemed superabundantly rich — qualities intimately related to their boundless faith in predestined and continuous success. But now, the continuity of that amazing success was broken; the faith of that buoyant optimism was dwindling; the very citadel of the new world order was not impregnable. When we saw that America, too, was swept by the tidal wave of destruction which sent values toppling down throughout the world we realized that, powerful as she was, she was not, after all, superhuman. She was fallible, as we were fallible. She was discovering, as we had discovered, the hiatus between productive power and marketing power, and was realizing, as we had realized, the terrific menace of unemployment. Her rich people and our rich people were now simultaneously experiencing the sensation of being the “new poor.” When we came to know how profoundly she, too, was involved in the world misfortune, the “America-concept” suffered a sea-change. The miraculous was eliminated from it. It ceased to mesmerize us with the image of a demi-god or a Juggernaut. Even the word “Ford” lost its magic, and “mass-production” ceased to be a password opening the road to illimitable wealth.

Enlightened by the lessons of the crisis, we no longer felt that here were we in a crazy boat that might founder, and that over there were the Americans in an Ark that no Flood could harm. We began to see that we were all in the same boat together, rowing, perhaps, at sixes and sevens, but under the same necessity of keeping afloat, and the

same possibility of having to swim side by side in the water. That made a difference to our attitude. It made even the debt problem assume a less invidious character than it might have done. If America had still been in the plenitude of her prosperity, and, being in that position, had turned a deaf ear to Europe's plea for debt revision, that would have been one matter. It was quite another matter when she said: "We need the money; we have millions of unemployed; our farmers are in debt; our taxpayers are squeezed; our budget is not balancing." That seemed to us the most cogent of arguments. Europe might or might not be able to pay. It might or might not be in the interests of America herself to insist on the whole of the payments. But we fully recognized that, as things were going badly with her no less than with us, she was abundantly justified in demanding that Europe should leave no stone unturned to fulfill her contractual obligations, just as we for our part felt justified in pointing out the difficulties of making a monetary river flow up-hill.

To this extent good is coming out of ill, that both countries are facing the realities, and there is the basis for a more realistic understanding than ever before. We, on this side, have probably been getting rid of the more fanciful elements in our

American picture. There will be no need in the future to divide it into two irreconcilable parts — on the one side, the abstraction that was "Ford," on the other, those agreeable tourists whom we used to meet in the streets and hotels of our cities. The time will come, surely, when those vivacious, talkative, energetic, curious visitors from overseas will be with us again — the athletic college youths — the women wearing their Paris dresses — New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Ohio, Kentucky and Oklahoma adding their splash of color to the London scheme. How glad we shall be to see them! And when they arrive once more, pausing here for a few brief moments of experience, harbingers of returning prosperity, even our most stay-at-home Englishmen will understand that these perfectly human people whom we had been missing are genuine samples of their race, and that if we crossed the mill-pond we should find millions of their countrymen like them. And when my own countrymen look again at that huge space on the map and attempt in their imagination to fill it with people, I do not think they will picture them as denizens of another planet — Martians or Robots — but as men and women, with eyes, ears, mouths, minds and tastes not altogether unlike those of Englishmen.



Seen the Glory

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

A Story

OF THREE professions the Reverend Robert Carter followed, his preaching was at once the least and the greatest; least in that the livelihood thus gained was negligible, greatest in that his earnestness and devotion gave to it the joy of an avocation.

Now, as he sought a text to illuminate the next day's sermon at Nehemiah African Methodist Church, he was for the second time that afternoon interrupted. He marked the place in his Bible with a long finger and drew away from the fire to a more upright position. He would have hated to admit — he scarcely realized — how much light he needed to read, these days. A succession of sounds from the rear of the cabin and a cumulative opaqueness outside the open front door had combined to distract him. Brown eyes yielded their intent and faraway expression. The mind behind them came back from Galilee, in Judea, to Barondel Plantation, on Peedee River.

Robert listened, frowning:

"O Love, O Love, O Careless Love!

O Love, O Love, O Careless Love!

Ah'm goan hang ma hat on uh willuh tree

'Cause de man Ah love do love me.

O Love, O Love, O Ca—"

"Hush, child," commanded the minister, in a voice at once stern and musical. "I d'read de Scripture." Silence returned.

Robert rose, placed the Bible on the red-print covered table in the centre of the room and walked to the open door. Lean nose, high forehead, intelligent eyes lent distinction to a countenance kindred to old mahogany. He bore himself erect. He would have had to stoop his six feet two if the doorway had not been cut cathedral fashion.

A faint road ran past the side of the cabin and skirted a tiny watchman's camp set high on stilts. To the left, in a welter of live-oaks, nestled the age-gray bulk of the Big House, but a graveled driveway led to that. The humbler road turned right as countless feet and farm-wagons had done, to serve the barns. Robert looked past the curve and over the top of the low bluff that hid the near half of Peedee River. On the far side of the narrow, reedy island in the centre, he could glimpse a sliver of tawny water fretted by yellow-white shaving-curls of foam. Clouds surprisingly dark for three-thirty in the afternoon hung above. Chill waxed in the air.

"Ef de win' doan shif', dey's

goan be weather," Robert muttered. His mouth pursed.

Nehemiah's sermon seemed fated to interruption. Earlier in the afternoon, a committee of deacons had come from Ebenezer, on Waccamaw Neck, to make the Reverend Carter the proffer of seventy-five cents' worth of gasoline and seventy cents for ferry fare, once a month, so that he might reach his farthest flock by ramshackle Ford, via Georgetown Bay, instead of paddling six miles through rice-field creek and ditch.

Robert had listened to the offer intently. Under the spell of emotion he rose and stood very straight. Seemingly he looked at his three visitors, but in reality there passed on the screen of his mind, one by one, families and individuals of the hard-put congregation that had sent these men. Faces, clothes, suffering, laughter, need. And suddenly he had seen, not outwardly in the room, but inwardly in his mind, as he often did, One shining, exceeding white as snow, One who ministered and gave no thought to the morrow.

"Brethren," the minister had announced his decision, "I thank my people. An' I thank you, too. An' de Lawd, sayeth de Scripture, is not onacquainted wid de hearts ob de righteous. But de gasoline an' de ferry fare mek too much buhden. De po' needs de money, an' de stren'th I spen' on de Lawd's wuhk, de Lawd will count as savin'. I row an' walk, long's I kin."

STANDING now in the cabin doorway, the tall Negro reviewed that conference. He thought, too, of his farming venture on Camellia, where sporadic service as watchman

(really a fourth profession) earned him the right to till five acres, rent free. A "fus' fros'" fire, set by ignorant darkies "to buhn de boll weevil," had spread across fields and wiped out a year's store of grain and peas, a plow, a harrow and a horse.

Today the lowering sky promised to make onerous and hazardous an imminent engagement in the third principal occupation of this man of varied effort.

At sixty-three, Robert, besides being preacher and farmer, was still the best hunting guide in Georgetown County. He knew like the back of his hand the intricate maze of ditches in the abandoned rice fields. He could veer his boat suddenly, press through a mat of reeds and come to some solitary black and soundless pool where teal or mallard, winging in from the Atlantic, dropped, with a whir of feathers against wind, to rest and feed. He could have handled, safely and swiftly, in his sleep, any one of the flimsy, knocked-together ducking craft that were the sampans of adventure on Peedee.

He tried not to think how bitter cold this afternoon's hunting would be. End-of-season generosity, he reminded himself, would be likely to overmatch discomfort. Nevertheless, the dark and sullen elements, after a winter all sunshine and blue skies, depressed him. They made him feel his age.

The childlike mind drifted from trouble, as always, and the watcher began to weld the scene before him to the snatches of Bible reading that had informed his thinking since the midday meal. He wondered if such

a gloomy canopy had arched and such a yellow Jordan flowed, when John the Baptist, that strange wilderness preacher, had seen a new-comer approach and the heavens had opened and the Spirit had descended in the form of a Dove.

Turning back into the cabin, Robert shut the door against the mounting sharpness. He called to Ida, who had begun to croon wordlessly the tune of the suppressed love song, and bade her fetch a lamp. Simultaneously, Emma, wife and mother, stole over from her duties as cook at the Big House to superintend her husband's dressing. She insisted on an extra undershirt, brewed some steaming tea and scolded Ida vigorously for not having finished doing the luncheon dishes. Then she sailed away, majestic in petticoats, over a stile and across emerald grass to her other port of dependents.

ROBERT, booted, dressed to orders, seemed, in his long, blue-black slicker, taller and more mahogany of face than ever. He stood a final moment in the doorway regarding the ominous sky.

"Mos' daark as dusk-daark itse'f," he murmured, shaking his head.

Before he reached the watchman's camp, however, his stride regained sprightliness. The Reverend Robert Carter was leaving his ministerial self, his farming self, his paternal self, all behind in the cabin. He would not have expressed it thus, but he was going where the elemental pagan in him had found release for half a century. The great marshes and rivers, with ponderous

tides, beady-eyed reptiles, churning waters and treacherous quicksands, were the theatre for the triumphs of an unsuspected ego, elsewhere submerged by inhibitions of racial status and circumstance. In the omnivorous swamps, where white and black found themselves for the most part wisely fearful, he was Natural Man, mighty in proportion to his dominance over the Wild. The fearful waters around him, and the sucking mud, were, like his boat and paddle, instruments to his purpose, and he their master.

Although today's patron, an old and tolerant one, permitted, even invited, Robert to bring his own cheap single barrel and take sportsman's chance at the winging fowl, the old Negro held nothing in his hands until he stopped at the watchman's camp and drew from under that structure a home-made paddle. He found the tide nearly at ebb, the mud flat some thirty feet wide. On it rested three duck-boats, each made fast by a rope to roots that projected from a live oak at the top of the slope.

Robert bent to bail one out. He bestowed only casual attention on the yellow river that boiled a few feet from his face. The current was sluggish. Whipped and goaded on the surface by wind, Peedee suffered even greater throes beneath. Seven miles below, the Atlantic, pressing through Georgetown Bay, was beginning its twice daily task of pushing back the mighty river. For thirty miles Peedee would flow upward, at the flood. This conflict of forces, under the tawny mane, was one of nature's brutal and awe-inspiring commonplaces in the low country.

Robert turned the boat over on its side, drained the last of the muddy water, then righted it. He examined the calking. It was wet, swollen, sufficient.

Under the big oak at the top of the shelf loomed a figure. Robert, sensing it, looked up just before the hail. A bulky figure of a man, clad in expensive hunting clothes. Face a trifle too red, but clear of skin by the tonic of outdoors. Red veinings, too, in the whites of the hard but pleasant blue eyes. A self-indulgent man, yet a healthy one, except for the telltale marks in the eyes and a slight excess of flesh.

"Hi, there, Robert!" he called, waving a repeating shotgun that might have been a jeweler's pride instead of a gunsmith's.

"Greeting to you, Maus Clyde," Robert responded, rising with just a hint of age. "How you leave de boys and Maum Clyde?"

"Fine, Robert. Fine." The big man came down the slope; the hearty voice drew nearer. From the lips of the newcomer, spicing the sullen air, breathed the odor of fine whiskey.

Robert's smile of welcome hovered genially, but his eyes clouded and the corners of his mouth resisted a tendency to pucker, a sure sign of disapproval or worry.

The hunter reached into a capacious hip pocket and drew out a flask. He poured a drink into the metal cap and offered it.

"You'll need something to warm you," he said. "It's going to be cold."

"Sho is," Robert agreed pleasantly, shifting from one foot to the other. "But you know what I say,

thuhty, forty year. Licker and boat doan mix. Licker and powder doan mix." The tone was even, without presumption of reproach, but none could have doubted the decision's finality.

Clyde laughed. He knew he was violating an iron-clad tabu of the ricefields. Whiskey did not go on hunting trips. Afterwards, before the fire, for warmth or comradeship, yes. Robert himself would welcome this same invitation when they returned and disembarked. But Clyde was in holiday mood.

"Okay, Sobersides." The contents of the flask-cap disappeared down its owner's throat.

Robert put the boat half in the water. The big man stepped in, took the centre seat. Robert, paddle in hand, eased the boat farther into the stream. As it achieved clearance, he stepped aboard, seated himself swiftly and was at once absorbed in strong and skilful stroking. Cockleshell in a smother of coffee-and-cream foam, the craft danced defiantly.

ROBERT was going upstream, to Squirrel Creek and Thousand Acres. He blessed the beginning of the flood, which meant that he had only the wind to combat on the up-trip. Coming home, the ascending flow would be strong, and he would have to battle prodigiously, but now the task, impossible as it would have been to a novice, was to Robert easy.

Majestic in its crown of oaks, the gray bulk of Barondel Hall passed slowly on the left, then the unpainted boathouse. Robert won to the end of the island in the river's centre and caught the full force of

the northwesterly wind. He buckled to his paddling. Had any one been watching from the boathouse, the duck-boat would have seemed a ridiculous chip, dissolving slowly in tumultuous void.

Overhead, the sky was playing tricks. The ominous clouds would part and the heavens would lighten with patches of muddy gold. Then the angry ranks of approaching storm would close formation and it would seem for a few seconds that night had come. The wind veered.

After a half-hour of rhythmic effort, Robert angled to the right, like a sailboat on a stormy tack, and reached, relieved, the quieter waters of Squirrel Creek. Here the flow was still downward, toward the river, but very sluggish, dying before the tide. Tortured eddies and slow swirls, as if the creek were in pain. A thin fringe of cypress, water oak and maple lined the banks. In the spring the maples would flame in lovely red; the oaks would bud in tender green; the cypress would assume its rich and delicate frondage. Now all were naked of leaves, branches gaunt and bare, save for the interminable streamers of Spanish moss, like the beards of ghosts.

Clyde fished the flask from his hip and tilted it.

"It's cold," he said.

"Goan' be colder," Robert prophesied. He could feel the sweat under his clothes.

The boat moved swiftly now, light as a canoe. Presently, to the right, appeared a break in the low creek bank, Robert turned into even quieter water. Unerringly, at the frequent crossings of the ditches, he chose his turn, right or left. In

fifteen minutes, the white man, with years of rice-field hunting behind him, would have been, without his guide, hopelessly lost in a waste of reed and water.

Here too, winter added bite to its bleakness by contrast with the same scene in spring or summer. Later in the year the boat would be nosing through overhanging flowers, red, white, buttercup gold, occasional purple. All the vastness to either side would be drunk with the sun, with ribbon green, with millions of blossoms. Now drabness, everything dun, under sullen wind.

The men were pygmies in devouring emptiness. Not the desert, not the solitary crest of a mountain, is so silent, so lonely as the swamp. Multitudinous small sounds blend and are absorbed under the onerous blanket of space, merge into a living and terrible soundlessness. The infinitesimal whisper of the reeds became but a muted clock-tick by which to gauge the eternal silence. The water in the ditch deepened. The boat shot round a corner of the reeds, drifting along the edge of an expanse dark and awesome. Here was the ultimate silence, the lonely black heart of the marsh — Thousand Acre Pool.

Robert headed the boat into the reedy border, where a faint path had been beaten through. He made the boat fast. The two men walked a short distance, easy at low tide, though they moved with care so as not to slip on the muddy footing. The duck-hunter never disturbs the swamp's silence if he can help it.

Behind a crude blind of reeds they disposed themselves to wait, but nature, as if in momentary friend-

liness, raised the curtain on the drama for which they had come. The veering wind, erratic and gathering force, tore the cloud-ranks asunder. Streaks, patches, pools and lakes of yellow and orange light appeared in the heavens. The sunset that had been hidden came partially to vision, and with that magic illumination appeared, too, the protagonists in the drama. Wedgelike in flight, winging from the sea, with a whush-whush of feathers overhead drowning the whisper of reeds in the marsh, the mallards were flying over. Wide, swift arrows, the shifting pattern of each flight held true to an instinctive course.

"Duck!" Robert murmured with a sharp intake of breath. He heard them before he saw them. He had left his gun at home because he knew that any light vouchsafed would be tricky, and he did not care to expose his failing sight.

The repeater barked. For the next twenty minutes Clyde was in the hunter's element. Robert collected seven birds, finding those among the reeds with the sure instinct of a retriever dog and paddling about the black water to garner others. Only enough of the fading light was left to distinguish the noble green crests of the drakes.

AS THE Negro eased the boat over a trunk dock into Squirrel Creek, three phenomena occurred simultaneously. The ranks of the clouds reformed, the opaqueness of night arrived behind them in irresistible support and the rain came. Finally the wind had settled in the southeast, and from the Atlantic driving, slanting sheets of cold mois-

ture swept in and down to meet the waters of the marsh.

"Dat river's goan' be sump'n!" Robert muttered. Both wind and the upflowing current would be against him when he reached Peedee. It was amazing how cold the rain was.

"We'll have plenty of cheer when we get home," Clyde reassured him. The hunter's voice was exultant. He was proud of his birds. Over his hands he had drawn fleece-lined gloves and he clapped them together, partly to keep warm, partly out of excitement and pleasure.

The current in Squirrel Creek had turned definitely upstream. Robert paddled in strong and swift rhythm, driving forward into the blackness, taking the rain against his lean, brown face, seeking the more arduous pathway of the river.

Peedee announced itself, forty yards before the creek-mouth, by a slapping of wind-whipped water against the front of the boat.

"We make close de other bank," Robert told his passenger, "an' we get a little shelter f'om de win'."

"This rain is damn' cold," said Clyde.

The boat emerged from Squirrel and Robert pointed due southeast. This meant crossing the adverse current at an angle and with the wind dead ahead. Every stroke now must be smooth and powerful and the intervals between must be lightning brief. A momentary slack and the welter of water would have them. Robert was very cold and the rain in his face was like icy needles.

It seemed a long way across, even allowing for the angle, but after eight or nine minutes of steady battle, the Negro sensed an almost

imperceptible diminution of the waves. Soon he would be in the partial shelter of the reedy bank at his right and he could work his way down the river, against the up-flowing tide, with less wind to impede and imperil. The paddle bit relentlessly into the hostile element. It required all of Robert's strength to hold the strokes firm. His shoulder ached.

Forward, Clyde reached around to his hip-pocket. The flask did not come out easily and the hunter half rose in irritation, wrenching. The delicate balance of the craft wavered. Water, greedy as death, poured over the shallow side. With scarcely time for a gasp, the two men were in the river.

ROBERT's first sensation was of unbearable cold. His bones were like water. The river was in his bones. As he went down, he fumbled at the buttons of his slicker. When he came up, he was free of the garment, but he had lost his paddle. He thought grimly how Emma had been after him for weeks to buy a pair of thick boots. He was grateful for the thinness of the ones he wore.

The boat! They must have that. Near the bank as they were, it should move toward a lesser creek on this side. The night was black. The rain might have come from a squid.

Robert struck out, in the direction of the current. His bones were not water now. They were ice. His mouth moved in prayer and as if in answer, he heard a faint thrashing to the left. Three strokes and he had his hand on Clyde's head, then in the collar of the white man's heavy hunting coat.

How weighty this burden was! The thrashing had been a final effort. Clyde did not struggle. He simply sagged in the water, like a thousand pounds of lead. Robert prayed with all his might. He could not hold this man up long. He trod water, paddled with his free hand. Something bumped against him, and he believed in his heart the Lord had commanded the river and wind. With the wind blowing out from land and the current setting in, the overturned boat had remained virtually stationary.

Now began a journey measured by feet in distance and years in agony. Robert held up the inert Clyde with one hand and clung to the boat with the other. He kicked rearward, seeking to propel the boat toward shore. Cold, cold, cold! In every vein. In every muscle. Seemingly in his heart, where there was a stabbing sharpness. His left arm, now supporting the white man, grew numb. He was not even sure whether he still held his charge.

This progress by inches lasted for several minutes. An overpowering desire to relax, to loose the boat and the man and sink in the icy water, began to dominate his brain. He kicked feebly. One of his feet touched the supreme blessing of mud.

New strength came with that feel of the river bottom. He kicked forward twice more, reached for the mud, could not secure a firm purchase, kicked again, was walking. Weariness pulled at his brain like a drug. He continued to propel the boat and the man before him, a lost triad of incredibly slow motion in the black night. Each effort became a separate epic. He succeeded in

pulling Clyde's body half out of the water, on to the reedy marge. He did the same for the boat. Then he sank and some inner wave engulfed all but a tiny light in his brain.

The light grew, became a coherent thought. He must not lie inert, wet and cold. This was death, death for him and for Clyde. Robert saw the congregation at Nehemiah, saw Emma smiling, Ida, the red-print covered table set with backbone and rice. He rose to his knees. The white man lay face down. Robert turned the head sideways, wary of the suffocating mud. Then he reached in Clyde's hip-pocket, drew out the flask. He put the container down a moment, beat his numb hands against his sides to put a little blood and life in them. He was able to unscrew the cap, and drank some of the whiskey. There was a little left. He screwed the cap back, carefully. A thin trickle of warmth moved through the iciness of his veins and muscles.

The Negro began a painful progress, crouching, along the river's edge. He felt continually in the water with his right hand. The river was no colder than the rain. After about fifty feet, he shook his head, muttering and turned back down the river, left hand groping. Ten feet of the reverse journey and the back of his hand touched wood. The current had drifted the paddle to shore. He withdrew it, returned to the man and the boat.

Inland there were fifty yards of marsh before solid ground. Robert could not beat through the reeds with an unconscious body. He could scarcely have made it alone. There was no way home except the boat.

He found the flask, unscrewed the cap again, drank the remaining whiskey, let flask and cap fall to the mud. Then, drawing heavily on the stimulus of the alcohol, he righted the boat, put it three-fourths in the water and pushed and hauled Clyde into it. He himself got in, laboriously, and pushed off.

The false strength of the whiskey ebbed swiftly. Robert would not have thought it was possible to be any colder than he had been, but he was. All of him was numb except his shoulder, which dully ached, and his heart where the stabbing pain came back at intervals. He gasped and muttered, between chattering teeth.

The black night became an eternity. Robert felt that he had been doing this since time began. For a while he was on an African river, bordered by a stranger jungle than Peedee knew. He would wield this paddle forever. In, back, turn, out. In, back, turn, out.

The pain at his heart increased. It fought with opiate weariness in his brain. The weariness conquered. He could not go on.

Then, ahead and to the left, there appeared, far off, a glow. It moved, across the water, to meet the boat; and in the centre of the glow, effulgent, Robert discerned the figure of a man. Steadily it drew near. Robert did not cease paddling, but his eyes were fixed in wonder. The man wore a long white garment and the lower part of his face was covered with reddish, curly beard. The hands were outstretched. When the man's eyes could be seen, Robert's wonder grew.

The light and the figure moved

dead ahead. Robert paddled desperately. He wanted to come closer. When only about thirty feet intervened, the figure no longer approached. Either it receded as the boat advanced, or Robert was making no progress against the current. The cycle of the paddle continued. Robert prayed. "Help me, Lawd," he said. "Help me."

Once more the light and the figure moved. As it drew closer, the glow seemed beneficent, healing. Robert saw that the hands were marked. The hands seemed to draw the boat forward. The light grew very bright. Robert did not feel cold any more.

MR. CARTERET, owner of Baron-del, two of his sons and Dr. Clay, from Guendalos, who was a dinner guest, stood on the boat-house wharf, calling at intervals. The boys were in a duck-boat, tied to the wharf. Each held a paddle.

"We'd better go up a ways," one of them said.

"In this rain and darkness!" Dr. Clay exclaimed. "What's the use?"

For the fortieth time Mr. Carteret directed a long flash up the current, enfiling the darkness, bringing into startling relief, under the slanting rain, a pathway of coffee-and-

cream foam. He switched off the light, then revived it swiftly.

"I thought I saw something faint at the far end of the beam," he announced excitedly.

"So did I," agreed Dr. Clay.

"It's not there, now, though."

"Give us the light," one of the boys said. Mr. Carteret handed it down and the duck-boat set off, up the river.

When the boys made labored return to the boathouse, one of them sat in the back, holding the front of another boat. It was nearly full of water.

The four men succeeded in getting the two bodies up on to the boat-house wharf.

"Clyde's alive," Dr. Clay said, after a moment's examination.

"But Robert's not."

The doctor bent over again, sniffed at the guide's mouth.

"Whiskey," he announced. "The odor of it is plain."

"You'd think," Mr. Carteret said, "with all his experience, he'd have had sense enough to let licker alone when he was guiding. It isn't like him."

Dr. Clay rose.

"You can never tell," he said, "what a Nigger will do."



The Lawyer and His Troubles

BY F. R. AUMANN

By 1940, it has been predicted, there will be a quarter of a million lawyers in this country. Will they have anything to do?

"LAWYERS," said H. St. John de Crèvecoeur, in his *Letters of an American Farmer*, "are plants that will grow in any soil that is cultivated by the hands of others, and when they have taken root, they will extinguish every vegetable that grows around them. The fortunes they daily acquire in every province from the misfortunes of their fellow-citizens are surprising. What a pity that our forefathers, who happily extinguished so many fatal customs, and expunged from their government so many errors and abuses, both religious and civil, did not also prevent the introduction of a set of men so dangerous."

This was written in 1782. Since then similar opinions have been expressed so frequently that even the words come to have a familiar ring. Unfortunately for the profession, however, the view is not altogether accurate, as many lawyers can prove with ease. Still, taken by and large its lot has been satisfactory enough until recent years, when circumstances have arisen which may alter the situation considerably. This is especially true since 1929, when

adverse conditions have appeared with disconcerting regularity.

For convenience, the difficulties facing the profession may be roughly catalogued under four heads: (1) the tendency of the layman to invade many fields which were long considered the monopoly of the lawyers; (2) the declining use of courts and the litigation method of settling controversies; (3) the declining importance of the lawyer in the political field as educational opportunity widens and other avenues to political advancement are opened; (4) the excessive increase of personnel in the profession.

THE first problem has received wide-spread attention. In 1931 the American Bar Association Committee on the Unauthorized Practice of the Law, conducting a nation-wide survey, reported that "unauthorized practices were general and were increasing throughout the country except in the rural regions." State and local bar association studies report the same condition. In 1930 twenty-eight proceedings were brought by the Cuyahoga County (Ohio) Bar Association to enjoin the practice

of law by lay organizations in Cleveland. The evidence showed that the membership in fourteen of these law-practising corporations, not one of which was a bank, trust, or title company, the usual offenders, exceeded 81,000, and that their annual income was over \$1,900,000.

A bill of particulars might be of interest. In recent years the lawyer's work, once largely concerned with litigation, has turned more and more to what we might call office practice. Not that litigation has ceased to be a factor. Indeed, Herbert Hoover states that civil litigation stands "next to war the largest item of preventable waste in our civilization." But office practice, which is performed in Great Britain by the attorney as distinguished from the barrister, has increased so enormously in the past generation, in volume and variety, as to change greatly the practice of law. It is chiefly in this area that the work of the lawyer is being narrowed by lay encroachment.

Illustrations are plentiful. Twenty years ago the handling of titles was almost exclusively the work of the lawyer. Today, except in the rural regions, this function has been largely taken over by title insurance companies. Twenty years ago all problems relating to executorships and estates found their way to the lawyer's office. Today the insurance and trust companies have taken over much of this work. Whereas in Great Britain the attorney is employed not merely to probate the will, but to supervise the management and administration of the trust estate during the entire existence of the trust, the lawyer in this country allows supervision of these matters to pass to the

layman trustee, individual or corporate.

Formerly the lawyer performed practically all the work in the conveyancing field. Today the drafting of deeds, agreements, mortgages and other instruments of conveyance or incumbrance is largely becoming the function of the realtor. Moreover, commercial collection agencies are rapidly extending their work at the lawyer's expense, and lay claim-adjusting agencies are increasing the number and variety of cases which they investigate and settle without reference to his office. Service corporations have been organized to care for the legal requirements of their members in fields promising financial profit—such as taxation, automobile accidents and conditional sales. Credit associations are caring for matters involving creditor law, bankruptcies and assignments.

In inheritance and income tax cases, a large and lucrative volume of business now goes to the accountants, who come into the field with the advantage of technical equipment on the economic side. Since the lawyer's monopoly no longer protects him, he plays a losing game. For example, although a lawyer has practised for years in the highest courts of the land, he is prohibited by the Treasury Department from participating in a tax conference with its subordinate clerks unless he is specially admitted to the Treasury Bar, a privilege which is extended to accountants as freely as to lawyers.

In the field of personal injury suits his work is being threatened by a social philosophy which believes that liability should be fixed without fault where the ends of social justice

demand it. "Vicarious liability" of this type is determined by the administrative rather than the traditional litigation method. The ultimate adoption of the principle of liability without fault and compulsory compensation in automobile accident cases is not beyond the realm of possibility. Twenty years ago the handling of industrial accidents was the exclusive function of the lawyer. Today, under workmen's compensation laws, these cases are decided by administrative bodies. The lawyer's loss is the layman's gain.

The field of corporate enterprise, which should afford the lawyer his largest opportunity, is also being preempted by outsiders. Large corporations now do much of the work of incorporating business enterprises. Adjusters representing credit insurance companies are increasingly active in liquidating the affairs of business concerns which find themselves in a bad financial condition. Mergers and combinations are becoming increasingly frequent, and the continued establishment of chain stores and chain banks reduce the number of clients and remove the conflict of interest which furnishes the lawyer's work.

Lawyers are losing out in other ways. Where trade associations provide bureaus to furnish specialized legal advice to members, lawyers are employed, but the ultimate result is to take business away from the profession as a whole. Moreover, the traditional professional status of the lawyer dwindles rapidly in this environment. This tendency is not confined to business. Law offices in many of our larger centres are organized on practically a factory basis. One divi-

sion is given over to mortgages, liens and leases; another to wills and real estate; another to litigation and briefing; another to corporations and securities; and still another to management and accountancy. It is not unusual to require every lawyer employed to render a detailed report of his activities. This large scale production and specialization of function may be all very well, but it must give the individual lawyer something to ponder over as he considers its ultimate effect on the practice of law.

Other disconcerting forces are at work. The Report of the National Conference Board on Trade Associations shows that whole industries and groups of merchants have bound themselves to prevent their controversies from falling into the hands of lawyers and the courts. In the motion picture industry, for example, three classes of interests are represented: the producers of films, the distributors and the exhibitors. Much litigation took place within these groups, and the costs were high. In 1923 an arbitration system was devised and put into effect. Boards selected to administer this system disposed of more than five thousand cases in their first year of operation. The money savings in distribution costs during this period of time are estimated by Charles G. Pettijohn, General Counsel of the Film Boards of Trade, at more than one and a half millions of dollars.

The effect is plain. Where arbitrators step in, lawyers step out. They are not essential to the arbitration process and are sometimes expressly barred. A number of trade associations which arrange arbitrations do just that thing. Other groups frown

on the lawyer's presence, but do not prohibit it.

In New York the denial of the right to counsel in arbitration proceedings has been held to be not only legal but desirable. "The very purpose of arbitration," says one judge, "is to obtain inexpensive, expeditious and final determination of disputes on the merits, free from the technical rules and legal formalities. As a rule arbitrators are laymen, unacquainted with legal rules and procedure. The presence of counsel, fortified with a wilderness of single instance and with legal maxims and some legal anachronisms, would tend to confusion and protraction rather than prompt decision. Besides, if one employs a counsel, a burden is cast on the other to do likewise, with resulting added expense. To permit participation of counsel as a matter of right would be fatal to the efficiency of arbitration." This opinion suggests that the lawyer's loss in this field is likely to prove a permanent one.

Proposals have been made recently which would have an even greater effect upon the professional status of the lawyer. One would have the State assume the same responsibility in civil cases, involving proceedings between private parties as it does in criminal cases, involving proceedings between the State and parties violating its laws. Another proposal would make the administration of justice free by having the State rather than the individual bear the costs of litigation.

THE second problem mentioned above is the trend toward administrative adjudication. There are

several explanations for this movement. "We lawyers," one leader of the bar remarks, "place an affectionate emphasis upon a traditional set of values, such as the separation of powers in government, the supremacy of an independent judiciary, proof of every allegation according to time-tried rules of evidence, testing each witness by cross-examination, deliberations, jury trial and appeal. We know the price is delay and technicality and expense. The history of our profession is the history of the battles for these rights and we yield them an almost Oriental devotion. However, the public is placing its insistence upon a different set of values from those we prize. It seeks speedy settlement, finality and freedom from the procedural contentions it pays for but does not understand. Hence it ousts the courts of general jurisdiction and the lawyer from employment and settles its cases by procedure extemporized by a lay referee or commissioner who suspends rules of evidence he never dreams existed, and his decision has the finality of a decree of fate."

For the past twenty years the movement toward administrative adjudication has made steady advances. Consider the number and variety of special tribunals which are now settling controversies of great importance. They include the Interstate Commerce Commission, utility commissions, trade commissions, "blue sky" commissions, workmen's compensation commissions, zoning and building commissions, and scores of others, Federal, State and municipal.

Nor is the end in sight. Elihu Root would hardly be classed as an alarmist. Nevertheless he is convinced

that there will be no withdrawal from these experiments. "We shall expand them," he says, "whether we approve theoretically or not, because such agencies furnish protection to rights and obstacles to wrong-doing, which, under our new social and industrial conditions, can not be practically accomplished by the old and simple procedure of legislatures and courts as in the last generation."

This contention is well supported. Administrative adjudication has apparently been successful. It has been speedy, economical and efficient. "Ninety per cent of all accident cases," writes one competent observer, "which come to an industrial accident board are settled automatically, promptly and without expense. That is something which our courts have never been able to do. . . . Today, nine out of ten men get their fair compensation at once, without cost and without the expense of employing counsel. Formerly they were obliged to take what the insurance adjuster offered or else obtain a lawyer on a contingent basis and wage a long and weary fight."

If the plan of compensation worked out in connection with workmen's compensation laws is applied to railroad and automobile accidents, another great group of cases will be taken from the lawyer. The Johns Hopkins Institute of Law reports that fifty-two per cent of all cases now awaiting trial in the different States, covering their period of study, are negligence cases. Seventy-five per cent of the total business of the Supreme Court in the county of New York during 1926 and seventy-three per cent in 1927 were actions for

personal injuries resulting from automobile accidents.

The effect of this trend is obvious. Administrative tribunals give the lawyer no such monopoly of attention as do the courts. Technical experts in other lines, such as accountants and engineers, are frequently more sought after than lawyers, as the representatives of parties having business before such tribunals. In fact, some of this group have proved more successful than lawyers.

The adoption of conciliation and small claims courts also tends to withdraw certain classes of cases from the regular courts. Here again, the emphasis is on prompt and inexpensive findings, unhampered by technical rules of evidence. Once more the lawyer becomes unnecessary. In some places he is actually prevented from taking a hand in the case. In Norway and Denmark, where the system is employed on a wide scale, lawyers are rigidly excluded from the conciliation court, except of course, when they attend in their own behalf. Since we have drawn heavily upon the experience of these countries in establishing our conciliation courts, similar restrictions are not unfamiliar here.

In short, it seems that the traditional litigation method of settling controversies is giving way to a system of administrative adjudication in which the lawyer is placed on an equal footing with the layman.

TURNING to the third problem mentioned above, the declining importance of lawyers in the political field, we encounter difficulty. This matter does not lend itself as readily to objective measurement as do

some of the others, but it deserves attention nevertheless. It is a problem of leadership. "We are not far afield in asserting," says Mr. Guy A. Thompson, a recent president of the American Bar Association, "that the 122,000,000 people of this country are governed by the 160,000 lawyers of the land."

Considerable evidence may be brought to the support of this opinion. Twenty-five of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were lawyers, as were thirty-three of the fifty-five framers of the Federal Constitution. Forty-six of the forty-eight Secretaries of State were trained for the profession and twenty-four of thirty Presidents as well. Members of the judicial branch, State and Federal, with few unimportant exceptions, have always been lawyers. Most of our Governors have been recruited from this profession; and in both national and State legislatures, lawyers have played a prominent part.

Despite the imposing character of this record, there are signs which indicate that this state of affairs can not last forever. Although the public has, on occasion, registered its disapproval of the engineer in politics, it is not too much to expect that the future will see a great deal more of him in that very field. Not the engineer particularly, but members of all non-legal vocational groups which require specialized training.

In State and local government this movement is especially noticeable. As business and governmental relationships interweave more closely, difficult problems arise which call more and more for specialized knowledge. In regulating the rates and

conditions of public utilities, involving as it frequently does intricate problems of valuation and business organization, this fact is true. Specialized knowledge is equally necessary in dealing with problems arising under laws regulating workmen's compensation; public health; the construction and operation of factories, shops and mills; the production and sale of food, etc. As the demands for specialization increase, work formerly done by the lawyer in many branches of government will be shared with tax experts, accountants, social workers, etc.

In private business a similar trend is under way. Commentators on business organization and operation predict a declining use of legally trained business leaders as our vast corporate enterprises enter a new era of development. According to this view, big business is turning away from leaders of the Judge Gary, Owen D. Young type to men trained in the economic rather than the legal aspects of corporate management.

Further threats to the political pre-eminence of the lawyers are discernible. It is no secret that dissatisfaction with governmental performance has been expressed in the severest terms in connection with the administration of justice, the field in which the lawyer has a special interest and responsibility. One does not have to go to the general public for such criticism. When Woodrow Wilson says that "the United States, in its judicial procedure, is many decades behind every civilized government in the world," and William H. Taft echoes this opinion, the layman's traditional distrust of the legal order and those who live by it is given

encouragement which will most certainly be in no way helpful to lawyers' leadership in the public affairs of the country.

THE fourth and last problem mentioned above is one which runs to the heart of the machine age, the problem of numbers. Now, as always, there is argument as to whether there are too many lawyers. Figures are advanced by some to show that the general population rate is increasing more rapidly than the number of lawyers, and that such overcrowding as does exist is confined to some of the large Eastern cities. Other figures advanced throw a somewhat different light on the matter.

For example, in 1930, there were 160,605 lawyers in the country. Between 1920 and 1930, 78,500 lawyers were admitted; the net increase being 38,086, or thirty-one per cent. In 1931 there were 131 lawyers to each 100,000 people, and we are getting twice as many lawyers as we need to maintain this ratio. By 1940, according to the estimate of Philip J. Wickser, Secretary of the New York Board of Examiners, there will be some 250,000 lawyers in the country.

Whether we concur with the view that there are too many lawyers or not, it must be admitted that both the public and the profession view existing conditions with a discouraged eye. Thousands of young men are coming into a profession which is already feeling the strain of keen internal competition. The intensification of this struggle for existence places an undue strain on professional ethics, particularly in the

larger centres where the greatest increase has taken place.

Standards for admission to the bar have been gradually raised; yet in seven States today a man can take the bar examination who has never finished grade school or who has never gone to law school a day in his life, and in more than half of the States no college education is required. In consequence, the law schools are filled up.

President Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, estimated that in 1929 only thirty per cent of our students were enrolled in schools affiliated with the Association of American Law Schools; the majority of them were in schools not approved by the American Bar Association. This approval is contingent upon the adoption of the standards formulated by that association in 1921 under the leadership of Elihu Root. Since 1926 the list of institutions approved by that body has been identical with the membership of the Association of American Law Schools.

The Root programme referred to recommends that admission to the bar be confined to graduates of law schools requiring two years of college study before matriculation and three years of full-time study of law, or four years of part-time study, an adequate library and a sufficient number of instructors. To supplement the work of the Root programme, bar examiners have raised examination standards. In a recent examination in California, eighty per cent of the applicants failed; in February, 1931, Massachusetts failed eighty-one per cent; Utah recently failed seventy-four per cent, and Rhode Island, seventy-five per cent.

Even so, such measures are ineffective. With the assistance of cram courses and several examinations, the great majority of persistent applicants pass their examinations and are admitted to the bar.

NO SINGLE plan of regulating admission to the bar has achieved completely satisfactory results. Many leaders of bench and bar, including Newton Baker and Elihu Root, insist that an effective programme can be worked out only through an improved bar organization. They would make two changes. First of all, they would enlarge the powers of the State bar association so as to give it complete control over the profession. Secondly, they would strengthen the national bar association by welding together the multiplicity of local associations. The profession could then take some united action with regard to its difficulties.

The first suggestion is based upon the method used in England where the old guild system survives. The English bar is its own supervisor of admission. It can and does restrict its membership. In consequence, the English bar is small, comparatively speaking, and professional standards are high. The English plan has already received some support in this country. Ten States, including California, Alabama, Montana, Mississippi, North Dakota, South Dakota, New Mexico, Idaho, Washington and Utah, have adopted the "corporate" or "all-inclusive" form of bar association, as it is called.

One of the by-products of such a scheme as this might be a bar divided into several grades. The English bar is for practical purposes divided into

three levels. The first level after admission to the bar is substantially one of apprenticeship in another lawyer's office. The second stage is that of junior, a lawyer practising on his own account. The third is that of King's counsel, a lawyer with whom a certain minimum of fees is required, who can only act in cases where one lawyer is already employed, or more. In France, a division between the *stagiaire* and the full-fledged advocate is similar in purpose and result. Suggestions for a graded bar in this country usually contemplate: a preliminary period of trial; a probationary junior bar; a senior bar of tried and proven advocates; and a selective process provided by admission to limited bar associations.

So much for the guild plan and its possibilities. Its adoption here may or may not bring about conditions in the profession comparable to those found in England. It should improve matters, however. It certainly affords a better basis for the consolidation of local associations into a strong national organization, something now sadly lacking.

This brings us to the second suggestion. Today the American Bar Association is an association organized largely upon a membership basis, divorced from contacts with other associations, and from the vast majority of the bar. It is unable to meet the problems facing the profession with a united front. Twenty years ago, the American Medical Association was in virtually the same condition. It was unable to influence public opinion, or secure needed legislation. It perfected its organization. It now has 96,000 members, representing approximately sixty

per cent of the doctors of the country. As its organization developed strength, a corresponding gain was made in the position and standards of the profession.

The lawyers have never been able to achieve such unity. Today there are over fifty State, national and regional bar associations and over 1,200 local groups. There are probably 50,000 lawyers enrolled in State associations. The American Bar Association, after a vigorous campaign under its last president, now has a membership of about 30,000. Bar leaders assert, however, that the bar association has less real control of individual members than a trade union, and less of a lawyer's loyalty than has a secret society, or lunch club. There is little of the guild spirit and no professional bond. Numerous conflicts of interest and points of view keep the lawyers from meeting on a common ground and adopting a collective programme.

Unfortunately, the evils which now beset the administration of justice and the legal profession can only be met effectively through such a programme.

The American Bar Association will never be able to accomplish much if it continues its present form of organization. When the smaller groups are merged into one powerful body, efforts may be coördinated and a harmonious professional representation secured. In the meantime, the profession must struggle along as best it can, in a not altogether sympathetic world. The prospects for the immediate future are not bright. The general uncertainty of the time affords small basis for optimism. However, if the economic machinery of the world starts to function smoothly once again and the lawyer puts his house in order, his future condition may be an improved one. It will be a somewhat different one, at any rate.



Rebuilding the Ruins

BY WILLIAM S. HOWE

What can be done with the debris of the Republican party?

THE Republican party, which has been the dominating political force since the time of the Civil War, lies prostrate. It has suffered absolutely the worst defeat in the history of our elections. This defeat is not only national, but extends to most of our State governments also. It is the more decisive because it was not due to personalities. We did not lose because of a weak candidate. On the contrary, our candidate possessed intellectual power, immense physical and mental energy, and a unique spirit of wholehearted devotion to the interests of the country. In fact, the party possessed in him a leader such as it has rarely been the good fortune of any political party to have. With such an asset, defeat is all the more overwhelming. What is the future? Some prophets are already proclaiming that the party is doomed to disintegration. The defeat of Hoover, they say, marked the end of an era; just as the great Liberal party of England has been practically wiped off the political map, so will other parties take the place of the Republican.

This article is written in the belief and hope that the party of Lincoln

and Theodore Roosevelt still has a great future. I recognize that it is faced by severe problems, however, and that there are indeed serious possibilities that it may not survive. I am firmly convinced that it must do more than merely wait for its opponents to make mistakes, and hope to return to power with the same old policies and the same old slogans; revising nothing, retracting nothing, learning nothing. This method will never do. While it is true that Republican policies did not in the main bring on the depression, and while it is true that President Hoover did all that mortal man could do in the economic crisis, particularly in the last eight months, still it is a fact that many of our policies were fundamentally unsound, and the reactionary wing had almost complete control of the party in Congress and throughout the national organization. President Butler of Columbia goes so far as to say: "The simple fact is that since the summer of 1919, the Republican party as represented by the vast majority of its office-holders at Washington, has been moving steadily toward intellectual, moral and political bankruptcy. It has managed

to get on the wrong side of every important question which confronts the anxious American people." If we wish to live, we must rebuild our party in policy and in spirit.

Before discussing our own peculiar problems, it may be well to hazard one observation applying to public affairs generally. The recent campaign brought vividly to attention one of the greatest dangers to popular self-government. This is that our problems are becoming more and more complicated and the people as a whole less and less trained to deal with them. Economic questions are difficult for those with long and specialized training in the field, and they are almost impossible of comprehension to the average voter. In his Newark speech Alfred E. Smith put it rather bluntly when he admitted that one of the reasons the people were so interested in Prohibition was because they knew what it was about, while tariff, currency, debt and farm relief controversies were entirely beyond their ken. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman states: "The simple masses . . . in all countries demand a simple solution to their complicated troubles." The result is that they are fooled by the most specious and demagogic arguments. Hitler has made almost a majority of the German people feel that the way to cure all their evils is to smite the Jew, and even today a large section of the American people seems to believe that a return of beer will bring happiness into a troubled world. Another tendency is for the people to reject all arguments and all explanations, complex or simple, and to fall back on the rule of voting for the administration in

power if their own circumstances are prosperous, and against it if things are not well with them.

Any party to be successful must discover simpler and broader issues, or it must somehow simplify and dramatize its treatment of complex ones, if there is no avoiding of them. If it can neither find simple issues, nor simplify difficult ones, it must boldly declare that certain matters are non-political, beyond the scope of ordinary intelligence, and must advocate putting the formation and application of policy thereto into the hands of experts. The practical difficulty in the way of this last course is that there are constitutional hindrances to delegation of policy and both Congress and the people will be loath to give up direct control. We have never learned in this country the value of the expert in governmental and economic matters. Our whole tendency is to make fun of him, distrust him and abuse him.

The statement may be hazarded that the election of Mr. Roosevelt does mean the end of an era in one respect. There is no longer room for two parties varying little in fundamentals of political and economic outlook. The differences between the Democratic and Republican parties have been based on historical tradition, slogans, shibboleths, racial and geographic prejudices. Their fundamental ideals and their probable courses of action do not differ materially. The tendency of many schools of thought that stand for fundamental change is toward greater or less collectivism. Although the Socialist party itself did not poll a large vote, many of the doctrines it stands for are advocated by an ever

growing army of scholars, writers and philanthropists. The future conflict, so far as domestic policy is concerned, will likely be between a party basing its fundamental tenets on a capitalistic, individualistic view of society, opposing a party tending more and more to the collectivist, or socialist philosophy.

I hope and believe that the Republican party can survive as the party representing American individualism, private coöperation, and the greatest possible freedom from bureaucratic regulation. I believe the Republican party is better fitted than the Democratic party for this rôle, because on the whole it is more homogeneous, less subject to racial prejudice and contains the largest proportion of the rural and middle classes. It must, however, liberalize itself. The Republican party must be more than the party of Big Business and the Old Guard. It must apply its individualistic philosophy in the firm belief that this will tend to the greatest good of the greatest number, and that, tempered with wise moderation, it will conduce to the happiness, advancement and wisdom of all people.

WHEN we come to a specific programme, the first move might well be one of elimination. The voters so completely repudiated the party that we are under no obligation to consider any policy of the past as holy. They apparently wanted none of our candidates and none of our planks. We can with a free conscience throw into the waste basket anything we wish.

The chief policy which I would advocate consigning to this useful

receptacle is that of the protective tariff. I have not the space to go into a wearisome discussion of the old theoretical arguments over protection and free trade. I believe a fair statement of fact, however, is that nine-tenths of the professional economists consider free trade fundamentally sound. This has been tacitly admitted many times by advocates of the protective tariff who have retorted by stating that their argument is based on practical business and practical politics and not on theory. If, however, we can demonstrate that the protective tariff is no longer a good practical procedure, we clear the way for discarding what is admittedly unsound theoretically.

The protective tariff fetish led the Republican party into a political blind alley. We demanded that the European debts be paid — and personally I believe we were right in this demand — and at the same time by means of our tariff weapon we refused to let them be paid in the only method possible, namely an excess of imports over exports. We can not have our cake and eat it too. We must either cancel the debt or repudiate our tariff policy. Furthermore, there is an important element in the Republican party itself beginning to oppose the tariff on practical grounds. In the past the business interests on which the Republican party largely depended have been in the main pro-tariff. At present, however, some of the most important banking interests and manufacturing concerns who are interested largely in foreign markets are beginning to oppose the tariff. Probably the automobile industry, which is against the tariff, employs more men and is

a greater factor in the general industrial condition than any industry at present favoring a protective tariff. The efforts to aid the farmer by putting a tariff on what he has a surplus of and exports is putting the cart before the horse and is a complete absurdity. The way to assist the farmer is to allow him to buy his products in a free market. The farmer sells in a free market and buys in a market where the prices are artificially increased. Instead of contriving all sorts of fantastic schemes to give him artificial protection in turn, the simple remedy is to remove the advantage of the one who sells him.

The Hawley-Smoot tariff bill was the greatest mistake of the Hoover Administration. While it is true, as President Hoover pointed out in his campaign speeches, that the actual percentage of increase, or the actual proportion of world trade affected thereby, was not great, nevertheless, it started a whole train of vicious consequences. It threw the United States upon the side of complete economic nationalism, when, if her powerful influence had been cast the other way, England would have remained on the free trade basis, and many other countries might also have been won over. It served notice on the world that we intended to buy nothing which we could make ourselves, regardless of our own interests, and regardless of the interests of anybody else. The Hawley-Smoot bill only passed by a small margin; many Republicans who voted for it privately expressed the opinion that it was a political mistake and few would have been terribly disappointed if it had been

vetoed. President Hoover signed the mandate for his later defeat when he signed this bill. He missed the opportunity not only to make a sound move internationally and nationally, but to retain the support of some of the Western Progressive leaders. He aligned himself too definitely with those Senators and Congressmen who had the reputation of being completely reactionary.

Considering once more the purely practical side, the Republican party, based, as was said above, mainly on the middle and professional and agricultural groups, would be favoring its own members largely by a low tariff policy. The first two of these classes and the small farmer approach problems primarily from the point of view of the consumer and they would be the first to feel the advantage of a low tariff. The industrial classes and wage earners, for whom the Republican tariff policy is supposedly designed, are overwhelmingly Democratic. Almost invariably it is the large urban sections, the big mill cities and sections where labor influence is most powerful that are strongly Democratic. The mill cities of Massachusetts went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt. From the point of view, therefore, of world policy, of American policy as a whole, and of the particular practical welfare of the elements forming the chief strength of the Republican party, a low, rather than a high tariff policy is logical.

Every now and then a great party has to reverse its stand on some question rather completely. The Democrats got on the wrong side of the free silver question and they

eventually had to repudiate their stand before they could get squared away on their course again. The Republicans should do the same with this tariff question boldly, now that the time is ripe. If the party lacks the courage to do this, it might ease its way out of the difficulty through its favorite device of a Tariff Commission. The party could advocate extension of the duties of the present Tariff Commission so as to make an exhaustive and conclusive investigation of all the factors underlying international trade (at present it is limited merely to finding out the difference in cost of production here and abroad). If it were to do this, and able, impartial economists were appointed to the Commission, there is no doubt that it would report and recommend measures which would relegate the protective tariff policy to the past. The platform could then trail along accordingly.

I believe that the opportunities of the Republican party to take a sound course of action in this great issue are exceptionally good, because I have no confidence that the Democratic party will do anything of the sort. Although it is supposed to stand for lower tariffs than the Republicans, there is no evidence that it possesses the strength or coherence or conviction to resist the outcry of special interests, which will be necessary if the tariff is to be lowered. Mr. Roosevelt took "back water" entirely on the tariff question in the campaign. After enunciating in his early speeches a rather sound doctrine of low tariffs, he fled entirely from this position when President Hoover began to pound it, and

stated that he believed in tariffs for agriculture, and that he did not believe in doing anything to hurt American business. The Democratic party is no longer a free trade party. It is simply a hodgepodge of opportunism on this question.

LET us discuss for a moment some of the questions on which Republican policy already tends to be fundamentally sound, but which possibly should be modified and reemphasized.

There is a great class of vital questions which perhaps can be grouped under the name of regulation of business. This includes railroads, banking, public utilities, anti-trust laws, etc. The Democratic policy tends in the main to attack business problems by going back to the past. Woodrow Wilson stood strongly for, and his Administration passed, a series of laws tending to restrict consolidations, to break up monopolies and in general to enforce competition whether competition was economically sound or not. Mr. Roosevelt in his earlier speeches laid a good deal of stress on regulating holding companies, preventing stock speculation, discouraging high pressure salesmanship of foreign bonds and regulating harmful business practices. He seemed to feel that correction of these constitutes a fundamental remedy, whereas logic would indicate that they are comparatively trivial factors.

I believe that the Republican party should recognize that size, consolidation, sometimes monopoly, are the natural outcome of economic evolution. We should try to prevent any restriction of fair business op-

portunity, but we should not try to break up into component parts things that form a logical unity. In the campaign of 1912, Theodore Roosevelt opposed to the Wilson doctrine of enforced competition a scheme whereby we should extend a régime of regulation rather than of destruction through law suit. Roosevelt would have subjected industry to supervision and regulation by means of a commission or commissions similar to the present Federal Trade Commission and Interstate Commerce Commission. I believe the Republican party should work along these lines. It should demand the revision or repeal of antiquated laws, such as the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and some of the laws passed during the Wilson Administration. It should endeavor to turn our business organization and our business leaders into instruments for general progress. It should bring home to American business its great responsibilities for the progress of all the people. If it goes at the task in the spirit of fair regulation, I believe that American business leadership will respond.

The Republican party should stand strongly against any attempt to depart from the gold standard, to inflate the currency, or to give silver any undue rôle in the monetary situation. In this policy, needless to say, it is only following out its best traditions, as expressed in this and previous campaigns. The Democrats, on the other hand, face herein their greatest danger. As they are about to take office, they will be faced by a budget still unbalanced. They have made an unnecessary and unwise political promise to

reduce expenditures twenty-five per cent. I doubt whether the rank and file of their party will have the political steadfastness necessary to balance the budget. If they do not, if the time comes when they no longer can borrow, the crisis will be upon us. There will be all sorts of specious arguments for inflation or for revaluation of the dollar. The Republican party must stand against any such measures. There is at present sufficient gold in the world to underlie the necessary currency and credit structure in the world's business. New sources of gold supply are being discovered constantly — 1928 and 1929 proved that the present gold supply could easily support a price level much higher than ours is now. The return to higher prices, which we all agree is necessary if debtors are to pay their debts, can come about when business expands normally and wisely, and under the stimulation of natural causes. Any artificially induced price increase would lead to greater evils than those it seeks to remedy.

THE agricultural problem, distressing as it actually is, does not in principle lend itself to any unusual devices. The equalization fee, the export debenture, the allotment plan, are all schemes for deliberately subsidizing one class of people at the expense of the country as a whole. The stabilization corporations of the recent Administration have rightly been targets for criticism, but essentially they only have tried to do what these other plans contemplate — use the Treasury to uphold agricultural prices. If the tariff on industry is removed, the argument of the

farmer that he should be singled out for special attention just as much as the manufacturer and wage earner is invalidated.

The Hoover Farm Board has done splendid work in the formation of large coöperative societies. This will assist the farmer to secure for himself some of the undoubtedly exorbitant charges for distributing his products. He is favored at the expense of the middleman, and this is probably sound policy. It is unfortunate that the stabilization failure, which was spectacular, has obscured the coöperative organization, which was fundamental, but not dramatic. The Republican party can be proud of President Hoover's success in a better organization of farm buying and selling agencies. The Republican party should endorse this work and promise its wider application in the future. The normal influences are gradually tending to help the farmer. As normal traffic returns to the railroads, it may be possible to lower rates on farm products, and this, like his coöperatives, will help him to obtain a larger share of the ultimate retail price of his products.

Most important of all, interest rates, which are the greatest burden on the farmer, as well as on the merchant and the home owner, must eventually fall. Although the slowest to respond, interest rates are subject to the law of deflation like everything else. Even now, capital is accumulating in immense quantities in some of the larger financial institutions. They can not find profitable avenues of short term liquid investment, and hence ultimately a large part of this capital will seek long term invest-

ment, for the sake of the higher return. This will tend to reduce interest rates on sound mortgages, both of the farm and home owner.

Every liberality that can be given by Government institutions dealing with farmers, both in the way of lower interest rates and more lenient principal payments, is to be encouraged, and all parties agree on this. Remove the tariff, assist the natural tendency to lower interest rates, assist in the attaining of lower transportation charges and local taxes, and facilitate the further organization of widespread coöperative marketing — these are simple, logical and natural remedies for the agricultural situation. There should, of course, be some sort of an advisory board, commission or department whose duty it should be to survey the general situation, discourage the utilization of land for products of which there already is a surplus, encourage reforestation and generally plan a better employment of our agricultural resources.

One of the great problems crying for urgent attention is taxation. At the present time there are Federal income taxes and many different kinds of State income taxes; there are a Federal inheritance tax and many different kinds of State inheritance taxes; there are all sorts of overlapping excise taxes; there are local taxes on real estate, which bears a burden far beyond its just proportion. The general property tax, which is unduly harsh and not based on ability to pay, should be lowered and revised. This vast subject of public finance should be straightened out. There should be an effort, not only to lighten the

burden of taxation, but to simplify it and harmonize it, so that each unit of government has its own proper sphere and is not working at cross purposes with other units.

IN ORDER to formulate a proper programme toward these complex economic questions which so puzzle the voter, yet bulk large in our national welfare, and hence in our political campaigns, the Republican party should set up a council composed of some of its most eminent leaders, with a staff of able economists, experts and specialists. This council should have the duty of devising and setting forth an economic programme designed for the interests of the country, the only restraint upon their complete freedom of action being that this programme should be planned primarily from the individualistic point of view, rather than the socialistic. This does not mean that it should hesitate to recommend some single measure, simply because this seems to have a socialistic tinge, but it does mean a recognition of the intensely individualistic spirit of Americans and the advantages of progressing under the individual system as long as possible. The council should take as long as necessary in working out the programme, possibly eighteen months or two years. At the end of that time it should present a report for discussion by the national and local organizations of the Republican party. Thus would exist an expert foundation for political strategy. We would have a comprehensive coördinated programme, with harmonious aims, instead of the hit or miss conglomeration we have at present. This report

of the council, modified by the discussions of local committees, district councils, national gatherings, etc., would then be the basis of the party platform in the next national convention. Only if the party adapts its measures to modern life and employs all the skill and science possible in formulating its programme, as any great business organization would do, can it rightfully ask for consideration of the voters.

IT NOW come to probably the most important and interesting question — that of the foreign policy to be advocated by the Republican party. Neither Mr. Hoover nor Mr. Roosevelt devoted a single paragraph in all his campaign speeches to foreign policy as such, yet I venture the opinion that, pressing as our domestic troubles seem to be, the great issues of the next two decades will be those of foreign policy. I have no patience with the policy of isolation. We are in a great and changing and in some ways a chaotic world. It is a world ever becoming more unified. We could not isolate ourselves if we wished; if we wished, it would not be advantageous to ourselves; even if advantageous to ourselves, it would imply a complete shirking of the responsibilities which we, as the richest and most powerful country, owe to mankind in its constant upward struggle.

Although I do not believe in isolation, I do not think the proper course is to join the League of Nations, or to entangle ourselves too much in the strict legalistic machinery that has been devised since the War, partly to provide

peace, and partly to uphold the *status quo* and the territorial supremacy of some powers. I have no quarrel with the League of Nations, the World Court (which I believe we could enter with profit), the Kellogg Pact, the various treaties for arbitration and conciliation, or any other part of the so-called peace machinery elaborated in the last fourteen years. My chief criticism is that it is too rigid, it does not allow for change and progress, and it might very conceivably be used to enforce peace at the expense of justice. It is largely designed to penalize any one who breaks the peace, but has little effectiveness in righting the conditions which may have induced some nation to break the peace. We should coöperate with various international agencies as the cases arise, where we believe their efforts tend to produce both justice and peace. We should hesitate to commit ourselves to a definite procedure in advance.

The most vital foreign problem is the Far Eastern situation. It will still vex the world when intergovernmental debts have been forgotten. The Republican party formulated and has maintained our Oriental policy. Its fundamental thesis is that the conquest and domination of China's four hundred million people by any outside power would be a menace to world trade, world stability and world progress, as well as to our own special Pacific interests. Our doctrine for preventing this has been the "Open Door" and maintenance of China's territorial and administrative integrity. John Hay enunciated these principles and secured the adherence of the powers to

them in 1900, thus staving off the Russian menace and the imminent danger of a partition of China. Charles E. Hughes and his co-workers emphasized, clarified and enlarged these same principles in the Nine-Power Treaty of the Washington Conference in President Harding's term, again saving China — this time from Japan.

Now the most serious threat of all has arisen in the Manchurian difficulty. Again a Republican Secretary of State has stepped into the breach. Secretary Stimson has assumed the lead of all the forces — chiefly moral and intangible up to now — which are opposing Japan. Our attitude has put heart into the League and given hope to China. People may differ as to whether the "non-recognition" policy is the best method of procedure, but there should be general approval of his attempts to do something and not let affairs drift aimlessly. The Republican party should use all its influence to see that our basic Far Eastern policy, modified if necessary in detail by changing conditions, should be firmly continued.

Let no American think of this as something distant and academic. Among the many causes bringing about the world depression, not the least was the disorder in the Far East. Few remedies would so help to bring us out of our economic difficulties as the opening to peaceful development of this greatest of all potential markets. Even under present handicaps our Oriental trade is almost three times that with South America, in spite of our vast investments in that continent and our assiduous efforts to promote closer

relations between its people and ours.

This article has dealt with principles and not men. I am not disturbed by the frequent lament that our party has few vigorous, colorful and progressive leaders. Neither do I worry over the alleged lack of appeal to young men and women. If our policies are sound, we will find

the necessary commanders in the next four years. If we avoid all political sham, planning for the future with logic and courage, youth will flock to us. If we treat our defeat, not as a mere accident, but as a golden opportunity to purify and reorganize, we once more will win the power to serve and to achieve.

Pines in the Sun

BY HELEN AUGUR

THE quietness of pines on a still day
 When they stand motionless, no breath, no sigh
 Stirring their boughs, gray-green against a sky
 Of cloudless, burning blue. Faint, far away
 Down their mysterious corridors, shadow-filled,
 The hush is broken by a sudden singing —
 A veery's silver flute-notes softly ringing —
 Then deeper silence as his song is stilled.

I, who have heard pines moaning, seen them sway
 Storm-tossed, and felt them tremble, thunder-riven —
 Felt terror through their shuddering fibres driven —
 I draw deep breaths of peace and know that they,
 In quiet thankfulness for victories won,
 Burn incense to their god, the summer sun.

Journey Down the Corridor

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

Where birth rates are a key to Europe's peace

"THERE is no truth — only arguments on both sides, bordered by swamps of statistics," Baron von Geuke said.

He and I were traveling on the Riga-Warsaw express, through the tundra-like land of east Poland. Our compartment was filled with Polish officers, returning from leave. The Baron, a Lett, had talked the whole day of the problems of Eastern Europe. He not only hated the Poles but the Germans as well.

"A piece of land, forty to a hundred miles wide, sixty miles long, of little intrinsic value, was once nominally Polish. Then the Germans took it and held it for a hundred and fifty years. The Peace of Versailles returned it to Poland and separated East Prussia from Germany proper. The Corridor gives Poland a seacoast and control of both sides of the Vistula River, the eastern boundary of the Corridor — all but the mouth of the river where lies the Free City of Dánzig, overwhelmingly German in population."

The Polish officers stared curiously at the Baron. They marked the cynicism in his voice although they could not understand his words. They were a handsome group, their

uniforms so bedecked with gold braid that it seemed that their ranks were designated rather by the thickness of the gilded wrapping than by its designs.

"And because two nations can not have the same piece of land at the same time, Europe must have either the Polish Corridor separating Germany or a German barrier cutting Poland off from the sea. There is no solution, barring a Heaven-sent earthquake, so long as the conflict of national desires remains. Some ancient Swede a little while ago proposed digging a tunnel under the Corridor for the Germans. That would be fine, but the Poles would insist on having a tunnel under the German tunnel and so on, down to the gates of Hell itself. Then they would argue over the ownership of Hell!

"Pay no attention to what they tell you in Warsaw or in Berlin about the rights of each to the territory. Both sides interpret the facts to suit their own ambitions. Rights, in abstract, will not settle the problem. Remember that German foreign policy, *Realpolitik*, is far-sighted and that fifty years are a short period. East Prussia is the holiest of Ger-

man territories, the birthplace of modern Germany, and it will not be forever left desolate, although its population has been decreasing for twenty years. Remember that, for the moment at least, the French support the Poles. And remember only one set of statistics — the birth rate figures in Poland and in Germany. Therein you will find one bit of the truth about the Corridor problem."

THE Foreign Office in Warsaw was more than friendly. I also found that one warning of the Baron's was most timely: "Don't mention the word 'Corridor' at the Foreign Office. They refuse to admit that there is such a thing. For them it is just a part of Poland. Call it the 'so-called Corridor' or '*pomorze*,' 'the seacoast.'"

"American journalists coming to Warsaw for information about Poland are rare," the Polish attaché began. "Most of them get their information in Berlin. Not a single American newspaper keeps a native American correspondent here, in this most important European capital! No wonder you hear only the German point of view!"

Questions of mine about the Corridor tapped a flood of information. From every possible point of view the "so-called Corridor" was claimed for Poland. Historically — he illustrated his remarks with maps made, as he carefully pointed out, in Germany — the territory of the "so-called Corridor" was admittedly part of Poland in 1100 A.D., 1400 A.D. and 1770 A.D. Ethnographically, Poles predominated everywhere now except in Danzig with its

overwhelming German population. But a Slavic people, along the shores of the Baltic, the Kashubes, "indubitably pro-Polish," set the balance finally in favor of Poland.

"There was no plebiscite when Poland took the so-called Corridor in 1919," the attaché admitted, "but even if there had been, the vote would have been in favor of Poland. And today —" there was a most innocent tone in his voice — "many of the Germans have moved out."

The economic reasons why Poland should have the territory followed. "The Vistula River, flowing through Warsaw, is Poland's sole water outlet to the sea. Danzig is at the mouth of the river. That, with all the seacoast, must not be in German hands, for if she had it she would strangle us. Germans hate us! They would like to see all Poles wiped out of existence. But we are a sovereign State and what first class power is there without a seacoast? So Danzig today is a Free City and we have forty miles of coast. Only forty miles, and look at the hundreds of miles which Germany has! Without that coast, our exports and imports would be at the mercy of Germany."

There were endless statistics to prove all points. In summary I was told, "Germany's chief desire to get the so-called Corridor back is due to prestige. It is not nice to have your nation divided — that we admit — but our economic interests are more vital than those of Germany's feelings. The fat, square-headed East Prussians do not like to have to ride across Poland when they go to Berlin *auf den Bummel*, although we give them plenty of trains,

no passport control, and twice as much space as is needed. East Prussia is dying, has always been dying, and holding it is only a matter of prestige for Germany.

"We are satisfied. We are content with our boundaries. All the talk about the so-called Corridor comes from Berlin. We shall keep the peace. But Germany, always the trouble-maker in Europe, continues to stir up muddy waters! Oh yes, there are some more statistics I want to show you. It is so rare to have an American come. . . ."

After four hours my head was reeling and I returned to my hotel. I found that the Foreign Office had already sent to my room twenty-three books on various phases of the Corridor question, in four different languages.

"**A** COMIC people, these Poles, *nicht wahr?*" a German correspondent asked me in the Hotel Europe.

He could tell countless funny stories to prove it. There was a tale, for instance, of the anti-Semitic riots then current in Warsaw University. They began, so the story went, in Krakow, where forty per cent of the students are Jewish. One fair day the Gentiles noticed that among all the cadavers supplied to the anatomy department, not one was Hebraic. Thereupon they struck, refusing to go to class until forty per cent of the laboratory material should be Jewish. The Jews refused to hear of such a thing and rioting began. It spread to Warsaw and, for a time, the university there had to be closed.

"A comical people, these Poles," the German repeated. "In the thirty million people in Poland only twenty

million are Poles. The rest are minority peoples. Yet the Poles are ambitious to be one of the leading powers of Europe. That aspiration is behind all their actions. Europe's great powers — Germany, France, Italy — and Poland! How's that for anti-climax? *Ach, es ist so komisch!* And they can't even govern themselves! They have forty political parties in their Parliament now, just as in Frederick the Great's time, when Europe had to divide Poland to rule it. . . ."

Eventually our conversation turned to the question of the Corridor. The German spoke of it in the tone in which an obstetrician discusses monstrosities. "It was always German soil. We ruled it from 1773 until 1918. Now it separates us, a sovereign State. It wouldn't be so bad if it were any other people than the Poles! Why does Poland need a seaport at all? Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Hungary have no seaports! No, the Poles are an ambitious and arrogant people! Yet every famous Pole has left the soil of the filthy land behind him — Chopin in Paris, Conrad in England, even Paderewski keeping his home in Switzerland . . ."

"*Komisch . . .*"

THE Polish Foreign Office suggested that an attaché accompany me through the Corridor, making their offer so forceful that it was impossible to refuse. The guide, a Polish Jew, met me at the midnight train from Warsaw to Posnan. He was most cheerful, looking forward to a few days' vacation from his office desk, at Government expense. He promised that in every city we

should get the Lord Mayor's car and drive around as we wished. He kept his promise. In the two large cities of the Corridor, Posnan, Torun, and later from the Polish Commissioner's office in Danzig, he requisitioned the official Daimler, no matter what other plans the Mayor or his wife may have had for the day.

My guide talked continually of his country and its future. "Think of us Polish people, now united, after being separated for a hundred and fifty years. We kept our nationality and our language alive during that time. We are a vigorous, healthy people!" His conversation often led to one sentence, "We Poles had a university (Krakow) when the German peoples were still barbarians, sitting on logs!"

In every town and city which we touched during four days he carefully pointed out the antiquities that were Polish, ancient buildings and exquisite churches dating from the Middle Ages, whose existence is virtually unknown outside Poland. "Few foreigners ever come to our country to see what we have," he ceaselessly lamented. "We are not barbarians but cultured people. If only Americans would visit us you would realize in your country what the so-called Corridor means to us and German propaganda would not take root among you."

We stopped at cemeteries while he pointed out tombstones of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries with their inscriptions in Polish. "And the Germans say their influence was always predominant here," he added. Frequently he took the local phone books and directories and asked me to notice the lack of

German names, adding, "Today the whole territory is Polish, you see."

My guide took me, in Posnan, to see a recently erected statue of Wilson, showing an awkward figure, seeming about to stumble forward. "To him we owe the so-called Corridor. There was a man who appreciated Poland!"

The Mayor's Daimler took us to Torun, called Thorn before 1918, where the pre-War boundaries of Germany and Russia used to meet. We drove out of the city to see the ruins of a castle where seven hundred years before a Polish lord had lived in a miniature Kenilworth. *En route* we passed the huge fortifications which the Germans had built, where German guns had once faced east into Russia. Today the guns have been turned around, to face west in this first fortification to save Warsaw. Questions of mine about the fort were carefully and thoughtfully unheard.

The flat countryside was gray beneath the scurrying clouds of autumn. The harvest was in, the earth was at rest. The farms seemed prosperous but needed a coat of whitewash. Passing one particularly clean place my guide said, "There live the descendants of a family which has been there in unbroken line since 900 A.D. Can Germany boast of such a family?"

Again he spoke of Polish culture. "The Germans have the advantage over us. Your people know their language and you know their classics. It is our misfortune that our language is so difficult. Our great writers are unknown to you, but we have Sienkevicz, one of the world's great novelists, and Adam Mieskevicz, one

of the world's greatest poets. Polish culture . . ."

The priest in one small town had been told of our presence and had forthwith issued a dinner invitation which was almost a royal command. We arrived too late for dinner but had evening tea. He was a man nearing seventy, his face unwrinkled, amazingly young. He had a sister in a convent in America. She had sent him a felt pennant stamped "Welcome to Niagara Falls" which hung on the wall of his study beside a picture of "The Bleeding Heart of Jesus."

His chief interest in America was in Prohibition and he asked many questions while he served two kinds of wine and cognac. His chief pride in his village was in the rising birth rate and he spoke paternally of the increasing number of youngsters in his parish. He was proud, too, of the Eighteenth Century ornaments and gowns in his church. For two hours he showed them to us. Some of them, done in gold thread, weighed more than fifty pounds and he regretted that he was too feeble to wear them through the long service of the mass. To show to better advantage the altar, decorated with a great profusion of paper flowers, he turned on all the lights of the church, rather embarrassing the half hundred people gathered for evening prayer.

As we passed out of the church he pointed to one spot in the floor. "Beneath this stone I shall be buried," he said simply. "In Polish soil! I am glad that I have lived long enough to see Poland regain what is her own." He escorted us to our car and added, "We shall never give up one inch of Polish soil to the Ger-

mans, not one inch. I have heard stories that they are arming, over there in East Prussia, to take it, but we shall not give them one inch!"

He turned back to the church. A crowd of little children ran out to greet him.

We turned toward Danzig, driving over a narrow, tree-lined highway through the misty rain of an autumn night. We stopped at Tschev, once called Dirschau, the most important railroad centre in the Corridor. Here the main German line between Berlin and East Prussia meets the rail connection for Danzig. Here is the passport control for any one coming from Germany and getting off in the Corridor.

An official welcomed us and, while hunting for statistics on railroad transportation, spoke of his work. "We have few complaints from the Germans. The expresses go through with no Polish examination so long as the passengers do not get off. Freight goes through on time. There are numbers of Germans still living here, although many have moved away. They seem satisfied and live side by side with the Poles. Our chief trouble is with the Hitlerites in Danzig. They come down to the border of the Free State where it touches the outskirts of my town and hold their meetings — provocation!

"And there is always provocation. The Germans try to arouse us into action then whine, 'The Poles are persecuting us!' There was a meeting of the *Stahlhelm*, one of Germany's civil military groups, announced for a town near the Polish border. We protested to the German Foreign Office and were told that this was a private non-official organization and

that nothing could be done about it. So a few Poles went over as observers. The Germans promptly arrested them as spies! 'Private' — 'non-official!'

"Now here are the statistics on railroad travel. . . ."

A DELEGATION from the Port authorities waited on us at the hotel the next morning. The Poles and the Germans share equally in the administration of the Port and there were two Poles and two Germans in the group. An official motor boat was at our disposal. The Poles did most of the talking as we threaded through the complicated channels of the harbor. They took particular pride in pointing out the new automatic coal-loading machinery which had been erected only a few years ago. "Statistics will show that Danzig is shipping out five times the amount of tonnage that left before the War," one of the Poles said. The Germans nodded. "The charges that Danzig is a dying city are false," the Pole continued. The Germans said nothing.

Except at the coal-loading wharves, the harbor seemed dead. The ways in the shipyards were green with moss. The huge cranes stretched across the sullen sky like scarecrows in drought-marred fields. Along the quays crowds of men were idling. The cast of a fisherman's line occasionally broke the quietness of the gray water.

While walking back to our hotel, the Poles went ahead and the Germans fell back with me. Immediately, in low voices, they began a chorus of complaint. "Don't believe what the Poles have just told you.

Danzig is a dying city. More tonnage is shipped out, yes, but almost all of it is coal, and you saw this morning how few men are necessary to run those machines. The Poles are building their own port at Gdynia, ten miles to the west. And Danzig harbors are idle and Danzig burghers. And our poor city budget must take care of all our unemployed. We have no state or nation to help us! The Poles on the Harbor Board keep the rates higher here than in Gdynia so that ships will come in there. There is no future for us unless we are united to Germany. Now the goods we manufacture must pay duty when they are sent into Germany. We have no markets, we have no future — we have only Poles, the interlopers! Factories have moved away. Even the well-known liquor factory, making the most famous Danziger Goldwater, has moved into Germany!"

"An interesting morning?" my guide asked.

"Yes, but why did both Poles and Germans come with us?"

"That's a rule of the Harbor Board," he replied, innocently. "Neither side will trust the other to take any foreigners around, so members from both sides must go."

In the afternoon we went out to Gdynia, led by Polish officials without any German appendices following. A bustling town has been erected in the midst of the Baltic sand dunes where less than ten years ago there were only the huts of Kashubian fishermen. The architecture of the town is of the Neo-American-Stucco-Garage style of 1926. Breakwaters, docks, wharves, piers, a few factories — all new — make it seem

like a Western boom town. At one pier a large liner was about to leave for New York. At the edge of one breakwater a dingy battleship, the only one in the Polish navy, was riding at anchor. It had been bought second-hand from the French and from a distance it seemed that the French had got the better of the bargain.

"You have heard the Germans say that we are building this new port, at great expense, in order to strangle Danzig?" one of the Poles asked me. "It is the city of Danzig itself which is responsible for our building Gdynia. In 1920, when we were at war with Russia, Danzig refused to permit us to land ammunition, no matter how great our need was, with the Bolsheviks at the gates of Warsaw. We are building Gdynia, at great expense, that such a thing may never happen again. If Danzig loses some of her trade, well — let her remember 1920! And remember that the great *binterland* of Danzig and of all East Prussia is lost — Russia! It is not the Corridor which impoverishes that district; it is Soviet Russia, with her boundaries closed to foreign trade!"

WANTING some information about the people who dwell on the sides of the Corridor, I phoned from Danzig to an official in one of the East Prussian towns and asked for an appointment. I tried to assure my Polish guide that he could enjoy himself in Danzig while I went over to East Prussia but he was a trifle curious about my plans and refused politely to hear of such a thing. "Whither you go, there shall I go," he said fraternally. It seemed a bit

embarrassing, however, to take an official from the Polish Foreign Office, even incognito, on a visit to a German official.

The train from Danzig passed Tschev and crossed to the green fields and by the red-tiled roofs of East Prussia. My guide, now "abroad," asked pointed questions about my plans but I preferred for the moment to talk about the landscape. Finally I did explain my predicament and he agreed to stay at the Polish Consulate in the little town while I visited the German official. But he seemed a bit suspicious, now that Poland was on the distant horizon and not under foot.

The German official was most charming and hospitable. He could speak with quiet authority, charm and calm fascination on every subject except that of the Poles. Then it was that his eyes flamed and the search for expletives grew hot.

"Uncivilized barbarians," he began. "Illiterates, who breed like guinea pigs. The Corridor is an outrage for a sensitive people like the Germans to have to submit to. The Poles have driven all the Germans out of the Corridor. Their banks have foreclosed on German factories and now Poles possess them. The Poles have no right to the Corridor. History? Let me show you a map — the Germans have first claim to it." (I thought of the maps I had seen in Warsaw.) "There—" he gave me a hand-drawn map — "see all that land colored green? That is all German, as shown by researches of archeologists as of 500 B.C.

"The Corridor means that East Prussia is dying, cut off from the mainland. Would you Americans

like a Corridor, running through New England, giving Boston to Canada, and cutting Maine off from the rest of your country? East Prussia used to ship a lot of cattle to Berlin. Now they must go across the Corridor. The Poles delay the cars, don't feed the cows and every animal loses greatly in weight before it reaches the Berlin market. We ship vegetables — and the Poles delay the cars so that good cabbage arrives rotten in Germany."

He pointed to a map. "The Corridor looks like a spot of ink misplaced on the map to you Americans. For us it is real, a part of our daily lives. I heard yesterday of a young German living over here whose mother still resides in the Corridor. He wanted to go home but the Poles would give him no visa. Never to go home, because of this cursed Corridor!"

He stopped, to call his automobile. Most hospitably he was going to drive me through the surrounding territory. "The Poles are an arrogant people who grind down the masses, encouraging them to breed and breed more children — cannon fodder. Both Government and Church combine to encourage the production of more Poles! At the same time the Polish Government helps its people to migrate over into East Prussia; there are many who have come. They have their eye on owning this territory some day. They can never forget that once Poland claimed territory from Riga to the Black Sea."

I asked him for his solution to the problem.

"Restore the Germans," he said. "We know how to rule. The Poles have no social insurance for their

people and do none of the things which our Government does for its citizens. There are thousands of Poles in the Corridor who would welcome the return of German rule. They pay back-breaking taxes today to help a conceited militaristic Government throw money away, as at Gdynia, for example. The fools, they never stopped to think in building that port that the worst storms on the Baltic come from the northeast. They picked a spot totally unfit for a port and opened most of their breakwaters to the northeast so that they have had to rebuild, at frightful expense, much of their first work. All to satisfy their conceit — a sovereign State must have its own seaport! And Danzig dies! Gdynia has no waterway leading to it. All freight must be moved by rail. Show me a successful port that is not at the mouth of a river!"

The car was waiting and we started off.

"The worst indignity of all," he continued after giving the chauffeur directions, "is that the Poles were given complete control of the Vistula River. Instead of drawing the boundary line of the Corridor down the middle of the river as would be done at any honest peace conference, the line was drawn to give the Poles eight and ten feet and sometimes more of East Prussian soil, on the right bank. That means that we people of East Prussia have no access to the river, not even to take a bath or to water a horse. What could be more ridiculous? There is one point of access, eight feet wide, where we can cross or ship goods out by boat. But all along the bank of our river are Polish guards."

We passed an ancient red brick church and he ordered the chauffeur to stop. He pointed to the church wall and said, "Do you see that round stone ball in the wall? That's a cannon ball still embedded there, fired during some battle or other between the Poles and the Germans three or four hundred years ago. The Poles, you know, defeated the Teutonic Knights at Tannenburg, near here, in 1410. If only we had won that battle!"

He hesitated for a moment. "You will pardon my saying so but it was your President Wilson who was directly responsible for all this Corridor mess. He was impressed by the one or two cultured Poles that he met and charmed by Paderewski's piano playing. He did not know them as a nation of uncultured guinea pigs. The French used Wilson for their own purposes. They wanted a thorn in the east side of Germany and Clemenceau created the Corridor. Wilson could have prevented it. And France gave to Poland control of the right bank of the Vistula in order that there might be a place for bridgeheads in case of war. Poland with French support behind her can act in arrogant fashion now while we Germans submit and East Prussia dies."

Back at his house an hour later I bade him farewell. He sent me to the station in his car. Rather stupidly I asked the chauffeur not to take me to the station but to drop me at the Polish Consulate where I could pick up my Polish guide, now long stranded. He was waiting and we rode back to Danzig through the gray dusk.

"So the German thinks that to

restore German rule would solve the so-called Corridor problem?" he asked, after trying to learn what I had heard. "He forgets that we Poles had German rule for a hundred and fifty years. Their language was made compulsory. Any Polish child who was heard speaking one word of Polish was made to stand in a corner for several hours. We know German rule, thank you!"

He looked across the darkened fields of East Prussia. "A pretty land, isn't it? You know, once we Poles controlled all of Europe from Riga to the Black Sea. In those days we owned East Prussia. . . ."

THE Foreign Office in Berlin had been "informed" of my presence in East Prussia. They were "most eager to see me," I learned, on my return to the German capital.

An attaché was very polite. "We are glad when any interest is shown in the Corridor problem," he began. "We just wanted to make sure that you would hear both sides." For several hours he talked of the history, the ethnography, the economics and the politics of Eastern Europe.

The next day the Foreign Office sent me nine books, all in English, on the Corridor situation and its history.

I met Baron von Geuke a few days later in Berlin. He asked me of my impressions. "You are a bit confused in finding where the truth does lie?" he smiled. "Did you ask about the birth rate statistics? The German birth rate these days is standing practically still, you know. But in the last ten years Poland's population has jumped from twenty-seven million to thirty-two million. They

have the largest birth rate in Europe. Does that tell you anything? Five million increase in ten years? There are sixty million Germans today — twice the number of people in Poland. In fifty years. . . .

"For a thousand years the Germans have been repelling the Slavic wave on the east. They fought in peat bogs with clubs, they fought on battle fields with arms, they fight in council halls with treaties. That fight, between Teuton and Slav, never ceases. Ever on, to the west, comes the threat of the Slavs. And the Poles of all people are the most difficult to absorb. They always remain Polish — even the second generation in your own American cities. Now the Slavs have the Corridor, thanks to France, a knife thrust in Germany's defense on the east.

"Did you notice comparative prices in Danzig and Gdynia? Numerically they are alike. Eight hours' work in Danzig — eight gulden. Eight hours' work in Gdynia — eight zloty. A goose in Danzig, four gulden; in Gdynia, four zloty. But a gulden is worth twenty cents and a zloty ten. That difference expresses the disparity between the German and the Polish standard of living. The Pole can live, thrive — and breed — on one-half the amount the German needs!

"Do you wonder that the German

speaks bitterly of the Pole? Time is in the Poles' favor. Already there are Polish settlements on the German sides of the Corridor, in Pomerania, in East Prussia."

He paused for a final generalization.

"There is an explanation for the bitterness about the Corridor. It goes deeper than anger at the rule that German officers, traveling by train across the territory, must check their swords in the baggage cars! Deeper than rotting cabbage, river banks, or the need for a harbor.

"When a German hates a Frenchman he hates him as a human being. When a German hates a Pole he hates him as a bedbug which ought to be stamped out — immediately. Don't think the Poles don't know it. They know their constitutional inability to rule decently, without excesses. They suffer from the finest inferiority complex in Europe. All their talk about 'Polish culture' . . .

"When you think of the Corridor and its problems," he concluded, "think of a German camp behind a log stockade in the deep forest, beside one of the Mazurian lakes. 'Numerous rumors are brought to them,' as Caesar put it, 'and they are likewise informed by messengers,' that that tribe of fair-haired people, with the thick-tongued speech, the Poles, are advancing!"





The Island War

BY W. A. BREYFOGLE

A Story

THE sun of late June lay upon the busy life of the docks, upon the Elbe estuary and the waterfront of Hamburg. "So there she goes!" said old Hermann Schmidt. "That's off our minds."

Wagener was not so sure. "It would be like the *Ingrid* to turn up again." He glanced around him apprehensively. "Schmidt, you're sure nobody will ever know?"

"How should they? So far as can be seen, she is seaworthy. We have hardly boasted of what she has cost us these last years! And, once past Singapore, you may rely upon it, she will trouble us no more. She'll never see Sydney again."

Wagener shivered, although the day was warm. "But the men!" he suggested. "What's to be become of them? There might be talk!"

"Bah! The men are safe. I saw to the boats myself before she sailed. I even shipped a doctor to look after them, noble fellows that they are! He was a funny doctor, Wagener, a Russian and, I should say, utterly mad."

But Wagener was not to be diverted. "We should have kept her in the Baltic trade," he muttered. "She might have foundered there,

too. The insurance would have been the same."

"And half Hamburg would have known why she was lost! Don't be a fool, Wagener. Did you think I sent her to Singapore for a mere whim? Didn't it occur to you that the length of the voyage is in our favor? That is, if questions should be asked? I know what I'm doing. I'll answer for that ship."

"You're sure the Captain has no suspicions?"

"That Norwegian? No. He jumped at the command. She'll hang together until she's past Singapore. After that, the first rough weather — " He made an expressive gesture. "Of course, it's what you call an act of God. I think I can convince even an insurance broker of that! And there she goes. Wave good-bye to her, Wagener. It's the last time."

The boding, aged voices were lost in the care-free summer of 1914. The *Ingrid* left them behind, and turned her blunt, rusty bows to the sea once more.

The little community that was her crew began to settle down. On the deck, Shorty and Müller had struck up a friendship over the battening-

down of a hatch. An auspicious, blue-gray haze of tobacco-smoke hung in the pent air of the fore-castle, where Yank and Willem, stepping carefully to avoid a litter of sea-bags on the floor, were assisting each other in the spreading of their donkey-mattresses. Big Hans was philosophically asleep. Sam was oiling his boots and watching Franck fit together the pieces of a treasured flute. The others were somewhere about. They cast cheerful glances at each other, scratch-pack crew that they were. Not much of a ship, but they were out-bound again.

Mr. William Sanderson, late of Limehouse, muttered darkly about the engine-room. "Tied together with string," he summed up his findings. "We might be blown sky-high at any minute!" He gave the ash-hoist a poke with the spanner in his hand. "That'll jam in dirty weather! Them trashy German pumps, too!" He glowered at his kingdom, in the conviction that the coal was chock-full of sulphur and would very likely choke the stokers. "Not that it matters — like as not they'd ha' died of old age, anyway!" With his mind eased of this burden, he went to his cabin and turned in for a nap, completely happy.

Heinrich Braun, the mate, was on the bridge. In the cabin that was to be his home for the next few months, Captain Dessen hung up one photograph of his wife, and another of their home in Bergen. He hummed a dismal air, but cheerfully. In the galley, Hamilton, a Jamaican Negro, shook his head over the stores. They would hardly hold out. But he postponed his worry to a more ineluctable date and fell to peeling

potatoes, whistling shrilly through his excellent teeth.

Dr. Vasili Prokoff was keeping to himself. He did not move from the position he had taken up against the rail on the upper deck. Gulls swooped around, but he paid no more heed to them than to the sailors engaged upon their tasks in the waist of the ship below. Space and time, the phenomenal world, were largely annihilated for him while he leaned there, unconscious of the ache in his forearms. His sensitive, proud face, with its jutting nose and weak mouth, was set in the immutable mold of contemplation. After his fashion, he was happy.

The old *Ingrid*, with troubles enough of her own internal economy, bore them all forward, out of sight of land and into the reach of adventure, indifferent, she, to who might lord it on her weather-beaten bridge, to whom she might harbor in cabin and fore-castle. She shoved her bows impatiently at the slapping waves and forged onward into the first night at sea. And in his feather-bed in Hamburg, Hermann Schmidt lay wakeful but content and followed her in his mind out of the narrow seas and down the Channel, and eastward to Singapore and whatever might lie beyond.

THEY loafed down the Mediterranean and took their turn at Suez, and the Red Sea swallowed them into an abyss of heat that all but blinded their unaccustomed eyes. Dr. Prokoff betook himself, gasping but still remote from all that surrounded him, from the blazing deck to the sweltering gloom of his cabin. The *Ingrid* had been built with an

eye to the Northern trade; she was not at home in the tropics. But she wallowed steadily onward through these alien seas as if they had been the waters of the Elbe at Hamburg. Aden and Socotra passed, they rounded Ceylon and stood away for the Nicobars and the Straits of Malacca. It was late in July.

At night the men dragged their pallets up to the deck to sleep. It was intolerable in the bunks. They lay on their backs, trying not to move, and eyed the stars drowsily and engaged in the endless conversations of their kind.

"So the Frenchman got the girl, and we laid for him, but he never showed up." Yank was concluding a story. He paused to light his pipe, which had gone out during the narrative.

"I knowed a Frenchy once," Sam said reminiscently. "Kept a pub, 'e did, in the Byswater Road. Little, sawed-off feller. Wish I could see that pub now!"

"Shut up." That was Peabody, briefly.

The talk wandered off to other pubs in other ports, to the girls of Río and Philadelphia, of Cardiff and Shanghai. They sucked at their pipes, the swish of the waters at the bow lulled them, pauses in their talk grew longer and longer, and presently they slept. Captain Dessen, on the bridge, had no company but the deep breathing of the *Ingrid* herself and the heat and the watchful stars. They had been on the old ship a long time; they were used to one another's ways. There had never been, there could never be, any life but this for them.

At Singapore they dropped anchor

outside the harbor, and the agent came off in a launch with their orders. He swarmed up the ladder they dropped overside for him and clambered over the rail, a bundle of papers in the pocket of his coat. Captain Dessen took him to his own cabin. Heinrich Braun watched them go, his blue eyes narrowed lazily against the beating sunlight. He thought it curious that the agent should wear such a look of worry on his face, as if he had been the messenger of disaster. The back of his linen coat was streaked and blotted with dark sweat. Anxiety had no place in such a climate. The man ought to know that. He lived there. The sound of his own name recalled Heinrich's attention. Captain Dessen wanted a word with him in the cabin.

The agent got up and made sure that the door was shut. He looked around the cabin anxiously, as if he had suspected the hidden presence of eavesdroppers. The drink the Captain had poured for him he was taking in nervous little gulps. Heinrich Braun lifted his own glass and nodded to the others. "*Prost, meine Herren!*" he said.

There was no smile of acknowledgement. The Captain tugged at his thin beard in obvious perplexity, and spoke in German to the agent. "Tell him," he said. "He ought to know."

The harassed little man glanced at the mate. "There's a war."

"And Germany's in it," the Captain said. "Germany and England. This is a British port, and we're a vessel of German registry. It's a good thing there's no cargo for us here. We'd never get out of the harbor if we once got in."

"A war?" Heinrich Braun asked. "But we heard nothing. When did it begin?"

"Declared yesterday," the agent muttered morosely. He turned to the Captain. "It's your affair, of course, but I'd advise you to leave at once. They'll seize the ship and intern the Germans on board. You may be able to get to a neutral port. Try, at least." He stood up. "I can't stay any longer. Every one's going mad ashore. I'll leave you this bundle of newspapers. Good luck!" When they looked up he was gone.

"We'll do as he advised," Captain Dessen decided. "I'm a neutral myself, but this is a German ship, and I'm responsible for her. Get the anchor up, Mr. Braun. It's lucky we were no later. We'll keep her free for the owners as long as we can." He turned away, a glint of determination in his mild eye. The mate hurried out on deck.

THE men grumbled a little at missing shore-leave in Singapore, but they had not heard the great news yet and, English and German, they moved at Heinrich's command. The anchor came up slowly, the *Ingrid* swung around, a threshing of torn water above her screw, and, unmolested, they headed into the Java Sea.

"We must try to make Manila in the Philippines," Captain Dessen told his mate. "We shall be safe there. But the South China is too crowded. We'll round Borneo and head up through Macassar Strait. Keep her head as it is for tonight. A storm would help us."

Heinrich Braun turned to the barometer. "Dropping a little. We

may get it." A seaman came to take the wheel. They went down to dinner. "I wonder how long it will take the others to find out what's up," the Captain murmured.

Not very long. Sanderson had one of the newspapers the agent had left for them spread on the table in front of him while he waited for the others to come to dinner. He was absorbed in its columns. Prokoff, opposite him, had found nothing in them to engage his attention. He was staring at the open port-hole, where a breath of rising wind fluttered the faded curtain on its rod. He frowned when Sanderson burst into speech.

"Hi say," the engineer cried, "look here, Captain, what's it all about, eh? What're we to do about it?"

"Ve haff our orders." The Captain's distrust of the English language made him use it sparingly. He dipped a spoon in his soup and began to eat. Sanderson watched him suspiciously. They were something of a floating Babel; Prokoff was the only man aboard who conversed with an equal facility, and an equal disdain, with all. But Sanderson felt it as an insult to himself, and an act intrinsically suspicious, for he was no linguist, that Heinrich Braun should address the Captain in German just at that moment. He and Braun, since Singapore, were enemies, properly speaking. He leaned forward and caught the mate's eye. "All I got to say," he announced, in the unconvincing tone of a man who has to say a very great deal indeed, "is, Germany'd better look sharp this trip. She'll catch bloody 'ell, that's what she'll catch!" He glowered at them both. "And has for sailing-

orders," he spoke this with great emphasis, "my himpression was that we're for Sydney. That right?" He fixed them with a basilisk stare, to show them that he saw through any possible designs of theirs, then returned to the serious matter of eating and uttered not another word. Prokoff favored the top of the Cockney's head with a scowl. "The fellow has the manners of a capitalist," he reflected. Pleased with the rightness of this insult, he resumed his meditation on the shortcomings of Kropotkin as a revolutionist.

A brooding gloom descended upon the company at table. The steward served them gingerly, as if he had feared an explosion might take place before he could whisk a plate away, involving his reluctant person in some general outburst. The curtains over the port-holes had ceased their fluttering and hung motionless. The air was heavy. Captain Dessen, heedless of the niceties, wiped the perspiring nape of his neck with his napkin. It was a relief when they were through eating and he could retire to the bridge. Sanderson never came there.

They lit their cheap cigars and stared out into the night ahead. It confronted them with an impenetrable, uneasy blackness that sent the mate to inspect the glass again. He gave a low whistle. "She's dropping fast, sir."

The Captain chewed his cigar nervously. "I don't like the looks of it," he muttered. "Mr. Mate, will you slip down and see if everything's shipshape on deck? We're in for it, I'm afraid."

Heinrich Braun made his hurried tour of inspection and returned to the

ladder that led to the bridge, somewhere up above him in the all but solid darkness. As he grasped the rungs, preparatory to mounting, he had to make a grab at his cap. The first gust of wind struck him viciously, pressing him hard against the ladder. The door to the chart-room banged to behind him without the touch of his hand. Captain Dessen glanced up.

"Everything's all right, sir, but the wind's getting up."

"I thought as much. We shan't get much sleep tonight, mister! Ring for the steward and tell him we shall want coffee off and on. Rum in it, too." He rubbed his hands together nervously. "I only hope the ship weathers it. She's far from new." They stared out into the night together.

THE newspaper that had fallen to the lot of the forecabin created a sharp difference of opinion among the men. Yank, as a would-be peace-maker, retired hurt by their cavalier reception of his wise counsel. He rounded up Willem and Oscar and induced them to play three-handed poker with him. All about them the talk was loud and excited. "England'll see it through," Shorty declared. "Trust her for that!" He inflated his chest. "You bloody Germans are in for it!"

The argument was sadly hampered by the fact that none of them was competently bilingual. They could not adequately demolish their opponents' preposterous beliefs. But they scarcely noticed the lack, content with shouting and defiant gestures. A tremendous patriotism arose in them, that was impatient of

confinement in any reasoned appeal. It was much more satisfying to raise one's voice to a screech and shake one's fist. Besides, every one else was doing it. A mere statement of fact could not have been heard.

"You talk," Hans bellowed, "always you Englishers talk!" He glared at them, opening and closing his great fists. "Iss dere a man of you to fight me?"

But the code of the sea forbade that. It stood on the bridge, in the frail person of Captain Dessen, and kept a metaphorical eye upon them. If it came to fighting, they would have to wait; so they plunged into the impossible argument anew.

But Yank put a stop to it. He had gone out on deck for a shirt, left there to dry, and he came tumbling down the companion-way wide-eyed. The low door behind him was open, and he jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the tumult that had propelled him back into their midst. "Holy Smoke!" he ejaculated, and the notable absence of profanity indicated his earnestness. "Just listen to the wind!"

The *Ingrid* drove on. One oily swell was very like the last or the next, or a thousand others that, in her time, she had plowed through. Only these seas were heavier, harder to shoulder aside. Her engines labored valiently, and her scarred plates creaked as if in pain with the efforts she put forth. The rising wind from the west smothered her squat rump in clouds of spray, and sent ever-greater waves to lift her shuddering screw high out of the water and drop it back again into yawning depths. They had stinted her ballast in Hamburg — that was Hermann

Schmidt's doing — and she pitched furiously. Vasili Prokoff, the poet in him rising superior to mere nausea, clung for a few minutes to the rail and rejoiced in the tumbling waters that swept past, almost level with his eyes. Through the darkness their white-topped welter gleamed like teeth. He struggled back to his cabin for brandy. The soul and the foolish stomach have joys that can not be reconciled.

The wind dropped after twenty-four hours, but the sullen rollers still swept past them. The pitching was scarcely diminished. "We have certainly been carried beyond Macassar Strait," Captain Dessen said. His face was pinched with weariness and anxiety. "We'll just have to let her drive now, until the sea abates. Sanderson says she's making water below."

Heinrich Braun nodded. The cup in his hand diffused a strong aroma of coffee, the reek of rum. "I'm afraid it's all up with Manila, sir."

"I'm afraid so. We'll have to try for one of the Dutch Islands. God send they're still neutral!"

But the *Ingrid* took the matter out of their hands. The water in her hold rose in spite of everything they could do, in spite of the subsiding sea. The rudder wobbled dangerously and one of the pumps was jammed. Hermann Schmidt could not have timed it better. They were in the middle of the Banda Sea, with land all around them. The ship had only a slight list as they took to the boats, and the sun from which she was soon to be shielded forever beat down on her decks as if it had thought her immortal. They unshipped a couple of oars in each boat and, pushing

against the *Ingrid's* stricken side, shoved off. Just before sundown, very quietly, she sank.

THERE were rifles, in case they should meet with unfriendly natives on some island where they might be forced to land. There were biscuit and water and rum. The Captain brought the ship's papers and the photograph of his wife, far away in Bergen, and the ship's cat. New Guinea was off somewhere to north and east; Australia, but they could hardly last that far, lay to the south. "What do you think, Braun?" the Captain asked. "I'm for running north, myself."

"I agree, sir. We may be picked up and, if we're not, there are plenty of islands. We can't go wrong."

"What about Australia?" It was a chastened Sanderson who put the question. Away from his engines, even the knowledge that his country was at war failed to buoy him up.

"Too far, by a long way, in this sun." The mate nodded agreement, and the Captain turned to translate. "Ve go nort'," he explained briefly. Sanderson had to acquiesce. The night shut down upon the open boats.

In the morning a breeze sprang up and they hoisted leg-of-mutton sails that carried them along at four knots to the hour. Once, where the sky and the sea met, they saw the smoke of a steamer and watched it with longing until it was the merest wisp. They were cramped for space in the boats. The men grumbled at that, and because there was no way of getting cooking done. But the breeze held and freshened, they kept their prows to the north and on the second day they sighted an island.

It was small: they circumnavigated it in the forenoon. It seemed not to be inhabited, although Hamilton saw a wild pig and squealed with excitement. The trees promised shade and they were heartily sick of the boats. They steered for shore. A rivulet of clear water that ran down across the narrow beach where they drew the boats up they traced back to a spring. The thick-growing trees came down to the very edge of the sand, but a little way in from shore they found an open spot, and there were others here and there throughout the island. Wild creatures scuttled away through the undergrowth at their approach. There was an abundance of dry wood on the ground that they could use for fires.

"Wonder 'oo owns this 'ere island?" Sam speculated, while they were preparing their camp. Sanderson grunted. "England, of course. If she didn't before, we'll claim it for her now."

Heinrich Braun, irritable with strain, overheard him. "The *Ingrid* was a German vessel," he reminded the engineer. "The island belongs to Germany, not England."

The Cockney glared. "Ho!" he said. "It does, does it? Not till Germany's taken possession, and we're here to stop that! Mind you, we're not under Captain's orders now. You'll have a fight on your hands, m'lad!"

The men divided into uneasy groups, the Englishmen behind Sanderson, the Germans behind the mate. Captain Dessen, with Yank, Willem, Oscar and Hamilton, was busy at the boats. Prokoff had strolled off by himself. Heinrich

Braun regarded the engineer with disfavor. "As you please," he said coldly. "Better you go make a camp of your own. You can take half the rifles. If you want a fight, you'll get it, you English rat!"

There was a stir and a muttering among the men, partly anger, partly bewilderment. But the die was cast. Braun turned as the Captain approached. "Sanderson declines to recognize your authority, sir. He wants to fight us for possession of the island. I've told him to take his hoodlums and make a camp of his own."

"Fight for possession of the island!" exclaimed the astonished Captain. "But, great God, is not the island big enough for all?" He addressed himself to the engineer. "You have gone mad, no?"

Sanderson stood his ground, with the tenacity of his breed. "Our countries are at war," he declared. "We'll fight for ours." He turned to his six seamen. "That right?" There was a chorus of assent.

Captain Dessen threw up his hands. "I can't prevent you. I shall take no part in it myself. If you must fight, I ask you to do it where the innocent will not be exposed to danger." Braun translated this for the engineer, and it was agreed to. "Let's take till morning to get ready," Sanderson suggested. "Hostilities to begin at sunrise." He was rather proud of the high sound of that. The German nodded and turned to explain to his men. They swarmed down to the boats for rifles and supplies.

Heinrich Braun had a sincere dislike for Sanderson, but it was a much bigger thing than personal

feeling that had made him take up the engineer's challenge. Ever since Singapore, in cabin as in forecastle, there had been an uneasy awareness of impending doom. While the *Ingrid* held them to their duty they could afford to ignore it, but now, free of the old ship and with their days empty before them, it pressed insistently for settlement. There was a war. They did not know its causes, and it was none of their doing, but it existed. Their countrymen were fighting in Europe. Well, they would do their bit. They scowled at their sometime fellows, feeling a barrier risen between them. Gone was all their care-free association. They began to invent meannesses in the past, to reconstruct trivialities in a new and sinister light. Late in the afternoon the two bands marched away, in opposite directions, into the woods. A tense repose settled upon the island.

ALL evening the small waves broke only a few yards from where the neutrals sat about their fire. The stars came out as if nothing had happened. Prokoff was reflecting, with a just contempt, that mankind could not live a day, even on a virgin island, without beginning his brawls. The Captain's thoughts were less condemnatory, more mournful. He thought it a great mistake and a pity. Yank was sifting the sand through his moody fingers, without a word for any one. His views were known already. He had but one skin in the world, he explained. It held vast possibilities of entertainment, and he did not propose to have those possibilities abruptly punctured by rifle-fire. The others agreed.

The night passed by. A glimmer of light in the east became the dawn. In the heart of the island Müller awakened his comrades for a hurried, cheerless breakfast. Heinrich Braun served them each a tot of rum. In the gray light their unshaven faces were grim. They ate with their rifles across their knees. "Eat all you can," the mate advised. "We may go without lunch." At the first streak of sunlight they left their camp and filed off into the undergrowth.

Sanderson and his men were later in starting. They had made their bivouac in an open space, and kept a fire burning, confident that the enemy would not attack. They were finishing a leisurely breakfast, mugs of steaming coffee in their hands, when, without any warning, a ragged volley rang out from the trees. Shorty's cup leapt from his startled fingers. "Cripes!" he ejaculated, and threw himself behind a log. "I didn't know war was like this!"

None of them had known. They sprawled behind whatever cover there was and attempted to return the fire. Sanderson was quaking but determined. A long time passed without a repetition of that volley, and at length they ventured forth from their precarious shelter and took to the woods in their turn. The war had begun.

It was guerilla warfare and neither side had any great aptitude for it. At its most intense, they seldom saw their foes more than once in the day. A burst of firing, another burst in reply, and both bands retreated, to begin once more the arduous, indecisive stalking. There were no casualties. They were not marksmen

enough for that. But, as the fighting drew out, day after day, a fixed inhumanity toward their enemies developed in each group. They no longer thought of them with any faint compunction surviving from the past they had shared. It turned into an absorbing, heartless game, in which they were bent on scoring. If only the cowards would show themselves!

They fought for ten weary days. On the beach they heard faint shots sometimes, but the novelty wore off. They scarcely stopped to listen now, although the fighting preyed upon Prokoff's mind. "It is no better than murder," he declared. He was sorely tempted to denounce the growing indifference of those around him as a stupid connivance at that crime. But other matters engaged the attention of Captain Dessen and the neutral seamen. They had felled and trimmed a straight, tall tree, and set it up for a flag-pole on a point of land that ran out into the sea. They kept a signal flying there by day, and a big fire burning at night. Other ships must cross those waters sometimes. It would be better explaining to the owners how he had come to lose their ship, Captain Dessen thought, than living forever as a castaway, far away from Bergen. He looked at his wife's photograph and sighed. He had done his best with the old vessel. Had he known how little blame would be his when he returned, his mind would have been completely at ease. He would not have found fault with the accomplished dishonesty of Hermann Schmidt that had brought all this trouble upon them. That was a part of the world's pattern. Only Prokoff

would have raged against it, and Prokoff was more than a little mad.

There was nothing to complain of. They suffered no real hardships. But as he sat looking out across the sparkling sea the Captain was unhappy. He had no flair for the contemplative life. He liked a ship, any ship, under him, and in his heart the consciousness of honest service to his employers, service whose ultimate end it was not for him to call in question. Above him the breeze tugged softly at his signal of distress. He looked up at it, and shook his head mournfully. It was hard to go on hoping. His eyes fell again. He rubbed them, and stood up, staring. That was surely smoke, and it was drawing nearer. He waited until he was quite sure before he hurried down to tell the others.

THAT morning Sanderson had held a council of war. He and his ragged half-dozen sat in a circle and deliberated. "The beggars ain't ever there, that's what it is!" Sam's complaint voiced the feelings of all.

It was true, but the Germans were not far away. They were moving silently through the undergrowth, their rifles in their hands. But Sam and his comrades could hardly be expected to know that.

"We can't see them for these damn' trees," Shorty objected. He paused, and the thought nascent within him worked his features into slow triumph. "I got it!" he burst out. "I got it! What we need is an observation-post!"

It dawned upon them all with a new hope. Sanderson stood up. "That's a good tall tree there, and I used to be able to climb. Peabody,

you and Harvey give me a leg up to the first branches. We'll soon see what's stirring."

They were so intent upon his slow upward progress that they failed to notice Hans peering through the leaves, close to the ground. He drew back and whispered to Heinrich Braun. "They're all there but the swine of an engineer. When he comes back—I think he's in the tree—we have them all at our mercy. Look, their rifles are lying just anywhere!"

Braun nodded and placed the others in position, cautioning them not to fire until he gave the word, to cover their men. They lay on their bellies, their eyes gleaming, and waited very patiently. It would not be long.

"I got a crick in my neck," Sam complained, but he did not remove his eyes from the climber. Sanderson was in the topmost branches now. He was rather out of breath and his arms ached, but in another minute he would reach his goal. He redoubled his efforts. That next branch would give him the last hold he needed, and he grabbed at it. The slender tree-top was bending with his weight. For an agonized moment he thought he had it. But the slippery leaves slid through his clutching fingers, his weight came around on his left arm with a jerk that shook him badly, he lost that grip too, and all at once, bumping from branch to branch, his body came crashing a long sixty feet to the ground in the midst of his horrified comrades.

They rushed toward him, German and English alike. Braun took command. "Quick!" he cried, "A litter with your rifles and your jackets over

them! We must get him to the Doctor at once. Give me a hand, Hans, and we'll lift him. You others, go ahead and clear a way for the bearers. Easy now, Hans! That's right. Lift him gently. He's badly hurt." They set out with their burden for the boats.

Half-way there they met Yank, hastening in search of them. "A ship's come," he shouted. "A Dutchman, bound back to Rotterdam! You'll have to call your war off till you get back home!" He saw the litter. "My God!" he said, awe-struck. "I'll get the Doc." He hurried back the way he had come.

Miraculously, Mr. William Sanderson was not dead. Several ribs

were broken, Prokoff declared; he was bruised a good deal and badly shaken. One wrist was fractured, but he would recover. They scarcely knew the stony Doctor. He knelt at Sanderson's side, his long, skilful fingers very gentle about the hurts, the bitterness gone from his face. Then he stood up again. "Bring him along," he said. "We must get him aboard and in bed."

The boats from the Dutch steamer lay on the beach beside their own. In an hour they were aboard her, and their island was dropping below the horizon. The war was over. They turned their faces toward Europe, busy with a war not wholly unlike their own.



The New Deal

BY GUTZON BORGLUM

Inspired by Mr. Edgar B. Davis's article, "The Way Out —and On," in our October issue, Mr. Borglum makes a prophecy for the new Administration

NOT in seventy years has the coming of an event been charged with greater hope and opportunity than the advent of the new Administration. The hope that the "new deal" will give us the promised "new day" awakens the youth and belief that still beats in the American breast.

Awful as is the price America has paid for her entrance into the World War and her subsequent relations with Europe, involving her own economic and political leaders to their unforgettable discredit, this experience and disillusionment came at a time in the Republic's life that will save her from a certain destruction, towards which those very "leaders" were driving her. My only fear is that the wound might not have been deep enough to season and refine, as sadness and betrayal alone can, and restore to us nationally the "serious mind," as Mr. Davis put it, "that comes out of suffering."

Mr. Davis does not actually say so, but war is business, internationally applied gang control, and the trouble with business as practised in America is that it is war.

But America has suddenly realized that prosperity is not dependent upon cash, stocks, bonds, lands, great buildings — that these become lifeless, worthless, unless there remains the human quality of confidence between men and between nations, which has ceased to exist among us in business, in banking, in politics. Confidence is an asset no chattel can replace. This quality, indispensable to life, creates the only condition on which any kind of human relationship can long continue to exist to the profit and pleasure of men and women, governments and nations.

America is not suffering from depression in the usual meaning of that word, as from lack of exchange, lack of markets, lack of transportation, lack of rain, or the sun's warmth. No, America is suffering from disillusionment, betrayal — she's stunned and has lost confidence, lacks leadership. America is stunned; she finds her elaborate economic system a playball for jugglers, and the jugglers her own sons. Her industrial giants are brokers, gamblers, whose eye on the ticker and dividend

had wandered from service, honesty, quality of the product. Her "statesmen" are ganged off in narrow partisan herds. "Politicians" — still and always business men — buy, sell or trade law, life and government, the nation's savings, the nation's place in the markets of the world, to the highest tariff-protected bidder at home, as they barter for a negotiable electorate.

And so confidence, the most precious asset in a civilized world, above all else the key to happiness, to wealth, to power, is destroyed. The great wave of creative activity and wealth in modern life has moved too fast, has overwhelmed individuals and governments. Mass production, which means leveling — up or down — standardization, compromise, the sacrifice of the best for the good enough, has invaded schools, universities, business, government. Walter Page, that brilliant and great American, wrote in 1918: "Was there ever greater need than now of a first class mind unselfishly working on world problems? . . . There is no world-girdling intelligence at work in government."

The greatest confession of this condition throughout our four years of crisis has been the silence maintained by the leaderless heads of our great economic, industrial and political institutions — a confession that meant either gross culpable incompetence or complicity in the general ride to destruction they witnessed and permitted, if they did not actually direct.

Three months ago America spoke on this question of leadership. She seemed to say: "We must get back while there is still interest in life to

honesty, to our job in America." Mr. Roosevelt was nominated because he somehow had got tangled up with the bruised heart of the nation. He was human in his every utterance and a square shooter. When he kicked precedent in the face and, with his family, flew to Chicago, he won something else besides human sympathy for his fair dealings; somehow the word "courage" leaped to our tongues and got into the minds of the people, and in that flight Mr. Roosevelt was acclaimed leader; he won and swept the determining mass of doubting citizens into his camp.

IN THE hundred and forty-odd years of our political existence we have had no more than eight men in the White House who were courageous, capable leaders of national dimensions, *presiding* over our Government; and in every instance these administrations have lifted the nation to greatness and success.

America has ten thousand men with education and experience who could preside as chairman of our Cabinet as well as any of our Presidents — a job not the most important. On the other hand, it is just as fair to accuse Mr. Hoover of being responsible for the depression in his Administration as it is to credit Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge with being responsible for the orgy of reckless pyramiding of values, watering of stocks and loaning away of the nation's savings. None of these men had anything to do with it. Normalcy was their day-dream and nothing more, while the nation, economically drunk, rolled on; we had not even the geese of ancient Rome to warn us of the foreign invasion.

Of the past seven Presidents we have had two who tried to fill the great office, tried to be *President* — history will give them a juster estimate than we can — Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. The greater opportunity fell to Wilson. How well or how badly he filled it remains yet to be seen. He lacked ability to work with other minds. Abler in many ways than Theodore Roosevelt, he lacked Roosevelt's self-reliance, Roosevelt's ability to make decisions, Roosevelt's willingness to make mistakes and admit them. The latter once said to me: "They criticize me for doing too many things — I'd rather try eighty things and fail in thirty than try fifty and succeed in all." Can you imagine such a state of restless constructive energy in McKinley, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge or Hoover? There was something of the creative character of nature in Roosevelt's thought that assured success and greatness. With the exception of Cleveland, he had the only great Cabinet since Lincoln.

Will Franklin be another Theodore — a Wilson, a Harding, a Coolidge or a Hoover? Will he take the mandate given him by the liberated electorate which his great cousin provided for him, when in 1912 he made it honorable to thumb your nose at partisan gang politics? Will Franklin tell gang politics, gang economics: "Hands off what is all the people's business," and out of the dissonance of our great life drag order to its feet, restore honesty and put the nation to work? Will he pick up our part of the globe in his powerful, splendid hands, roll it over a couple of times, think in terms of the

all of it, its entire welfare, and pick men who think that way too? If he does, the depression will melt away like a morning fog under the rising sun. Confidence in ourselves, still America's greatest asset, will beget confidence in each other. That will save us, whenever appealed to with courage and sense.

It will be hard, but we must forget the thousands of banks that failed, forget the water our brothers sold us in their inflated stocks, forget the politician who has made a racket out of government and law. We must all go to work. Invent work if we haven't the constructive sense to see how much disorder exists everywhere, the putting in order of which would not only enrich all, repay its cost, but take our tired, disillusioned minds from our dead — more stupid than sinful — past.

I DON'T recall an occasion in the history of this nation that offered opportunity for so vast, so completely national a recreative age since the war between the States. We can rebuild our life with a tenth of the energy, with a tenth of the money we *wasted* on Europe. We have not yet been driven to revolution, although political bankers and industrial brokers have wasted the nation's savings. Life as it moves forward makes for itself unprecedented new ways; the new means of transportation have destroyed old ways, have built vast, new revolutionary methods. But as traffic has grown, ancient methods have resisted and failed to adjust themselves to the new conditions.

Undoubtedly the greatest industry in America, more inclusive than the

machinery of government, is the varied business of transportation, transporting human beings, transporting their chattels, transporting merchandise — the vast equipment necessary to build and maintain rights of way. And now, in just twenty years, the motor car and the super-highway have come, with all the comfort and business increase through the easier, pleasanter and more economical conditions created by Federal and State aid. Close on the heels of the auto and concrete roads is the airplane and its world-encircling reach.

All the above, with their vast values and extraordinary influence on daily life, are at this writing in an unsupportable state of economic confusion and distress, all leading a disordered and catch-as-catch-can existence! What a job for a great constructive, fearless mind, with guts to organize equitably! The traffic pressure of all sorts everywhere demands organization and an equitable division of the nation's business: the railways, the motorways, the airways.

America's transcontinental highway system must be reënvisioned, developed. If we had the guts we'd start this most needed job at once. But it's a President's size job; no petty commission can do it. It's as constructive as a great war project and needs the authority equal to a war measure. Salvage the railroads and make them a part of the new system. It would put life into a thousand lagging industries serving the needs of transportation. America has the greatest unit of transportation in the world — and the loosest.

The reordering of our highways

from petty State to Federal trunk lines alone would largely relieve our depression — and there are other public service jobs which, once started, would immediately release the grip of fear and want from millions of homes — but this work must now become national.

Then there is the unfinished job of flood control. The Mississippi basin has 2,500,000 square miles of watershed. The quick-flowing and dangerous parts of this watershed lie west of meridian ninety, running up and down past Kansas City.

The Missouri should be plugged and tapped for flood water at Yankton, South Dakota, altitude about 1,100 feet, and a channel dug southwest into Texas, through Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, dropping six hundred feet in that route and carrying flood water from the Missouri, Neobrara, Elkhorn, Loop, Platte, Republican, Kansas and Arkansas, the Red River, and saving for these States water annually equal to Lake Michigan, giving irrigation to a strip 200 miles wide from South Dakota to the Rio Grande and storing power equal to three Niagaras. That little job would stop inundation of the lower Mississippi forever and for five years or more absorb all the unemployed over those States. Power and irrigation would repay every nickel.

Will Mr. Roosevelt rise to the great opportunity that presents itself to his office? Will he be the eighth great President *in fact* of the United States? He has the opportunity, he has been elected by the non-partisan gang-free electorate of America. All that he has said, all that he has done, including the enemies he has made, confirms our faith in him.

Why Be Faithful in Marriage?

BY HENRY NEUMANN

Who challenges some of the tenets of Bertrand Russell and the other rebels from orthodoxy

MARK TWAIN observed in *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar*: "A cat which has once sat down on a hot stove-lid, will never sit down on another. But neither will it sit down on a cold one." Many instances from recent times might be cited of how revolt against wrong might lead the disillusioned into practices that were not conspicuously wiser. Witness those circles where one of the unfailing signs of membership in the élite was the disparaging of permanent marriage.

Fortunately it looks as if the experiences of this present bitter decade were bringing many persons around to a new sobriety. They are seeing that along with the financial joy-riding of the preceding ten years went other behaviors that were also morally light-headed. It is barely possible therefore that a cool re-examination of the pleas for the stricter view of marriage may not be entirely out of date.

Certainly the plea of today's rebels for a changed ethic of sex is not to be dismissed off-hand. Morals vary with time and place: why should this one field be deemed exempt from the law of change? So-

ciety already accepts many practices formerly condemned or unheard of. Birth-control is making headway. A woman can earn her own living in a wide variety of occupations; she can be divorced without losing caste. Is chastity therefore as necessary, on economic grounds, as it was when marriage was the only vocation open to her? Functions once performed by the home, like education, protection against violence or hunger, are now exercised by the State. If fathers are no longer so absolutely indispensable, will it always be essential for them to remain with their families, and need the mothers then be married?

One can understand why friends of liberty defend these claims hotly. The handling of the sex problem is still stained in many homes by gross bigotry and cruelty. In the old-fashioned melodrama when father learned that his unmarried daughter was carrying a child, he thought it his duty to drive her out (usually when it was snowing). Ben Lindsey had to deal with many such parents; and this need for his charity explains much in his recommendations, even though he seemed to propose as the only course for young lives still

unspoiled, a method which he had found useful in treating lives already damaged.

So it is that in the interests of greater happiness all around, Dora Russell, her brilliant husband, and many persons (not only in Russia) hardly open to the charge of being merely wicked, would have a marriage only where there are children. Second, they would save young people from unwise commitment by granting every freedom to experiment. Third, to quote Bertrand Russell, "Where a marriage is fruitful and both parties are reasonable and decent, the expectation ought to be that it will be life-long, but not that it will exclude other sex relations." To keep the two people reasonable and decent, educate them out of the jealousy which husbands and wives now manifest "in consequence of the whole false outlook engendered by the older code."

The problem can be discussed without invidious reference. The rebels insist that their opponents are "Puritans," thin-blooded kill-joys who are rationalizing their own envies and other deficiencies. This piece of questionable Freudianism does not take us very far. In the same circles where living in open matrimony has often been something of a reproach, it has been the mode to suppose that knowledge of human conduct was most profound whenever it seized for explanation upon the motives which were least admirable. Such a procedure is slightly out of date now. Besides, the argument may not unfairly cut in the other direction, too. Perhaps the champions of the new freedom are likewise glorifying — but we forbear.

Much as must be said for their pleas, their underlying philosophy of life can not be left unchallenged. Too much that is still precious, and not alone in marriage, is at stake. The sex relation is only one of many situations in which individuals, groups, whole nations and races upon this planet of ours, do less than justice to themselves. For all these interrelations there is crying need of a sounder ethical philosophy than we get in the arguments of the emancipated. Let us consider why by first viewing their leading proposals as to sex.

AT MORE than one point their logic is far from impeccable. Dora Russell, for instance, is at great pains to show in *The Right to Be Happy* that duty is but an abstraction, a myth invoked to confirm sheer prejudice or convention. Yet the title of her book employs the word "right." Some of us were taught at college that a right to be happy, as distinguished from a wish, a whim, or just a will, implies that other persons are under a duty to respect that desire. My "right" to a piece of property puts you under the obligation to keep hands off. A moral vocabulary (and no less the reality which it is intended to designate) has often a strange way of being invoked by the very persons who begin by ruling it out. It may be that we shall see a new generation adopting a more sober marriage code and saying explicitly what Mrs. Russell here says unwittingly and indirectly. Or she pleads that since women in England outnumber the men allowing them to share with the more fortunate will decrease

"loneliness, envy, jealousy," and multiply happiness. Perhaps it will, for certain types of persons. On the other hand, fine-grained women take such intimate relations very seriously. When their physical attractiveness wanes and the men betake themselves to younger women, will the "loneliness, jealousy, envy" in the world be so hugely diminished?

Why many women in particular accept Mrs. Russell's reasoning is still something of a puzzle. When the older feminists attacked the double standard, they were not pleading for a leveling down. The equality which they demanded was a higher level for both sexes. They were scarcely ignorant of the fact that women enjoyed loving and being loved. Sex-joy can hardly be called an invention, or a discovery, of the machine age. The opponents of the double standard were — and still are — at least as awake to the realities in their problem as those to whom a single standard means equal freedom to transgress. Granted that many persons were kept to the straiter way by fears which have now been dispelled. Even where disease and child-birth can be prevented, or where other careers than marriage are open to women, the centre of the problem remains untouched. Reasons for the stricter code have not yet been ruled out for those whose philosophy of life takes in more than the individualism and hedonism still very popular.

That some restraints must be exercised, individualists too admit. Bertrand Russell insists that the mere gratification of the sex instinct without love is bestial. The one permanently valuable fact in the relationship, he himself tells us, is

that it is a union not merely of bodies, but of the entire personalities. He warns us that he is against license, and that what he is advocating is freedom to love.

Consider well the implications of that thought. Here is a union in which at its best the deepest intimacies of the total personality are involved. How can any thoughtful being do other than shrink from squandering what is essentially so intimate and so exclusive? The woman whose sense of fundamentals has not been confused by the libertarian fashion of the period understands how there are certain fine privacies which it is a kind of sacrilege for her to offer to anybody but the one person from whom she wants love exclusive and permanent. The physical mating is but a single incident in a process of wooing before and after. The rebels insist on the wooing before. They are silent upon the need which the woman, as distinguished from the harlot, or from the thrill-seeker, feels for the continued tenderness afterwards. Where the intimacy is not so exclusive and continued, every fibre of dignity in her protests against the cheapening that is otherwise suggested. Men and women of normal intuitions can not always put into words their sense of the resulting sully of personality. It is much more important that they feel the difference between gratifying passion and being treated as a person, or if you will, as a soul.

Historians of manners and morals will find it hard to explain why the advocates of greater freedom in this field are at the same time such valiant foes of "standardization." Here

on the one hand we are urged to resist the tendency to uniformity. On the other hand, women are exhorted to give up a distinctive trait by taking sex freedom as casually as the man. There still are certain civilizing influences which specially characterize women, aptitudes very closely wrapped up with the old-fashioned promptings which inclined them to desire permanent unions. How the new equality is to promote a more richly varied civilization is not easy to understand.

When we are told that experimenting here will fit young people better to find their partners for life, again we can not help wondering. "Experimentation" is one of those modern terms which get a certain glamor from their usefulness to science, but which for that reason are apt to suffer from an uncritical popularity. For experimenters to be scientific, we had supposed, they must be relatively mature, already fairly well-trained in the elementary requirements of their specialty and possessed of at least a moderate degree of dispassionate objectivity. Scarcely distinctive marks of youth, particularly when they contemplate experimentation in sex. Will persons who demand freedom for repeated love always make sure that they really love the ones with whom they are intimate? We deal here with feelings powerful enough in adults who have already learned some of the grave consequences to which errors may lead. Mere boys and girls have their own difficulties, too. When they are told that the modern thing is complete freedom, provided of course there is love, will the negative after-thought be as likely

to be heeded as the counsel to go ahead? It is expecting a great deal to suppose that they will make certain that what they feel is not the passing fancy, or the sheer animal indulgence, which their spokesmen condemn.

This freedom before marriage is presumed to fit the young people to choose more wisely and so make the permanent union a success when once they settle down to it. But successful marriage is an achievement which is much less simple than that. It is an affair for grown-ups who have disciplined themselves in the essentials. If experience may still be suffered to have the floor, husband and wife need such gifts as forbearance, seeing their difficulties in proportion, a willingness to share burdens, a certain patience. These are achievements that require more than a trifle of practice. Will people take the trouble to cultivate them when they know that they can change their partners lightly? Husband and wife need a growing understanding of each other—not to mention yet what this means for their children. People do not make the same preparation for a day's hike as for a trip around the world.

When the accent is laid upon escape through this freedom to change, there is less incentive to look for the qualities in the future partner which will wear well. Still more, if these impermanent relations are encouraged, how are people likely to feel the need to cultivate the solid, lasting qualities in themselves? Persons who are free to flit from one intimate experience to another will hardly make the effort to understand their partners or to cultivate in

themselves the other qualities required for a lasting success. To reap the finest fruits of the permanent union, something better is needed than minds soaked in the idea of escaping as soon as new liking arises.

To say that experimenting will fit young people better to find their life-partners, if at all, after they have tired of shopping around, is by no means as realistic as it sounds. Rather does it seem to suggest that "realists" too practise evasion. For a relationship which requires the utmost consideration, self-control, unselfish loyalty, respect for privacy, let people prepare by looseness and promiscuity. Almost this resembles preparing for a position of financial trust by experimentation in embezzling. The unions are to be "temporary." But temporary experiences can have hurtful effects which remain.

IT is also proposed, that people who are married should get over their jealousy, and "put up with such temporary fancies as are always liable to occur, provided the underlying affection remains intact." The jealousy which frowns upon these temporary fancies is "a restrictive and hostile emotion rather than a generous and expansive emotion such as love." It is merely a hang-over from the days when a man completely owned his wife and wanted to be sure that the inheritors of the family property were not some other man's children.

This playing up of the "possessive" aspect of jealousy in sharp contrast with the "generous and expansive" side of love is typical. What about being jealous about a

partner's good name and still better for that other's good life? There are men or women who consent to let a partner marry somebody else, with no possessive feelings, yet are jealous in being deeply wounded. Like Fleur's husband in Galsworthy's *Modern Comedy*, the man has always thought his wife an honorable woman. Now he finds that she has been carrying on this sneaky affair. If he loves her, he is hurt just as much for her sake as for his own. His jealousy is not entirely the possessive impulse in him. It may be a very true concern for that potentially better self in her to which she has not measured up.

Or here is a wife who has shared with her husband years of trouble as well as joy. She has borne children. She has given them her care. Years of watching over them in health and in sickness have robbed her of the beauty which a less responsible or a younger woman still possesses; and now if she is jealous of her husband's new infatuation, is her feeling only possessive? May it not be quite as much a reminder to him of that finer possibility, his capacity for loyal partnership, which he is permitting the passion for another to undermine and destroy?

Mr. Russell (quoted here so frequently because he happens to be the outstanding spokesman of the new dispensation) assures us: "To close one's mind on marriage against all the approaches of love from elsewhere is to diminish receptivity and sympathy and the opportunities of *valuable human contacts*. . . . [Italics ours] Like every kind of restrictive morality it tends to promote what one may call a policeman's outlook upon the whole of human life—the

outlook which is always looking for an opportunity to forbid something." It is hard to reconcile this with the statement that the best relation is that of love in permanent marriage. A strange love this, afraid to commit itself and open always to "approaches from elsewhere." It is like saying, "I love you, but with my fingers crossed." "I am yours — with reservations." "I promise to be faithful — but only until I am tempted."

Assuredly if a man remains true to his wife, he is cutting himself off from other "valuable human contacts." But somehow this does sound very much like arguing, "If I am honest and keep my hands off other people's property, I am depriving myself of valuable acquisitions. Certainly if I stole that automobile, I would not be missing the valuable contacts I might otherwise enjoy." Eat your cake and still have it. Love at its best is not likely to be understood by people open to the persuasions which more than once through the centuries have turned marriage into failure. These new proposals are less novel than they seem. The terminology is different. But the plea looks perilously like a new white-wash for a very old frailty.

Mr. Russell evidently has his doubts about this jealousy business. He sees what an obstacle it raises to the permanent marriage in which he declares he believes. So he recommends that jealousy be expelled from people's lives by changing public opinion with regard to it. He fondly hopes that eventually they can be educated into dropping it.

This is a rather curious line to take. He has been insistent, though

he tells us he is not a Freudian, that to suppress natural impulses is hurtful. These are to be liberated; and now, when he has to deal with a natural impulse like jealousy, does he hold that *this* should be gratified? He does not say, as he does of the love impulses, that jealousy has its part to play in bettering the relations of men and women. Because it interferes with his favored plan of spontaneity and freedom, he asks that people be educated out of it.

Such trust in the power of a moral education seems somewhat odd. On hearing this plea to educate mankind out of the jealous element in its affections, one can not help asking, "Why pin your faith to a moral education in this one particular direction? Might not something be said for educating the other natural impulses, the roving affection, the unhindered love-making which you are so sure promises joy to everybody? If education is the way, why not educate for the kind of living which makes the jealousy unnecessary?"

Perhaps all this is but one aspect of the general problem of forgiveness. There is no field of conduct in which people can be more fiercely tempted than in sex. Husband and wife, like parents, are obliged to remember often how imperfectly civilized most of us still are. But it is one thing to forgive with an eye to the restoration of the transgressor and quite another to say, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and repeat the offense." All in the name of progress! As an English wit put it, some of the rebels take the new gospel so seriously that almost "they sin now from a sense of duty."

The basic philosophy in all this is individualistic. To relate one human life to another it has no other plan but the libertarian "Do not interfere. Let each take his own way of being happy, so long as he does not hurt anybody else." This is of course better than hurting, certainly better than officious, bigoted censorship. But as a positive plan for the relating of life to life, it is pitifully meagre. It is blind to the influence on others which people's conduct exercises even without intending to do so. Much as all of us are inclined to resent the repetition of the platitude, the affairs of men and women are not entirely their own business. The looser conduct of those who are childless creates a moral atmosphere in which it is harder for those who have children to remain faithful. Does any one suppose that free love can be restricted to people who do not expect to have children? A light way of taking so very intimate a relationship weakens the moral stamina of many parents whose children need from both of them the utmost loyalty to each other.

More positively, in the true marriage, the husband seeks to encourage the best in his wife, and she the best in him, for the sake of a still different best in their children. This is a life-long job, not likely to be prospered by the philosophies of impermanence. Dean Gauss of Princeton tells us that broken homes contribute three to four times more problem cases among the students than homes which might be classed as normal. The reason is plain enough to those who understand what still distinguishes a home from a stock-farm. The best contribution

of the parents to their children is a spiritual gift. The man encourages his wife to offer their children all that is most excellent in her, and she in turn exercises this liberating influence upon the father. So engrossing a relation requires a growing knowledge, each of the other; and it requires long years of a comradeship in which control over roving inclination is only a minimum essential.

The problem is more than a question of whether husband and wife continue to love each other as before. Priceless as the love and the joy are, there is something in the successful union which is of still profounder consequence. At the beginning the two people want to unite their lives because they trust each other. They see in one another not simply capacity for affection, but other qualities to which each can sincerely look up. It is because they catch glimpses of this excellence and trust it that they take the great adventure together. Marriages succeed to the extent that people understand the need of keeping on trying to deserve the trust. It is in this direction that we do well to want society to offer them all help.

WHAT then can be done? At many points the home of the future will be changed for the better. The teaching of contraception will be legal. Needless economic strains will be removed. Today, especially for people in the professions, marriage must be postponed much longer than a saner economic order would require. A wiser understanding of the psychology of sex will prevent many a wreck. But in all this the ultimate direction is everything.

The great need is neither more liberty nor stricter divorce laws, but rather a higher grade of personality and all that develops such inner excellence. Quite as the honorable need neither severer laws nor looser ones to tell them what honesty is, so the truly married understand, without law or other external coercion, what those loyalties are which make their union an increasingly noble companionship. The arch need is a training of people in the ordered freedom of those who respect the highest in others and in themselves. It is a training which must begin with children's earliest years. Sometimes successful marriages just happen, or seem to. But school and home can do much to increase the certainty. It is curious how some people can regard the basic moral qualities as essential to all the other plain business of every day but dismiss them as negligible or minor in the business of marriage. Better than keeping one's eye open to escape from the marriage which has failed is an education, before and after marriage, in those sounder modes of living which even the disillusion of recent years have not quite discredited.

Take, for instance, the need to discuss with young people the views of marriage which they get from their reading, or see on the stage, or in the movie-house, where ideas about life are suggested with a vividness unequalled by any other educational agency we can mention. The stories from which the great multitudes get their pictures of marriage are about as misleading as can be imagined. Parents and teachers must do no little plain speaking on this

head. Endless tales give the impression that the main thing in marriage is the physical joy; and not a few persons are quite prepared to accept the suggestion as final. It takes a skill not always at the command of Hollywood to paint the relationship in which this side of marriage finds its place among other considerations at least equally relevant. Our tales of courtship are shown with the lovers at last united and the impression left that all the rest is to be unending honeymoon, achieved at no other cost than just staying romantic or keeping that school-girl complexion.

Or else when the story treats of the years after marriage, it centres the interest in some type of triangle plot. Entertainment must perforce be supplied by suspense, conflict, climax. Obviously, in a play about marriage, the surest way to offer these is to stage a conflict around forbidden desire. For this reason we can count upon our ten fingers good books or plays about the marriages which succeed. Where are the usual thrills when the two people are not even tempted to be unfaithful? It is the editor's counsel to the cub reporter all over again. When Dorothy Canfield told of a successful union in *The Deepening Stream*, she was obliged to get movement into the story by linking the marriage to the World War. In another novel without a triangle plot, H. G. Wells's *Marriage*, the two people were packed off from a British suburb to Labrador where the husband nearly lost his life in the woods. Most couples have to work out the plot in scenes no wilder than Flatbush or Pasadena.

The same limitation applies to

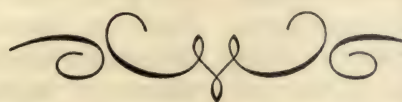
the treatises on marriage. Literary advantage is all on the side of those who are more "scientific" because, as a young reviewer once tried to assure the writer, "they have the documents." But the successfully married still keep that respect for privacy which forbids them to counter with documents of their own; and in any event the dramatic thrills would still be on the other stage.

On all these matters there is ample opportunity for education. Likewise with respect to "experimenting." If people desire to promote progress, the proposals of the libertarians are not the only avenues open. What about proving the spiritual advantages in genuine monogamy? Even Mr. Russell is for life-long marriage as the best arrangement. Why not experiment here? The union of men and women in a truly spiritual relationship offers endless chance to work out constantly more excellent dealings. In such unions, fidelity, self-mastery and life-long honorable devotion are no tabus forced on people by a herd-minded society. They are no more imposed upon the morally sensitive by society than are the rules of hygiene. The moralities are ways to our own soundest health and self-fulfilment. If they are forced upon us at all, it is by the realities of the situation, of that en-

tire situation in which the higher self in all concerned receives due homage.

It is this which gives marriage the honored place it is likely to hold in spite of changing fashions. More than any other institutions, this one has done its big part to develop in the human race the essential traits of loyal responsibility, faithful devotion and unselfish respect. Men and women have always needed one another. They always will need one another—but at their best and finest. To weaken the regard for chastity, for self-control, for fidelity at points where such faithfulness is irksome, deserves another name than progress.

The failures are sad enough. But it is no solution to erect into a standard the conduct of those who have failed. Men and women fail in other ways too. They lie and cheat, many of them; and no laws can force them to be honest. Should this suggest that we give up trying to develop in children a love of honesty? It would surely seem the greater compliment to our much-derided human nature and a more deserving direction for human effort to hold up as pattern, not the one which takes people's weaknesses as final, but the one which puts its trust in their potential strength.



Wizards with Boot-Straps

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

Who comments, among other things, on the Honorable Allen T. Treadway's arguments for the sales tax in last month's issue

THE *Leviathan* is steaming at the dock. It is a technological marvel. Not even the awe-inspiring adjectives of the Technocrats could do it justice. It can carry across the ocean in a week more goods than the entire fleet of Columbus could have carried during the entire reign of Isabella. We can trust the ergs to do their part; we can trust the machinery to do its part, with friction reduced to a minimum.

Will the *Leviathan*, then, carry to Europe a full cargo, and promptly bring back a full cargo in return? It will not. Too much of the sand of politics has been thrown into the gears. Goods can not be moved by ergs alone.

One a penny, two a penny; who will buy my wares?

And here are palatial bank buildings. Master creations of the wizards of technology. Marble monuments to the wizards of finance. These structures are bristling with labor-saving contrivances, all charted in the 300 Technocratic graphs, which were worshiped by the faithful at Morningside Heights before the great Hegira; bristling with machines

which can make as many calculations in an hour as Einstein could make in a lifetime; and resting on the foundation of forty per cent of the total monetary gold stocks of the world — wealth that suggests the dreams of old King Midas!

What do we do with all this gold and all this mechanically perfect equipment for pumping life-blood through the veins of commerce? Do we see to it that one hundred million people who are eager to buy obtain the necessary flow of money? We do not.

Ships are ready; mills, mines, machines, materials and men are ready; locomotives, blue-prints, trucks and turbines; every need is at hand — every physical requirement for abolishing poverty that we possessed in the heights of prosperity. Do we make full use of these amazing resources? We do not. We stumble along, as though half-paralyzed by the blighting hand of the sorcerer which we call the business cycle.

Yet it is not wizards of magic but wizards of finance who have performed the miracle. The manipulations of the magic wand are easy to

follow: the quickness of the hand of the financier does not deceive the eye of the statistician.

This is what the statistician sees. More than ninety per cent of the business of this country is conducted by means of checks on demand deposits; but in two years the volume of demand deposits declined more than nine billion dollars. Worse still, what deposits were left loafed on the job: each dollar was used only three times in 1931, for every five times it was used in 1929. Just before the stock market crash of 1929, the total of "money in circulation" and bank deposits was approximately sixty billion dollars. The turnover was represented by an index number of 190. The index of effective purchasing power was, therefore, 60 multiplied by 190, or 11,400. By the middle of 1932, this index had fallen to 48 multiplied by 70, or 3,360. Inevitably, wages also fell off more than nine billion dollars. Inevitably, consumption slumped.

One a penny, two a penny; who will buy my wares?

No one need seek further for the paramount cause of business paralysis in the United States. It is not woman suffrage, or sun spots, or the World War, or European politics, or extravagance, or sudden increases in production or turbines of 300,000 horse-power. The reason why business as a whole is only half alive is a deficiency of the flow of the life-blood of business. The essential streams of credit have dried up. Fewer workers are employed, less wealth is produced, solely because business as a whole can not sell so much wealth.

Consumption regulates produc-

tion. The buyer rings the bell. Let the buyer sound the alarm and sellers rush after him like firemen to a fire. The whole industrial world, from the filling station to the oil well, moves at the command of the consumer, and only at his command. But the consumer can not make his voice heard without money.

WHAT, then, shall we say of those cures for the depression which do nothing toward increasing the flow of money to consumers? What measure of recovery, for example, can we reasonably expect from the "Share-the-Work" plan? This movement, as conducted by the Federal Reserve Banking and Industrial Committees, is proposed as "a concentrated attack on the depression from a new angle." The employer, we read, "merely divides his present pay-roll among greater numbers of workers." He does nothing, and is expected to do nothing, to increase purchasing power. Yet this plan, the announcement says, "will inevitably result in an increase in the volume of food, clothing, shelter and services purchased." It will "accelerate consumption."

"It is doubtful," says Mr. Hoover, "whether any action we could take at this time would so greatly accelerate our progress, or so quickly give us, as a nation, the benefit of widespread spending power." The Chief of the United States Bureau of Efficiency agrees. "Shortening the work week," he asserts, "is the most important step that can be taken toward economic recovery." The Federal Reserve Committees conclude that "there is no quicker way to reverse the vicious circle of falling prices,

falling wage and salary levels, and falling sales volume."

This seems to be another sleight-of-hand performance of the wizards of finance. The realistic wage-earner — always eager to do his part to "accelerate consumption" — can not see how two men, each earning fifteen dollars a week, can buy more goods than one man, earning thirty dollars a week. Under present conditions, the Share-the-Work plan does not increase total pay-rolls. Therefore it does not increase total consumption or sales volume. It is merely a device for distributing a given amount of suffering among a larger number of persons.

Under the new slogan, "Share-the-Work," we find the same old fallacies which have long been used in support of the four-hour day. That, too, is a work-sharing device. "The four-hour day," says George Bernard Shaw, "would solve the problem." That sounds logical. If the workers now labor eight hours a day, it might take twice as many workers to do the same work in four hours. But if that is the way to abolish unemployment, why has it not been abolished? A decade or two ago, the ten-hour day and even the twelve-hour day were common. Then came shorter hours; also fewer days per week for most workers. But shortening the hours of labor did not shorten the bread lines.

Shorter hours actually would end this depression if shorter hours yielded increased purchasing power. But leisure is not legal tender. More leisure we ought to have; but more leisure does not necessarily mean more consumption. If it did, we should now be on the heights of a record-breaking boom.

"An extra day of leisure," says Henry Ford, "is going to bring large results, for the people will have time to expand their sense of need, and therefore will increase their consumption." That seems to be a mistaken notion. The "sense of need" is already keen enough. Wage-earners, as a whole, already have plenty of time in which to spend all the money which they have to spend; and there are already plenty of things which they would like to buy. They can not buy these things with free time.

Workers with a five-day week will spend more money than workers with a six-day week, if they have more money. Otherwise, they will not. Workers with a four-hour day will spend more money than workers with an eight-hour day, if they have more money. Otherwise, they will not. Two men with one job divided between them will accelerate consumption more than one man, if the job yields higher wages. Otherwise, they will not.

A shorter working day may well come — inevitably will come — as a reward for the use of inventions and power, made possible by good management of business and banking. This means gaining ground. But a shorter working day forced upon us as a penalty for bad management means losing ground.

Certainly it is better to provide free soup kitchens than to let men starve; but no form of charity is an attack upon the depression. Certainly it is better to share the pay-roll than to leave men without any pay at all; but no device for a wider distribution of a given pay-roll is an attack upon the depression. The only sound way speedily to stop the de-

pression is to increase total pay-rolls. That is the only way speedily to accelerate consumption, raise the price level and increase the volume of trade.

YET, in the depths of a depression which continues solely because consumption continues to decline, the wizards of finance now propose still further to reduce consumption by means of the sales tax. This may well be the crowning performance in the show of the political prestidigitators. To "accelerate consumption" by taking money away from some wage-earners and giving it to others is marvelous enough. But to accelerate consumption by reducing consumption is even more magical.

Some of those who favor the sales tax, it is true, contend that such a tax is not a tax on consumption. In the next breath, however, they advocate exemption from taxation of "the necessities of life," in order that the burden of taxation may not fall too heavily on the poor. This is confusing. Either the consumer pays the tax, or he does not. If he pays it, his purchasing power over goods is reduced. If he does not pay it, there is no point in exempting food, medicines, low-priced clothing, or any of the other "necessities of life."

As a matter of fact, consumers inevitably pay the great bulk of sales taxes of every description. Business as a whole has no source of income except consumers. In the long run, business as a whole either obtains from consumers the money which is demanded by the tax-gatherers, or business does not pay the taxes at all. The sales tax provides no new dollars. It does not even pretend to

perform any sleight-of-hand tricks with the currency.

It is difficult, to say the least, to see any basis for Mr. Treadway's contention that the sales tax would provide an artificial stimulus to business by raising prices.

Nor is it easy to discover much force in his argument that the sales tax is, to any degree worth mentioning, a voluntary tax upon the part of the people; or in his further argument that the principle of ability to pay is not wholly violated, because the graduated income tax would still be retained. We can argue until the poor widow's cow comes home about the justice of the sales tax: the fact remains that it taxes her last dollar, while it leaves untaxed the huge income of the rich which is received upon tax-exempt securities. It is no comfort to the poor widow to tell her that the sales tax is voluntary. Either the sales tax goes so far with exemptions that it produces very little revenue, or else it taxes the poor widow.

In any event, the burden of taxation is the point at issue, and the burden is not measured by the number of dollars of the tax. The rich man is obliged to spend but a small proportion of his income; the poor man is obliged to spend nearly all. The rich man, moreover, spends on services a much larger proportion of his income than does the poor man; and the manufacturers' sales tax, as advocated by Mr. Treadway, does not tax services.

The national budget is unbalanced, Mr. Treadway says, largely because of extra appropriations for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Federal land banks and

public works. To his mind, there is, therefore, one and only one sound conclusion: we must devise a new form of taxation, and the sales tax is the best form. Is there not another conclusion, at least equally sound? Might not the Government do what business men are constantly urging the Government to do, namely, adopt the established practices of our most conservative private corporations? If the Government followed these practices, it would not charge such capital investments as R. F. C. loans and public works to the budget of the year in which such investments were made. It would charge only interest and sinking fund payments. The Government might also cease paying off debts, until business recovery is achieved, and debts can be paid without the levy of additional taxes. By such good business methods, in addition to those already adopted, the Government could balance its budget without a sales tax.

"Our tax needs today," says Mr. Treadway, "are an inheritance from our expenditures of yesterday. We are now reaping the harvest of national extravagance which followed the War, and our lack of foresight in failing to realize the inevitable result of profligacy." This is the orthodox confession of our sins. It has been repeated over and over. Indeed, it has been chanted by so many bankers and politicians and other preachers, that it seems sacrilegious to deny that the nation was extravagant. Yet the denial is based on Federal Reserve Board statistics, ample for the purpose and reliable. The facts are also set forth in the standard work on this subject, *Real Wages*, by Paul H. Douglas. As a

matter of fact, in every one of the years of alleged riotous living, from 1922 to 1929, the nation produced far more than it consumed. Is this extravagant? The surplus was saved partly in the form of paper evidences of foreign loans. (Some of these have been used by a thrifty inn-keeper as wall paper.) The rest of the surplus was saved mainly in the form of mills, mines, power plants, office buildings, railroad equipment and the like. These savings, taken as a whole, proved to be excessive. Any banker will admit that, even while deploring our national extravagance. Our capital savings were excessive, taken as a whole, solely because our spending did not keep pace with our saving. Far from having been profligate, the nation wasted its substance in riotous saving.

And now those with excess capacity for saving are still saving to excess. There is no dearth of savings — no dearth of capital seeking safe investments. The dearth of investments in private business results solely from a dearth of spenders. Again, consumption regulates production, and alone justifies further investment in production. Under existing conditions, taxes on savers would help business; taxes on spenders would hurt business.

"One a penny, two a penny," cries business, in plaintive tones, "who will buy my wares?"

NOTHING but an increased volume of consumer buying can restore prosperity. The sales tax reduces the volume. Every one knows that with a given quantity of money, he can buy and pay for a given quantity of goods, at given prices, *and no more*.

(By money we mean, of course, currency of all kinds, as well as checks on bank deposits.) What is true of each of us individually is true of all of us put together.

This means that in the United States, in any one year, the volume of goods that can be bought and paid for, without a fall in the price level, is determined by the quantity of money in circulation and the average number of times the money is used to pay for goods. Other factors remaining the same, more goods can not be sold unless there is more money in circulation. When the money in circulation is reduced, the volume of trade must be reduced, or the price level must fall. That is one statement of the much discussed Quantity Theory of Money. That statement is true — absolutely. It is true of long periods of time and short periods. It is not a subject for argument. There is as much ground for challenging the equation: $2 \times 6 = 3 \times 4$.

This does not tell us whether falling prices are caused by decreases in the volume of money, or decreases in the volume of money are caused by falling prices. But for practical purposes, we do not need to know. What we *do* need to know, when business lags, is how we can stop the fall in the commodity price level and regain our lost volume of trade and employment. The Quantity Theory of Money gives us an essential part of the answer.

In 1930, one of our business leaders, now in a high Federal Reserve office, said to the President: "I don't know whether you believe in the Quantity Theory of Money. I don't know whether I do. But there is no

hope for a revival of business unless we do." Apparently, they didn't. They have opposed the only effective measures which have been designed to keep in circulation a sufficient volume of money to sustain employment and the price level. On the other hand, they have highly praised such futile measures as the "Buy Now" and "Stop Hoarding" campaigns, the price-fixing plans, the Share-the-Work and Tax-the-Sales movements.

Under the guidance of the wizards of finance, we attempt incredible acts of levitation. We endeavor to lift business without visible means of support. We expect consumers, who evidently lack enough money to buy the current output, at current prices, to buy it, nevertheless, and then — presto! with their sleeves rolled up — produce out of the thin air enough additional good round dollars to pay taxes on what they buy. When, as at present, business is suffering from over saving and under spending, we tax spending and encourage saving. When, as in 1928, income taxes are relatively easy to pay, we reduce taxes; but when, as in 1932, income taxes are hard to pay, we increase taxes. When the turnover of bank deposits is at its height, and a tax on turnover would do no harm, we take no action; but when, as at present, business is in dire need of increased turnover of bank deposits, we levy a tax on turnover. When expansion of bank loans is carrying stock prices to dizzy heights, we lend freely, eagerly, jubilantly; but when contraction of bank loans is strangling business, we further contract loans. We pass a House bill authorizing the use of \$75,000,000 for crop

loan extension, and at the same time pass an allotment bill for the prevention of crop extension. We pass a bill which requires consumers to pay an extra half billion dollars for certain farm products, without any idea where consumers are to obtain all these extra dollars.

Here, then, restated, is the gist of the matter: the only way speedily to stop the depression is to increase total pay-rolls. That is the only way speedily to accelerate consumption, raise the price level, increase trade.

That way is now feasible. The United States has huge unused monetary resources. Evidence of the huge available surplus of credit is found in the half billion of excess reserves which the member banks now carry.

The Federal Reserve Banking and Industrial Committees can best attack the depression by sponsoring measures — the Kent plan or the Rorty plan, for example, or slum clearance, in addition to aiding the States to prevent retrenchment in education — for the purpose of getting these idle funds into circulation at the point of wages. Recovery will come quickly, not through splitting up the pay-rolls into smaller portions, or taking more from them in taxes, but through increasing the pay-rolls. The industrial world, now suffering from monetary malnutrition, needs a larger loaf of bread, not the same loaf cut in thinner slices, with some thrown away. The only cure is *increased* consumption.



War Makes the Hero

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

*The present lack of heroes emphasizes our failure to find a
"moral equivalent for war"*

AMONG the many phenomena to be observed at the present day few are more striking or more significant than the almost complete disappearance of the acclaimed hero. Once dominant, he has now vanished, not only from literature and the stage, but from life. Which is perhaps more important.

The old phraseology, it is true, still lingers on. Occasionally you hear people speak of the hero and heroine of some play or novel. But nowadays it is only the heroine who is ever permitted to be truly heroic, and that more and more reluctantly, more and more grudgingly. As far as the so-called serious novel is concerned, the hero has been superseded by a whining, sniveling creature with somewhat less backbone than an ordinary self-respecting jellyfish, while on the stage he has only too often been replaced by a wise-cracking bounder with the conceit as well as the morals of a rooster and the intelligence of a hen. If the hero of old was often more or less of a superman, his successor is certainly a good deal of a subman. In recent years real life has produced but one

acknowledged and generally acclaimed hero: Colonel Lindbergh. For though it is quite true that the golf champion and the motion picture star are often followed and belauded, it is only by a comparatively small and usually quite unintelligent portion of the population, somewhat piteously striving to find some one to adore. The adulation of such as these has in it little of true hero-worship. Rather is it the tribute paid by the unthinking to success of any sort, whether it be won by sportsman, politician, bootlegger or racketeer.

The change is great; the reason for it extremely simple. For the no-hero situation has been brought about principally if not entirely by the revolution resulting from the World War. Not the Russian Revolution nor the German nor the Austrian, but that which has transformed the general mental and moral attitude, especially in England and the United States. For generations war has been deplored, more or less sincerely. After every conflict, big or little, there were those who pointed out how much had been lost by it and how little achieved. But even

while fighting in general was rebuked, there was always abundant and enthusiastic praise for some fighting in particular, and any amount of applause for the fighter—applause which was usually loud enough to drown out all else.

It is, too, an outstanding fact that after all other wars, big or little, the participants have been not only willing but proud and glad to relate their experiences. Their fondness for talking about them was inexhaustible, and to their hearers, it would seem, not infrequently exhausting. But the men who in the recent War did the actual fighting remain for the most part grimly silent. Try to get any of these veterans to "swap yarns" for you, and see how meagre are the results. Occasionally one of them writes a book; and almost invariably his pen drips vitriol.

Both the conscience and the instinct of the people of the English-speaking nations have revolted against war. Not because of any loss of courage; never was there more bravery shown than in the late War. Not because of any ardent objection to fighting in itself, either, but because of a very pronounced objection to fighting against machines and chemicals.

The story of Bannockburn can thrill, even today; the tale of the little *Revenge*, like that of the encounter between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, has not lost its stirring power. There is gallantry in these, something to kindle and enthral the imagination. But there is nothing debonair in long range guns shelling an unseen target; there is only horror in the stealthy approach

of the submarine and in the invisible wave of poison gas. For what can bravery, no matter how splendid, how heroic, do against these?

BUT as far back as the spade of the archeologist has yet taken us, it is war which has made the acclaimed hero. The great gods of old were fighting gods. Horus led the battle against the malign forces of the wicked Set; Babylonian Marduk was leader of the hosts in time of war, as was Asshur of Assyria. The gods and many of the goddesses of Greece and Rome bore weapons. Jupiter wielded the thunderbolt; Artemis had her bow, as did Apollo; Athena, goddess of wisdom though she was, was a goddess of war also, who wore a helmet on her brow and carried spear and shield. It was the heroes who fell on the field of battle that the Valkyrs lifted upon their horses to ride with them to Valhalla. Jehovah Himself was the Lord of Battles, and many of our most familiar Christian hymns are replete with war imagery, often describing in quite graphic terms the triumph to be won by Christian forces over the hosts of Satan.

The kings about whose names legend has best loved to hang garlands were kings who themselves led their armies into battle—Arthur and Alfred and Richard Coeur-de-Lion, Charles Martel and Charlemagne and Henry of Navarre. Napoleon was a great law-giver; but it is as a great general and a great conqueror that he caught the imagination of the world, and it is as general and conqueror that his spell continues to hold, even in our own iconoclastic day. Many who know of Austerlitz

and Wagram would in truth be more than a little puzzled how to answer if asked whether the Code Napoleon was the work of the first Napoleon or of the third. The exploits of General Washington are far more familiar to most of us than the achievements of President Washington. It was because Ulysses S. Grant was the successful general of a victorious army that he became President of the United States; it was along San Juan Hill that the road lay which led Theodore Roosevelt to the White House.

But all this soldier-hero worship was abruptly changed by the appalling waste and suffering, the utter and intolerable hideousness of the World War. General in command of a victorious army though he was, Pershing's Presidential boom proved too feeble to be long-lived; in the last political campaign he was scarcely mentioned. The recent Prime Minister of England, Ramsay MacDonald, had a War record which could scarcely be described as of a truly martial type. Neither Harding nor Herbert Hoover nor Franklin Roosevelt was a general or an admiral. Here in the United States, it would seem as if the one manifest desire, the very moment the World War ended, was to forget all about it as rapidly as possible; reminders of it produce, apparently, irritation rather than pride, possibly because those reminders are so often connected with the War debts. The power of the American Legion is simply the power which may be attained by any large and well organized body of men. We cherish the memory of Bunker Hill, and even, strangely enough, of fratricidal Get-

tysburg, far more tenderly than we do that of Château Thierry. The machine-made impersonal hideousness of modern warfare has obliterated from the minds of many of us everything save its own unspeakable horror.

War in its modern guise has been beyond doubt all but completely discredited; the hero, however, was first and foremost a fighter. If not actually a soldier, he possessed the attributes of one. It was only by prowess in battle of some sort that he won the accolade. "A soldier and a gentleman" was an accepted characterization. And not until kings ceased to lead their armies in person did the power and glamor of kingship begin to decline.

THE qualities which warfare gave the most spectacular opportunities for displaying were the distinguishing qualities of the hero: courage, loyalty, generosity, self-sacrifice, magnanimity. The hero gave no heed whatsoever to his own personal safety, but like Herakles held his life "out in his hand, for any man to take," while the familiar story of Sir Philip Sydney and the cup of water epitomized to a great extent the ideal of the chivalrous soldier-hero. If ordinary men could not do precisely as these did, they could at least admire and applaud and wish to be able to imitate them.

But in our own time, along with the new hatred and revolt against war there has come, not condemnation precisely, but a kind of fear and dislike of qualities associated with the old war-beliefs, and even an attempt to belittle them by an as-

sumed skepticism regarding their present-day existence anywhere save in the imaginations of the foolishly credulous, and a denial that they ever at any time were as splendid as was once supposed. The idealism which made the old-time hero ready to die for king and country, or to give his life for liberty, is today only too often looked upon as maudlin sentimentality at best and exhibitionism or humbug at the worst. Generosity towards a fallen enemy, admired since the days of ancient Egypt, is ridiculed as illogical, while patriotism is denounced as stupid or dishonest or both. For hundreds, even thousands of years, all these soldier-virtues were in a greater or lesser degree ascribed to the model warrior, and by an easy and natural transition they became the essential attributes of the hero. At the present moment, it is no longer fashionable to believe that such things exist, or ever did exist. The revolt from war has been so extreme as to result in a revolt from all the qualities, good and bad alike, usually associated with it.

How extreme this revolt is, two recently published and highly praised novels clearly indicate: H. G. Wells's *The Bulpington of Blup*, and Sinclair Lewis's *Ann Vickers*. The supposedly admirable male antithesis to Theodore Bulpington is a conscientious objector, who spends the War years safely if not quite comfortably in prison. The men who are the friends, acquaintances and more or less temporary lovers of Ann Vickers are so thoroughly despicable a crew that it is not surprising to find a corrupt and dissipated judge, a creature for whom it is practically impossible to

feel anything save wholehearted contempt, chosen as the novel's nearest approach to a desirable and presumably final mate for the heroine. Considering the fact that Ann herself is an unscrupulous cheat, no doubt the pair may be regarded as thoroughly well suited one to the other. In neither of these two books do we find any man for whom we can have any admiration whatsoever, far less one we might justly regard as being even so much as a bit of a hero.

Another result of this distrustful attitude towards the one-time soldier virtues has been to subject the heroes of the past to a vigorous and jubilant process of so-called debunking, whereby their good qualities have been either denied or else minimized as much as possible, and their bad ones magnified, also as much as possible; this being a complete reversal of the older and more generous method, a reversal which achieves no less and perhaps rather more inaccuracy. Attempts have even been made to drag both Washington and Lincoln from their pedestals, while the formerly revered leaders of the Revolutionary Army and of the Continental Congress have been diligently and thoroughly bespattered with mud—several varieties of mud. As for present-day, generally acclaimed heroes—where are they?

WAR is condemned, and justly condemned, as a relic of barbarism. Unfortunately for all of us, we have as yet found nothing to take its place.

With the single exception of the Lindbergh flight, whose very nature made repetition and the setting of a precedent impossible, what peace-

time achievement has caught and held the imagination of mankind as did, for instance, the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, or the stand of the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ, or that of the little group of farmers on the bridge at Concord? The men who voluntarily permitted themselves to be inoculated with yellow fever rendered an enormous service to humanity at the deliberate risk of their lives. No bravery could possibly be greater than theirs, but how many of us know even so much as their names? The inventors and explorers, the scientists and the philanthropists are for the most part quickly forgotten; the great war-chiefs live on. John Howard did a great and splendid humanitarian work when he struggled for prison reform; was even courageous enough to test out the horrors of the most noisome of prison cells on his own person; but however strenuously we may strive to be "modern" and conceal or deny the fact, Lord Nelson is to most of us a far better known and more exciting person.

For countless generations poets and historians, dramatists and novelists have trained our imaginations to thrill at tales of battles. Long before the author of the so-called *Poem of Pentaur* extolled the valor of Ramesis II at the Battle of Kadesh, long before Homer chanted the great deeds performed at the siege of Troy, bards and scribes had celebrated the courage and the exploits of fighting heroes and warrior chieftains. From land to land, from sea to sea and from generation to generation, the same spirit prevailed. The Indian *Mababbarata* and Ra-

mayana, no less than the later Welsh *Mabinogion* and the French *Chanson de Roland*, though they might disagree in all else, were alike in that they celebrated the courage of the warrior and gave numerous descriptions of hard-fought combats.

From those far-off times down to the beginning of the present century, if not to 1918 and the close of the World War, heroism was almost if not entirely synonymous with war. The leader of whom historian, poet and novelist delighted to write, the leader whom the multitude followed most willingly in time of peace as well as in time of war, was the leader who had been tested and proved by ordeal of battle.

And now that poison gas and submarines, barbed wire and Big Berthas have utterly discredited war, we have nothing with which to fill its place. The change has been too sudden. Our imaginations, trained to associate heroism with battle, have not yet had time to make the difficult readjustment, an adjustment made doubly difficult both by the natural primitive fighting instincts of human nature and by the fact that it is practically impossible to read any of the great literature of the past without reading the praises of one warrior hero or another. Moreover, no satisfactory substitute has yet appeared, partly because all those achievements of which satisfactory substitutes might perhaps have been made coexisted with and were long over-shadowed by the conception of "glorious war," and partly because the temper of the present day is one which likes to drag down rather than to exalt, and prefers contemplating a garbage pile

to looking upwards at the splendor of the Milky Way.

To a very great extent, this temper is itself a result of the collapse of the war ideal which dragged, or at least seemed to drag so many others down with it to destruction that the very word has become a thing of disrepute, almost of shame. To call a person an idealist is today something not unlike an insult; it is almost though perhaps not quite as bad as describing him as good-hearted, or pious. The economic depression which has forced most of us to devote every scrap of energy we possess to the task of obtaining the fundamental requisites of food, clothing and shelter, if not for ourselves, then for others, has emphasized what the War began, stressing the material needs to such an extent that any others are all but completely forgotten. How indeed could it possibly be otherwise? Little else seems of any importance whatsoever to the man or woman who has lost the job which meant food and fire and a roof, meant life itself. But from all such sordid considerations the old time war hero was sublimely immune. It was the business of the Government to clothe and feed and care for the man in the ranks, while from hovel to castle every door in the land opened readily at the summons of Sir Galahad. The Chevalier Bayard was not only without fear and without reproach; he was also unbur-

dened by anything in the shape of an income tax.

The War and the depression have combined to engender a sick disgust with the ideas and ideals of the past, a disgust so sweeping and so indiscriminating in its condemnations that it is ready to discard the good with the bad, the hero with the warfare which was his creator.

Any return to the old idealization of war seems at the present moment as improbable as it is undesirable; yet the hero is needed, and it is greatly to be hoped that his resurrection will be brought about, if not in one way, then in another. Whether the future will prove able to take the rather contemptuous condescension out of the old saying that "Peace hath her victories no less than war," transforming it into an assertion that the victories of peace are quite as splendid and even more important than those of war, only time can tell. If this should ever happen, if any peace-time substitutes for war should ever show themselves capable of developing as strong an appeal to the emotions and the imagination as war once possessed, then it may well be that the hero will come back to us in another guise, perhaps in one which will minimize if it does not completely obliterate his ancient origin. War made heroes; let us hope that peace also will learn to make them successfully, and even more satisfactorily.



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



MORE than two thousand miles of non-literary landscape have flowed past the eyes of the Landscaper since he last sat down to record his observations on books, and this article is being written in Tampa, Florida, the first long pause on a

journey that is not yet finished. To an old-timer who can remember without any effort when a twelve-mile trip into the country to see plantation kinsfolk was a matter of hours in the making, and of days of discussion in preparation, there is something miraculous about the ease with which one can fly about the country now, when a day's journey by automobile may run as high as half a thousand miles without any special effort, and when it is possible to drive from freezing New York into tropical Miami in only a little more than a week-end. The strongest impression of such a trip made just now is of endless stretches of excellent roads with no traffic; of a sense of loneliness for lack of fellow travelers.

More than once the Landscaper has been reminded of the magnificent highways built in Spain by Primo de Rivera, on which one may drive for hours without meeting another

car, the only traffic danger being high-wheeled carts or donkey trains. In some of the Southern States, this danger is matched by wandering herds of cattle; apparently cows are valued so low at present they are not worth keeping off the highways. Just behind the

Landscaper, in South Carolina, three New York cars were wrecked by the animals, and it was only by a stroke of good luck that the sudden looming of a large and raw-boned member of one of the herds on the curve of a bridge did not bring disaster to the writer of these travel notes. In Spain there is no traffic, of course, because there are no cars; in America there are still plenty of cars, but gasoline at prevailing prices is a luxury, and except when the cars are needed for business they remain idle over most of the South.

A Desolate Landscape

THIS absence of traffic — the Landscaper is speaking specifically of the Coastal Highway, and not of "U.S.1," which must be well occupied, to judge from the number of New York license plates to be seen in such places as Miami — lends an air of desolation to the entire

landscape. Tourist camps by the hundreds, offering a night's lodging in a comfortable cabin, with a locked garage, all for \$1, are vacant and deserted, and the thousands of gas stations that line the roads are sad witnesses to the unregulated competition in this field, which has resulted in red figures for one of the largest of the country's industries; the producer and wholesaler makes nothing because of the strict competition, and the retailer is in the same fix, because small towns that would do well to support one first-class service station invariably have a dozen or more.

Most of these camps must be survivors of the boom days, when everybody was driving just for the sake of being in motion. There are enough of them now to house a large share of the unemployed of the country in reasonable comfort and decency, and they are in the midst of lands that would lend themselves to food production; if something finally has to be done for all the hundreds of thousands of families that have been uprooted by the Great Depression, the Landscaper offers as his suggestion that Congress buy up these camps and make them into colonies. Certainly most of the people who own them wish somebody else had them, to judge from the expressions on their faces, and from the eagerness with which the very occasional traveler is welcomed. More than one of the camps has been made really attractive, but most of them have the curiously impermanent look of things in America; the pioneering look, as if they would vanish without a trace except perhaps for the hideous skeletons of

a few abandoned automobiles, if they were deserted for a few months or years.

Our American Ruins

HERE in Florida, still bearing the strange scars of the famous boom in the shape of vast unfinished buildings, New World ruins, there was so much jerry-building, so much pseudo-Spanish architecture of lath and plaster, that even the most solidly built house looks like a painted backdrop. The Palm Beach palaces, some of them, notably those designed by the late Addison Mizner, are really good to look at, but they too have this same impermanent look, which comes from two things, the more important of which is doubtless this: in Spain the buildings, even to the humblest peasant hut, grow out of the earth and are rooted in it; Florida Spanish has no roots, and being so newly transplanted can not look as if it belonged. The second reason is that everywhere one looks the stucco is really falling off the laths — this in the famous real estate subdivisions with the high-sounding names and rows of castles at the entrance. Every effort is now being made to preserve the original Spanish character of the State, but even in St. Augustine there is almost none left; the Landscaper asked the caretaker of one of the small museums in the city if the Spanish families kept up the language and customs, and the answer was that the woman whose name was Lopez, and whose grandfather had come from Spain, did not know a word of Castilian. She looked, too, as American as if her ancestors had come over in the Mayflower. The

famous old Fort Marion has its story to tell, and there are two small and uninteresting houses of Spanish construction, together with a monument in the Plaza de la Constitución; otherwise it is the Middle Western horseshoe pitchers in the same Plaza who give St. Augustine its character, not the memories of Ponce de Leon.

The Comeback of Florida

WHAT Florida had to offer originally, however, is still hers, and this year in many places there are more visitors than in any year since the 1929 crash. Miami is crowded; the beach on a sunny day bears a somewhat unfortunate resemblance to Coney Island or Far Rockaway in July. Many Gulf hotels in the neighborhood of Tampa report twenty and twenty-five per cent more business this year than last, and this holds good for some of the more expensive places, although all prices have been reduced. Every town is crowded with cars bearing the licenses of other States; even California contributes its quota. Hundreds of people travel by caravan, their portable homes ranging all the way from crude shelters knocked together by amateur carpenters to *de luxe* bungalows on wheels — "land yachts" some of them are called, and costing as much as \$10,000. The Landscaper visited one of these which had comfortable sleeping accommodations for five people, a completely equipped galley that could be used with the car going at any speed, and everything else necessary for touring. An elderly couple were ready to buy it; at sixty or so they had just sold their last

piece of Florida property and were ready to travel the rest of their days, Twentieth Century gypsies.

There was a time when Florida was scornful of "Tin-Can Tourists," but now they are welcome enough, and hold an annual convention with hundreds present. Many wanderers of this class settle in the State, which is the nearest thing to a frontier left in America, and an attractive frontier just now because land is dirt-cheap — no pun intended — the weather so warm that a minimum of clothing will suffice; prices at rock-bottom for everything, and all the essential foodstuffs to be raised with a minimum of effort. A new civilization is in the making here, the old American melting pot at work again on familiar materials. Certainly if we are headed for a "subsistence-level," this State is the best place in which to subsist, with food and beauty in abundance and the weather warm enough most of the time for loin cloths.

A Visit to Richmond

BUT to begin at the beginning of the journey, the Landscaper stopped over in Richmond, Virginia, to see Ellen Glasgow in the proper setting of her lovely old Georgian house at Number One West Main Street. Miss Glasgow is one novelist whose conversation has exactly the same flavor as her books; who talks with the same brilliance she writes, a brilliance that reached its peak in *The Sheltered Life*, spoken of more than once before in these pages. It is a brilliance tempered with very great insight and wisdom; not to have read this latest book of hers is to have missed one of the finest novels ever written by an American.

This is not a snap judgment, either, but the result of several readings and considerable meditation. James Branch Cabell, just home from the annual Literary Guild dinner, came to luncheon at Miss Glasgow's; the two are sufficiently old friends to fence with the buttons off the foils, and as may be imagined, their exchanges are delightful. It would be a breach of hospitality to reveal what they think of some of their contemporaries, but none to set down their agreement that *Candide* is the most amusing book in the world, and *Don Quixote* one of the dullest.

Miss Glasgow's explanation of her feeling in the matter was that wit could be translated, but humor never. Mr. Cabell's new book, which ought to be available now, is a collection of essays called *Special Delivery*, in which he answers some of the letters written to authors. With a book about to appear, he was not discussing plans for the future; Miss Glasgow is still resting from the hard work done on *The Sheltered Life* and beginning to turn another book over in her mind.

Hard-Working Southerners

ONE thing is certain, there is to be no falling off in literary production from this section of the country in the immediate future. Emily Clark, whose work as editor of *The Reviewer* in Richmond had so much to do with starting a number of the outstanding figures in the present Southern movement, told the Landscaper in Philadelphia that she was making progress on a novel she has been engaged upon for some time; Julia Peterkin is back at Lang Syne

plantation in South Carolina beginning work on another book; DuBose Heyward is in Charleston engaged upon the same task; Stark Young is busy with a novel of the Civil War period; Evans Wall, the Mississippian who shares the honors of the State in fiction with William Faulkner, is here in Tampa hard at work, and so it goes. Herbert Ravenel Sass, with whom the Landscaper had a few moments' pleasant chat in the lovely garden of his home in Charleston, is also well along with a manuscript, and Francis Griswold, whose *Tides of Malvern* of a few seasons past was one of the best of recent novels of the Old South, is also busy with another book of the same character. Caroline Gordon, the wife of Allan Tate, the poet, is also finishing a successor to her quite remarkable first novel, *Penbally*.

Williamsburg Restored

FROM Richmond, the Landscaper drove to Williamsburg and Jamestown, after most of a morning at Westover, the ancestral home of the Byrd family, and a perfect example of a colonial Virginia house in a setting that has all the elements of the dignified simplicity that was so characteristic of the Georgian period. Restored Williamsburg, on which the work is just now being finished, is a delight to the eye, and Jamestown, on such a bright, warm and peaceful afternoon as the Landscaper had the good fortune to see it, is by all odds the most impressive of any historical spot in America.

From Williamsburg the course led southward to Edenton, the oldest town in North Carolina, and as

delightful a village as any one could find. Then on to Charleston, through torrents of rain and a gale that threatened at times to blow the car off the road, but by late afternoon the sun was out once more, and the Battery quite up to expectations. DuBose Heyward's latest novel, *Peter Ashley*, with its richly and carefully painted background, is almost as much of a guidebook to Charleston as is needed; with it fresh in mind the Landscaper felt at home from the moment of arrival. The glories of Charleston and its gardens have been too much written about to need any praise from the Landscaper; all he has to add is the unkind remark that the really lovely city is becoming too much a haunt of tourists to be as charming as it once was. The air of self-consciousness is unmistakable; a clever Savannah woman summed it up by saying that the place was beginning to look as if Mamouliau had designed it. It was Mamouliau, of course, whose settings and direction contributed so largely to the stage success of Mr. and Mrs. Heyward's play, *Porgy*, and it was *Porgy*, as novel and play, that did a lot to make Charleston over-conscious of its charms.

Whatever one may write about the city, however, it has contributed its full share of writers to the contemporary Southern crop, for, in addition to Mr. Heyward, the city lays claim to Herbert Ravenel Sass, Archibald Rutledge and Josephine Pinckney, to mention only a few of the most distinguished names on the roster. There is a legend that every one in Charleston writes poetry; the Landscaper did not investigate the story, for a number of reasons. . . .

Oglethorpe's Capital

AFTER Charleston there was a halt in Savannah, one of the two cities in the United States that was laid out before it was built, the other being Washington, and which owes its multiplicity of wooded squares to Oglethorpe's notion that these squares, conveniently situated, would serve as places of refuge in case of Indian attacks. It is a beautiful city, with characteristic architecture — high-stooped houses opening directly on the street, and with gardens at the back — and as much Revolutionary history as Charleston, but less pride, wholly uncommercialized up to the present, and likely to remain so unless it is put into a successful novel and sets out to imitate art. There is nothing in or near it so fine as Wormsloe, the plantation home of the De Renne family, with a library housing the most complete collection of documents and books relating to the history of Georgia in existence, the work of three generations of collectors, and great oaks covered with Algerian ivy, and japonicas of large size and brilliant color, and all the other flowers that make the gardens of this part of the South worth crossing oceans to see.

A Revolutionary fort called Wymberly stood for many years on Wormsloe and is just now being excavated, so that the ground itself is historic. But it is less the history of these places that is impressive than the atmosphere of dignity and charm and grace; there was a rightness about life when they were built for which it is impossible not to feel nostalgia. It was, with whatever

disadvantages it might have had in the way of human slavery, a period when some people, at least, lived in the midst of beauty, not an Age of Ugliness such as we must call this century. Has there ever been in the history of the world anything more depressingly hideous than the drive through that part of New Jersey that takes one out of New York?

A Savannah Cook Book

SAVANNAH is not any such breeder of writers as its neighboring city of Charleston, but one of its residents has just produced as delightful a cook book as this lover of good eating has seen for a long time. It is *The Savannah Cook Book*, by Harriet Ross Colquitt, with an introduction by Ogden Nash (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2), Mr. Nash having spent some of his earlier years in Savannah and writing, therefore, as an authority when he says:

Pilgrim's Progress is a good book, and so, I am told, is Deuteronomy,

But neither is to be compared with this epic of gastronomy.

Savannah cooking is *sui generis*, and Miss Colquitt has gone to first-hand sources for her recipes. The result is a treasure-trove of good things to eat, with amusing comment to add to the pleasure of having the book around the house. This kind of Southern cooking, which is a mixture of French, Spanish and Negro, and altogether delicious, is not guaranteed to observe all the latest rules of dietetics, but if there is any truth in the observation that food which pleases the senses is easy to digest, the most timid ought not to be afraid of any of Miss Colquitt's suggestions.

The author herself abandoned a newspaper career to run a tea-room, a gesture worthy of emulation, it seems to the Landscaper. He has no doubt at all that so capable a cook was also a first-rate journalist, but there are many people who can write, a few of them well, and so few who can cook. We can always, if hard enough put to it, read old books, but we can not eat old meals. This is all that is to be said about *The Savannah Cook Book*, which will have no detailed review, but it is a volume that should be on the pantry shelves of every American home.

A New York Suburb

SAVANNAH led into Florida, St. Augustine, already mentioned, and Palm Beach and Miami, and places like Fort Lauderdale, which with its miles of winding river will one of these days be a beauty spot of the world. Many of the great houses in Palm Beach are closed, of course—see Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer's recent book *Tropical Winter* for what used to go on in these places and you will shed no tears that they will probably not be opened again soon. Miami's crowded condition has already been mentioned; prices are low and it costs very little to drive down from New York. From Miami, the Landscaper headed for Tampa, taking the famous Tamiami Trail through the Everglades in the late afternoon and praying as the miles spun by that the car would keep going, especially over one forty-mile stretch with not even a filling station, and the road dotted with the bodies of large snakes that had been run over.

Of economic conditions in the territory covered, there is little to be said that is not already familiar. Richmond has been particularly hard hit, and has had trouble with agitators, but the people of the community are standing up bravely to the hard task they face, doing everything possible to minimize the suffering. Charleston has had less difficulty, and in Savannah the casual reports were that things were better than in almost any city along the coast. In Florida there is a dearth of money, and the surface of any individual situation needs only to be scratched to come upon tragedy, not the tragedy of extreme poverty and hunger, of which there seems to be little enough, but the tragedy of lost savings through bank failures, of young men discouraged through being out of work for months, of lost homes, all the thousand and one calamities that are an inevitable part of what this country has gone through in recent years.

Florida was hardened for the Great Depression of course by what happened after the collapse of the local boom; as an old Negro said: "It sho is too bad the depression had to come right in the middle of the hard times." But the individual's adjustment to a complete change of circumstances is another matter, and the things we have passed through these last few years leave their scars. Historians of the future who hold to the economic slant upon the country's story must have much to say about the hundreds of bank failures particularly, every one leaving its mark upon thousands of human lives. Not even the most patriotic American can fail to feel a

sense of shame that the banking system of the country has proved so utterly untrustworthy, and, worse still, that up to the present moment little or nothing has been done to bring about any permanent improvement.

Some Good Books

WITH so much of life to see and to think about, the Landscaper has taken a vacation from reading, but is able to recommend a few books in addition to those already mentioned. One of his favorite authors, Henry Williamson, has done a remarkable piece of work in *As the Sun Skines* (Dutton, \$2.95), a sort of sequel to *The Village Book*, and a combination of all the best qualities of the various sorts of writing this author has been doing for a number of years. In this volume, he has tried very hard, through the medium of an original literary form, to tell the whole story of a small Devonshire village called Ham, of its natural setting and of the people, queer, cantankerous, lovable, that live within its narrow limits. All of what he has seen and felt through long years of residence is set down, and the result is a book that is rich in wisdom and beauty. A style that has always been one of the most admirable in contemporary English writing is here more mature and sure, and the quality of the book is a rich maturity and a deep-rooted humor that should give it an appeal to many readers. Mr. Williamson is an admitted disciple of Jefferies, whose books have gone on delighting many people for a long time, and it is quite likely that *As the Sun Skines* will continue to be read and

liked years after most of the current literary production has vanished from the mind of man. One has a sense of receiving a blessing in coming in contact with such a book, for there is something in it that stills the inner tumult, swinging life into its proper perspective and making the reader see it as something to be treasured for all its hardships and disappointments. The wisdom is sun-ripened, which means mellowness.

Mr. Lewis's New Book

NOT long ago the promise was made of a later report on Sinclair Lewis's *Ann Vickers* (Doubleday, Doran \$2.50). The Landscaper's feelings about the book are divided; like everything Mr. Lewis touches it is full of vigor and zest, and good in spots, but quite bad in others. It is a novel of propaganda in which a modern woman who "lives her own life" is the central figure, a woman who has two children as the result of more or less casual sexual affairs, and remains a heroine. Much is to be found in the book on many modern topics, such as prison reform, and some of the propaganda is properly woven into the story, while a good deal of it remains in undigested lumps. In other words, it is very difficult for this observer to go along with the reviewers who have hailed the book as a classic and a masterpiece and conferred upon it immortality with a careless hand. The work of some men, such as DeFoe, who were primarily journalists, has survived, and so may the work of Lewis, but it is simply stupid to think of him as a literary artist, and it may even be foolish to accept his ideals as the ideals of the present

period, although the sort of moral anarchy for which he seems to argue does seem to grow in popularity with the general loss of standards of any sort. This is beginning to sound like a sermon, and who would wish to preach with a grateful Florida sun beating down outside, and a mocking bird singing his best. . . . The sun and mocking birds will outlast Mr. Lewis, anyway.

Anne Green Again

ANNE GREEN's latest novel, *A Marriage of Convenience* (Dutton, \$2) is a return to the mood of this talented writer's earlier books, a gay, light-hearted and entertainingly done story that merits the attention of those who like their fiction intelligent and refreshing at the same time. It is the story of two young lovers at cross-purposes, a theme as old as story-telling, but handled with the fresh originality that is characteristic of this author's work.

A timely study of what is happening to the religion of Spain and of the South American countries amid the revolutions and the social changes that are going on at present is *The Other Spanish Christ* by John A. Mackay (Macmillan, \$2). While the book is primarily about South America, Mr. Mackay knows enough to depend upon the mother-country for the ideology of the children, and he has done a thoroughly sound piece of work. Perhaps the Landscaper has already mentioned another good book on South America of recent publication, Philip Guedalla's *Argentine Tango* (Harper). It is deftly and entertainingly written, and while not so wide in

its scope nor so deep in its penetration as Alan Pryce-Jones's recent *Hot Places* (Knopf), it offers an agreeable combination of amusement and instruction.

There is always a temptation to continue a discussion of literary matters indefinitely, but without seeming to wish to play truant to his job, the Landscaper must admit that he can not longer resist the call of a Gulf beach, for it is like July in New York at this moment, and as Mr. Williamson says, when

the sun shines, what else matters?

Soon the journey will be resumed, and there is little telling where it will end. Florida is so full of American gypsies, riding comfortably and even a little smugly along in their completely equipped caravans, the temptation to take up a wanderer's life is almost too hard to resist. The Landscaper just saw a handsome "land yacht" go past his window with a large "For Sale" sign on it; perhaps it has not gone too far to catch. . . .



Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Weighty Pros and Cons

DR. VON KÜHLMANN, in his article on the three late-comers in the family of nations, Italy, Germany and Japan, gives a curiously personal twist to his account of their behavior and that of their sister nations. By stressing the element of age in their respective psychologies he makes them startlingly human. The desire of these newcomers for a share in the good things of life — more specifically, economic expansion through acquisition of territory — clearly resembles the natural desire of a young man starting out in the business world to overtake his elders and enjoy their plums of office.

This personal twist seems curious not so much because there is anything unusual in regarding nations as more or less human entities, but because at this moment so many countries are unable to decide just what it is that they want — except, of course, the vague happiness of prosperity. Any young man knows how to become prosperous: he must find a job in some business and rise to the top of it. But no nation has so

magical a formula, aside from these three — and Russia, naturally, but she, as a sort of step-child in the family of nations, can not be counted.

The aims of America, for instance, are anything but simple. Outside her own boundaries she pursues the most diverse policies, alternately proffering freedom with a hypocritical benevolence to the Philippines, employing force for “free elections” in Central America, refusing to join the League of Nations yet influencing it to make an outcast of Japan, and indulging in many other strange anomalies. Internally she fevers with conflicting desires and opinions: uncertain how to regulate her monetary life-blood, or whether to try; ignorant of a method to feed her various parts, perhaps even of the necessity; hardly conscious, it sometimes appears, that anything ails her at all — certainly unable to say with assurance what it is.

Her anatomy, to be sure, has never been as carefully explored as an individual human body, and that imposes difficulties. Weird organ-like cell-clusters, such as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, exist in

her, often for no apparent reason. Her internal functions are not well understood; here and there correlation seems to be quite lacking. Of muscles, blood vessels and tissue only a modicum of information is to be had. Psychologically she presents a tremendous enigma, to the world at large and no less to herself.

To wield the scalpel on so large and complicated a body is work for only the bravest surgeons, but judgment of personality has its value and can be practised with less technical methods. One of the latest attempts is by Frank Ernest Hill, and is described in his book named *What Is American?*

In this he undertakes to differentiate the character of "American" from other nationalities, particularly to draw a line of definite demarcation from the European. His plan is to outline our outstanding characteristics in the light of our historical, geographical and racial peculiarities, and by thus emphasizing the background bring clearer understanding of them. "A man," he says, "can not live effectively without a rather precise sense of his body in relation to the earth it knows and the ideas and habits which mold its actions." Thus, he explains our tendency to deal boldly with large things by analogy with our huge mountains, rivers and plains; our mechanical ingenuity by our long experience with the Frontier and its requirement of independent and vigorous action; our generally moral attitude (sometimes popping out in ludicrous phenomena like Prohibition and Anthony Comstock) by the evolution of Puritanism; our isolationism by the Frontier again, which pulled our

centre of population 600 miles west of the Atlantic coast and concentrated our attention on America.

Out of such material he constructs a concept of the present American. This man is an essential democrat, both politically and socially, although in neither sphere does he have full regard for his obligations. He wants a comfortable physical life, but is vigorous, even hectic, in activity. He believes in progress, and has more regard for results in its pursuit than for means. He has been noted for his ability to devise new projects and discard outworn methods. He has a fluent mental attitude, passes easily from one occupation to another, from one social status to another. He is friendly rather than polite, as Europeans are. He is tolerant in his religious attitude and has a deep-rooted altruism. He is turning lately more toward art, but has failed so far to integrate it with his life. And, finally, he has failed to comprehend his national life as a whole and to relate it to his own; he has not decided just what he is, or how to behave.

Which last is painfully apparent, of course, and also is the crux of the problem. What we want depends upon what we are, and there is diversity of opinion about that. The philosophies of Jefferson and Hamilton still war within us. Our blood is heterogeneous, our sectionalisms apparently incompatible. But we have an heritage that affects us all, immigrant, *Mayflower* stock and F. F. V., and sooner or later, if things go as they have, it will resolve itself into an American concept which will bind us to more unified thinking. The years since the War have seen an energetic attempt to

define this heritage and it may bring results sooner than is expected.

There is a queer thing though. If Ortega y Gasset is correct in his analysis of *The Modern Theme*, our generation is destined for the task of subordinating certain abstractions which have dominated Western living, such as culture, reason, art and ethics, to the service of life itself. "Thirty years ago," he writes, "the immense majority of European humanity were still living for the sake of culture. Science, art and justice were considered to be self-sufficient; a life that placed itself entirely at their disposition had a clear conscience. . . . The mission of the new age is, precisely, the conversion of that relation."

But if the vigor of our times is to be directed away from sacrifice to abstractions toward appreciation of life itself, it is hard to see how such conceptions as nationalism can survive in their known forms — how nations can continue to act as young go-getters anxious to make their way in the world, or how comparatively unintegrated nations can continue to struggle for a humanistic unity of consciousness.

The Spanish philosopher's arguments are convincing, for this reader at any rate, and the new direction he sets for our lives has an appealing aspect. However, he does admit that the new way of life will not destroy our respect for justice, culture and the other abstractions, but will merely "subject them to vitality, localize them within the biological scheme." Men might continue to feel patriotic toward their country without being willing to die for the sake of some emanation from its statesmen. Within America our passion for progress might take a milder form — perhaps consideration for human suffering as well as for technological improvement or dividends.

Such iconoclasm might even bring a kind of millennium. At least they ought to reduce the ancient frictions at national boundaries. When ethics is considered as essentially no more important a part of life than digestion it will be difficult to work up our present enthusiasm over "Buy American" campaigns and favorable balances of trade. There will be little use for colonization programmes or other manifestations of inflated national pride.

W. A. D.



Three Late-Comers in the World

BY RICHARD VON KÜHLMANN

Former German Minister of Foreign Affairs

Much of the unrest abroad in the world is traced to the reluctance of old-established nations to share good things with newcomers

SINCE the close of the World War, the greatest war history has seen, there have been unceasing efforts by great nations to build a dam against recurrence of such appalling disasters, to provide machinery for a peaceful settlement of all possible disputes and to outlaw war as means for attaining political ends. These efforts to avoid for the future the terrible calamities we are suffering from have received important encouragement from the fact that nobody, not even the victors, has been able to derive from victory tangible benefits, and that enormous sacrifices in blood and treasure seem all the more futile when we look at the instability and precariousness of the political structure raised at such heart-rending cost.

Again and again in history after the slaughter of great battles humanity has made desperate efforts to assure eternal peace. One of the greatest German philosophers, Immanuel Kant, wrote in the Eighteenth Century his famous pamphlet: *About Eternal Peace*. After the great earthquake which we call the Na-

poleonic Wars and which ended with the exile of the restless son of Corsica, the victorious monarchs of Russia, Austria and Prussia combined in the Holy Alliance with the aim to banish from Europe the horrors of war.

The League of Nations, built on American ideas and suggestions, is certainly the greatest and most comprehensive attempt to do away with war once and for all. Although the course of events has not borne out all the extravagant hopes of those who greeted its establishment as the beginning of a new era in the world's history, still no good European could but wish it progressive consolidation and success. However, the League, which has based its operation on an analogy with the working of courts, is faced with one great drawback which is unavoidable and has its roots in the League idea itself. If one attempts to look at political happenings from a judicial point of view, one is bound to assume the existence of a *status quo* which must be preserved, the violation of which represents an offense against the very spirit of the League. Even a super-

ficial analysis of conditions in the physical world and of conditions in history shows conclusively that there never has been anything for a single moment which could be described as a *status quo*. Just as in organic life birth, existence and death succeed each other, forming an endless chain, so in political life the fading of the old, the growing of the new continues without interruption, as in a vast virgin forest overgrown giant trees fall a prey to decay, fresh seedlings shoot up, hundreds of them taking the place once filled by the giant. Finally one seedling outgrows all his brethren, and with the centuries himself becomes a mammoth tree.

Such development is more evident when we remember that in the world, today three of the most vital and progressive political entities only look back, on an average, over sixty years' existence as modern political units. These are the late-comers in the family of nations, and it seems well worth while to throw a glance at each of these newcomers, to show what their possibilities of development are and to explain why, arriving in a divided and settled world, they were bound to create unrest and change in their natural efforts to find a place in the sun. These three late-comers are Germany, Italy and Japan.

IT MIGHT be interesting to analyze the idea that political growth and power in post-Roman Europe gradually progressed from west to east. Certainly the two kingdoms of the Iberian Peninsula, Spain and Portugal, were the first to acquire trade, sea power, wealth and overseas pos-

sessions. Then through the genius of some of their kings, both England and France attained, comparatively early in history, national unity and the power and aggressiveness resulting therefrom, while up to the middle of the Nineteenth Century both Germany and Italy remained mere geographical expressions, both countries being made up of a large number of kingdoms, duchies, principalities and free cities living in constant rivalry and distrust, fighting each other, inviting by their weakness and their seeking of foreign alliances constant intervention by more powerful, united neighbors. In both countries it was the genius of outstanding statesmen which through endless difficulties and worries achieved national union. In Germany it was the genius of the Prussian Prime Minister Otto von Bismarck; in Italy it was that of Count Cavour. Both countries had to face a struggle for the establishment of national unity. In Germany the assent of France to the establishment of German unity had to be won by a short but hard-fought war. Ever since the days of Richelieu and Mazarin, it had been one of the fundamental principles of French foreign policy that under no conditions must the establishment of a strong, united Germany in Central Europe be allowed.

Austria, the Habsburg Empire, had been over a long period predominant both in German affairs and in Italian. Diplomatic and military coöperation freed Germany of Austrian interference in 1866 and rendered possible Italian unity.

After having achieved unity and the maximum of security attainable by the absorption of Alsace-Lorraine,

old German land wrested from the helpless Reich under Louis XIV, Bismarck entered the race for expansion overseas with great caution and considerable misgiving. He feared British bad temper and British envy. Still, he succeeded in establishing a German colonial empire which both in East and West Africa opened up important vistas for future development. Under his successors, right up to the World War, there was much talk of German world politics, but the additional acquisitions after Bismarck's forced retirement were not very important. Some of the smaller islands in the Pacific and Kioutchou in China could not be defended in the World War.

Today Germany is completely deprived of any outlet overseas; the seething mass of sixty-five million people in an overpopulated country is like an overheated steam kettle, a permanent danger to Europe and the world at large, and nothing seems at the same time more necessary and more wise than to open as quickly as possible outlets and safety valves, so that some steam may be blown off. In the years preceding the World War British wisdom and foresight had, collaborating with German diplomacy, prepared a vast network of treaties which would have provided for Germany an adequate place in the sun and proved, it seems likely, a great help to world peace and stability. Unfortunately, all these schemes were swept away by the rushing tide of the World War. Recent private conversations both with English and French statesmen seem to show that on neither side is there absolute refusal to reopen for Germany modest possibilities for colonial expansion.

The idea is important and valuable and ought to be examined thoroughly.

Bismarck, after the defeat of France in 1871, very cleverly opened wide for that restless and warlike country the doors of colonial expansion, with the result that France was able to build up a magnificent colonial empire, second only to the British. Bismarck's wisdom should be food for reflection for the statesmen of today.

ITALIAN destinies since the beginning of medieval history have been in the main shaped by the geographical conditions of the peninsula. As Prussia in the northern part of Germany was chosen by fate to be the kernel around which modern Germany should be built, so in Italy this rôle fell to the Kingdom of Piedmont, under the ancient and gallant house of Savoy, and to this day Italian troops advance in battle with the cry: "*Avanti Savoia!*"

Austria, succeeding to the ancient claims of Imperial Germany, had successfully attempted to dominate the northern part of Italy and to play in the politics of central and southern Italy a decisive rôle. No Italian unity was possible or thinkable before Austrian predominance was broken and the territory occupied by Habsburg reintegrated into Italy. Apart from Austrian influence it was the presence of the Pope, the world's largest international power, in Rome which created almost insuperable difficulties for Italian unity. All these obstacles were overcome by cleverly using first Napoleon III and later on the rising Prussian might for getting rid of Austrian aspirations. The final adjustment of

the Roman question was reserved for the rule of Benito Mussolini, who has inherited with other precious gifts of Italian genius a marked ability for far-seeing diplomacy. The end of the World War gave Italy more even than her optimists had expected of national territory at the expense of the Habsburg Empire, but disappointingly little in the way of overseas expansion.

With the traditions of Rome as a living memory and with the picture of Genoese and Venetian glory before her eyes, with a rapidly growing population seeking an outlet, Italy's main political question today is the possibility of expansion overseas. She has over and over again carefully explored all parts of the globe where she could by tradition or geographical possibilities find a fissure in the wall which would allow her to introduce the thin end of the wedge. But so far she has found no opening which seems likely to develop into promising colonial possessions. She has land in Eritrea, some islands on the south coast of Asia Minor and Libia on the north coast of Africa — a colonial empire large enough if considered by the number of square miles it covers, but entirely unsatisfactory from the point of view of economic value or the possibility of absorbing Italian emigration. The same must be said of the controlling influence which has been acquired across the Adriatic in Albania.

In the main it is France who now stands in the way of Italy — the France who, after losing a gigantic colonial empire in the fight for sea supremacy against Britain which ended in the battle of Trafalgar, has since the defeats of 1814 and 1871

occupied Algiers, Tunis and Morocco, the most desirable Mediterranean borderlands. This explains why we find in post-War diplomatic groupings Italy, the member of the victorious coalition, leading the chorus of the dissatisfied, claiming revision of oppressive treaties and forming certainly today within Europe the nucleus of all the forces aiming at a coalition powerful enough to encircle and crush France. But Italy herself is both on land and sea still considerably inferior to France, particularly if the alliance of France with Yugoslavia is taken into account. And even a coalition between Italy, Germany, Austria and Hungary and Bulgaria would leave these States, considering the shocking inequality in armament, hopelessly inferior to the forces France and the Little Entente could muster.

The interior developments in Germany and Italy have shown vast differences and the most important is the fact that Italy was united in a revolution sweeping away all kings and rulers except the Pope in the Vatican, while with the entirely different history and genius of the German people unification of the Reich could only be brought about by voluntary agreement between the ruling German families representing the tribal entities established by history in the Reich. In both countries the tremendous difficulties of achieving lasting success in foreign policy have led to concentrating dictatorial power in the hands of a small group or of one man believed to be an efficient leader. As long as there is hope that ultimate success will crown this abdication of all the liberties and the rights dear to the

hearts of the people, such supreme power will last and be supported by public opinion. Should even this abdication and concentrated effort prove unsuccessful, it is to be feared that the national forces might break out in a tidal wave submerging all dams and carrying devastation over broad stretches of land. Concentrated nationalism and concentrated power in the hands of one man trusted by nationalism is the very essence of Italian Fascism and it looks very much as if it would be the essence of German Fascist-Nationalism now in full power.

Now, after sketching the recent history of the two European newcomers, let us have a look at the Empire of the Rising Sun in the Pacific Ocean.

Japan had developed through many centuries a culture of her own, the remnants of which, particularly in the domain of art and architecture, have charmed and deeply influenced the Western world. When increasing facilities of communication and trade brought this autochthonous Japanese civilization in contact with the Western world, then already following fast the ideals of mechanization, Japan, deeply disgusted at the shapelessness and informality of this Western machine-ridden culture, shut herself up hermetically and was in acute danger of being once and for all out-distanced, sure to become within one generation an easy prey to the superiority of Western technique. A few enlightened statesmen conceived the idea of transforming the Empire of the Mikado into a completely modern power, and they achieved by daring

and wisdom combined the most astounding success of regeneration and recasting ever witnessed in modern history.

So far the vision of Western machine age civilization, injected into the systems of older cultures, particularly of the Mohammedan States, had proved so destructive that even the generations which had attempted to save states by Western reform had been doomed as a rule themselves to watch the destruction of the old and venerable structure they had tried to save. To keep as much as possible the admirable structure erected by a chivalrous and warlike aristocracy in an efficiently modernized and democratized parliamentary country, to develop science, art and craft of modern industry in a country practically without coal and iron, the two essentials of the modern machine age, gradually to push back the greatest empire in the world, Russia, were tasks which might have frightened even the most daring and the most optimistic. The great men of the Meiji era successfully carried through their whole reform programme, changing as by magic the Japanese Empire into a modern world power.

The task facing them in foreign politics was terrific. Russia, in area and population the greatest power of the world, at the time when the United States and Canada were pushing their transcontinental lines rapidly towards the Pacific, had been using the gigantic resources of the Tsars for reaching the Pacific shores in time to play a decisive rôle in the great drama for predominant power in the Pacific. Nature has

been particularly ungenerous to Russia in the question of outlets to the sea. Leaving out of the picture the harbors of the Northern seas closed by ice many months in the year, she had natural access only to the Baltic Sea, which is practically a land-locked lake in time of war, and to the Black Sea, which again is shut off from the outside world by the straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, narrow channels controlled by a foreign power. Finding her expansion even into the Mediterranean blocked by England and Germany, into the Balkans by Austria, Russia turned her energy towards acquiring a broader basis in the Far East, making first Vladivostok, "the ruler of the Far East," her principal harbor in the Pacific. But Vladivostok too was ice-bound for many months in the year, and therefore Russian efforts concentrated on Port Arthur, an ice-free harbor in the Yellow Sea. Port Arthur was secure only when the branch line leading from the Siberian Railway down to the mighty fortress was secure in Russian hands. This meant Manchuria and incidentally the peninsula of Korea in Russian hands, coming close to the shores of the main Japanese islands.

A glance at the map shows convincingly that, had Russia consolidated her power in Korea and Manchuria, all hopes of the Empire of the Rising Sun for a predominant and independent rôle were doomed to disappointment. She therefore decided that Russia must be fought and pushed back, and made the decisive diplomatic maneuver of an alliance with Great Britain. The incidents of the Russo-Japanese war

in Manchuria are still fresh in our memories — the Portsmouth peace negotiations under the auspices of President Theodore Roosevelt, fulfilling only part of Japan's hope, giving her control over Korea, but leaving the fate of Manchuria internationally hazy. There never has been a doubt among the leading political brains in Japan that anything like relative security from further Russian aggression depended on rolling back much farther the possibility of Russian attacks on the Asiatic mainland. Choosing with mature judgment the opportune moment, Japan has by a few rapid strokes set up Manchuria and that part of Mongolia better known as Jehol, as a nominally independent state in which Japanese control is firmly entrenched.

This acquisition at the cost of nominal Chinese sovereignty has aroused violent opposition, particularly in the United States and from the League of Nations. The League opposition, however, is by no means as unanimous and as strong as it may seem to a casual observer. It is most unlikely that Great Britain, who sticks with great tenacity to the essential basis of her foreign policy, would really risk permanently injuring her precious relations with Japan for a question in which her practical interest is nil. In fact, closer analysis will reveal that none of the great powers represented in the League of Nations is really whole-heartedly in favor of the policy pursued at Geneva, but anyhow Japan could not avoid stirring up a good deal of international unrest and discontent, giving to the Japanese population the impression

that the whole outside world had combined for hemming in Japanese expansion.

For the time being, in the opinion of well-informed observers, the Soviet experiment in Russia would prevent the former Tsardom from any big adventure in the Far East, transport certainly being its weakest feature. A Far Eastern war, which would be in the main a transport war, might encounter insuperable difficulties and delay, if not imperil the whole Communist experiment. Therefore Japan will have time to overcome the enormous and acute difficulties which are created by a tenacious Chinese resistance in Manchuria and possibly Jehol, by the actively hostile spirit in the hundreds of millions of Chinese in China proper, by diplomatic resistance from Russia and America, both attempting to draw closer together, and by an unsatisfactory economic and financial situation in the Mikado's land. As was pre-War Germany, post-War Japan is threatened after two generations of masterful diplomacy and heroic fighting by a three-cornered coalition, hers between China and Soviet Russia, both potential gigantic land powers, and the United States, a strong sea power.

This feeling of being hemmed in and restrained by diplomatic opposition of potentially superior forces has led in the highly strung Japanese public opinion to a practical dictatorship of the military class and to excitement and unrest among the younger generation. Formation of secret societies, violence and murder of unpopular statesmen are symptoms only too familiar to the student

of the black days of post-War Germany.

THERE is no doubt that if we consider the practical achievements of the three late-comers in the world's history, German developments are by far the most tragic and unsatisfactory. Italy's future greatness is still undecided, Japan is the only one which has been able systematically to realize a vast programme of increasing her national security, although the carrying out of this programme has saddled her with threatening future problems and acute economic difficulties.

In all three countries the very fact that they are late-comers and that the acquisition of even a modest share of the good things of this world is made increasingly difficult for them by the combined resistance of those who possess good things already has led to a high tension of public opinion, particularly in the younger generation. It may be hard to restrain this tension should even dictatorial leadership prove unable to achieve national aspirations.

It seems to be a noble and fruitful goal for a statesmanship seeing world events from a lofty point of view and looking at the distant future, never to lose sight of the most important fact that there are newcomers in the domains of nations, too, and that a wise and discriminating policy of the strongest powers, particularly England and the United States, can mold the world so that the struggle of the newcomers for their place in the sun will not develop into a permanent peril to the happiness of the world and the future of our ancient civilizations.

The Penny-Divers

BY ALBERT HALPER

A Story

EVERY year, as soon as the first warm days of summer came, Adolph, the gardener, would be pestered by the children. They arrived in droves, running over the lawns of Union Park, and kept at his heels until, angered, the solid healthy Dutchman would turn from his horticulture to brandish vigorously his rake. Then they would scatter, laughing and screaming, but in a few minutes would be back again, like a batch of determined sparrows, and Adolph, grunting, would throw up his hands.

This happened every year. Day after day the children dogged Adolph's heels, asking him when the pond would be open for swimming, and time after time Adolph would answer that it wasn't up to him to say the word. He spoke a heavy, guttural English and when he grew excited his tanned face turned beet-red, as though his head had suddenly filled to the brim with blood, then he would shower German on all sides, bombarding the kids with his foreign talk.

The store-room of the gardeners' tools was in the basement of the park police station, and when the mass of kids grew too obnoxious

Adolph would scowl at the ground, would stand there thinking, then would say: "I guess I go to store-room for other rake and clippers. This tool I got in my hand iss no gude," and, picking up his implements, he would go toward the police station, trudging along, his thick hairy hands gripping the tools. The kids, standing in their tracks, would watch him going off. One or two of them would call out after Adolph, but all the others stood silent. None of them followed; all feared the big sprawling police station which sat in the middle of the fine garden, with trim gravel paths leading up to the front door.

After Adolph went into the building a police clerk wearing suspenders would come out on the front porch, would stare at the kids and then call them over. They would advance, cautiously and with lowered glances.

"Why don't you kids go home?" the clerk would say. "We can't open the pond for swimming until the twenty-fifth of June. You're wasting your time hanging around and bothering Adolph. Why don't you kids go home?"

The children, standing silent like little old men, wouldn't answer the

question. After staring at them, after scowling a bit, the clerk would go inside, allowing the screen door to bang. Then, in five or ten minutes, dispersing sluggishly, the kids would go slowly home. When the field was clear again, Adolph, his tools in his hands, would emerge from the basement, and once again you could hear the sharp clip, clip, clip, as he trimmed the hedges.

AT THAT time my father owned a small grocery on Lake Street, right across from the park, and I was ten years old. The neighborhood, once the scene of grandeur in the 'Nineties, was now a section of gloomy tenements, rooming houses, stables and factories, while a few blocks north, on Carrol Avenue, were the big breweries and flour mills.

The small park, about two blocks wide and three blocks long, was sprinkled with tarnished statues, the best known of which was the heroic figure of a helmeted policeman standing with palm upraised in a gesture of quelling authority, his glance hard up Randolph Street. This statue, the monument dedicated to the constabulary who fell in the ugly Haymarket riots of over forty years ago, was pressed into service by the children as a training camp for mountain climbing, it was so big and tall. Kids were always scaling the twenty-foot height to shade their brows like Indian scouts and report that all was going well along the Randolph Street car tracks.

The neighborhood swarmed with the poor. Everywhere you looked you saw kids, on Saturdays, scouring the alleys and the backs of foundries for old iron, milk bottles and copper

scraps which they sold to the numerous little junk shops along Lake Street. And a short block to the east, on Sheldon Street near the gas company, the Negroes were edging up, so that when summer came and the park was thrown open, the powerful Illinois sun beat down upon the bony shoulders of the blacks, as well as on the little pale bodies of the white kids. But the pond was big and though there were occasional race riots on the South Side, there was room enough for all here.

The opening of the lagoon for swimming purposes was something of an event among the juvenile population on the West Side. Around the twenty-third or the twenty-fourth of the month the children would be keyed to fever-pitch, because at that date the public schools were also closed, and these two great events, coinciding, were enough to bowl any kid over.

On the twenty-third of June the big, shallow lagoon was drained, with two or three hundred little kids standing around watching. After the water had disappeared down the huge sewer, the cement bottom of the pond, like an ugly deep-sea monster, showed its slimy, greenish back. The wide concrete floor of the lagoon was sprinkled with rocks and stones which we kids had been throwing in all fall and spring, and at the sudden sight of that slimy, messy surface the horde of children hesitated.

But the deep, booming voice of Adolph aroused them. He would stand there shouting: "You want to swim, hey, you want to cool off in the heat, hey? Well, get busy now!"

Then the kids fought for the

hoses, the big bristling brooms, and in a second the whole place hummed with activity. Adolph scattered pounds and pounds of scouring powder from a big can and we scrubbed the greenish slime away while scores of other kids bent their little backs and picked up the countless stones and rocks. All of us went barefoot; our ages ranged from five up to twelve years.

It took a full day to clean the bottom of the pond, sometimes two days. The lagoon was shaped like a dumb-bell, with a small sturdy bridge spanning the narrow bottleneck; but one part of the lagoon was larger than the other. Kids liked to swim and dive under the bridge because it was cool there.

After the place had been thoroughly scoured and the rocks and stones picked up, Adolph would turn on the water which shot up from an upright pipe to a tremendous height, like a gusher; and at the first spurt of the stream the whole crowd of kids started cheering.

But as it took ten hours for the lagoon to fill, there would be no swimming until the next day. Even so, kids were always running back to the park to see how high the water was, while off to one side, mopping his sunburnt face, stood Adolph, who had been relieved of his horticultural duties and was now in charge of the park's swimming department.

The next day, very early in the morning, Adolph, with the help of a few other gardeners, erected the two big shaky tents which were to serve as our dressing-rooms. These tents, used from season to season, were about twenty-five feet long and

fifteen feet wide, one tent for boys, the other for the girls. Wind and rain had long ago discolored them and as the city didn't appropriate any further funds, the tops of them were covered with patches. Inside were wooden benches, and in this small place were sometimes huddled, changing clothes, a couple of hundred kids, stepping on each other, bending, squirming and shifting about.

It was messy inside. We would slip and slide on old pieces of wet newspaper, on soaked tights, and if the day was cloudy it would be quite dark inside. From the other tent, which was about five yards away and also staked to the ground, came the giggles and chatter of the girls. Sometimes we talked from tent to tent, shouting; and if a tough kid were in our tent he would threaten to come over and push the girls' tent-flap back, to get a look at them undressing, and this was always good for five solid minutes of screaming, until Adolph, a stick in his hand, would appear on the scene.

There were no life-guards. Adolph, in old clothes and his heavy gardener's boots, strode around the edge of the pond keeping things in order.

During the first week or so, all of us had bad cases of sunburn. We wore fifteen-cent, short cotton tights and after our skin had peeled, our backs grew brown, also our faces, and we started to appear healthy. There was no sand, so we lay with our backs against the hard, hot cement, while the shouts and tiny screams of the hundreds in the water floated up toward the blazing sun.

Of course, there were many miles of public sandy beaches in the city,

but those stretches were only along the South and North Sides of the city, and kids who lived on the West Side were up against it — unless they had the price of the trolley fare to reach the beaches.

Besides, kids who were expert divers could sometimes return home after a hard afternoon's work with a pants' pocket heavy with pennies.

WHO started this penny-diving business, I do not recall. I remember that one Saturday, late in the afternoon, I was in the water underneath the stone bridge where it was cool, when I saw a sudden scramble just a short distance away. Some one standing on the bridge above had let fall a penny and in a flash the kids nearby had dived for it. There was a great thrashing of water, a tangle of arms, of feet, then one kid came up sputtering, holding in his fist a shiny copper coin.

That started it. I didn't see the first man who had thrown down the penny, but in a little while, after the kids had stared up squinting in the sun, their little cupped hands uplifted in begging gestures, a few more coins began striking the water. This brought a great press of kids up, who fought, scratched and kicked to get at the money.

A little later, more grown-ups gathered on the bridge over our heads and I remember one tall stout woman wearing a big floppy white summer hat dropping down a nickel. This almost caused a riot.

The next day, late in the afternoon at about five o'clock when a few men and women had gathered on the bridge to watch the swarm in the water, a few small boys could be seen

diving, ducking and showing-off directly underneath the people standing on the bridge. The grown-ups began to stare down, watching the exhibition.

Then one of the kids, glancing up, put his hands to his mouth and shouted: "Say, mister, throw us a cent and we'll dive for it, huh?"

Pretty soon a man tossed a penny down, there was a scramble for it and as the kids came up puffing and blowing, the man tossed another cent into the water.

From then on there grew up, among the stronger kids, a group of penny-divers. At first there was kicking, scratching and dirty work done beneath the water's surface, but after a while things straightened out until the business took on some sort of order. A vague code of ethics grew up. For instance, no kid was allowed to stick his finger into another diver's nostrils or ears while under water. Shoving and kicking were allowed, but no scratching, no gouging.

In a few weeks penny-diving got to be a science. In all parts of the lagoon you could see little kids practising how to dive. Sometimes they worked in pairs, the future divers; one of them would tell his pal to count up to fifty while he himself remained under water; and if he could stay below for the allotted length of time, he felt himself qualified to go forth to the fray. Of course, if his pal lied, or counted very, very slowly, this complicated matters.

The most lucrative afternoon of all was on Saturday. On that day most people got off from work early and as the neighborhood was dotted with rooming-houses many men and

women used to stroll through the park or sit on the benches. Also, Saturday was generally pay-day, with a week-end spirit in the air.

As soon as three or four o'clock came around, a select group of divers would put on an exhibition near the bridge, standing on their hands under the water, wiggling their toes, showing off. When the grown-ups gathered to watch, one kid, as a final number, would clamber upon another fellow's shoulders, would pose there a while, then would dive in with a great whacking splash, on purpose. We always put on a show beforehand; already we had learned how to be shrewd salesmen of our wares.

And when the right moment arrived, after the big splash of the high-diver, one of us would squint up and prod some man on the bridge to toss a penny into the water. We searched, and if we found a man standing with a young woman, we asked him first.

"Come on, be a sport, what's a penny, mister?" we would shout up at him, and the man, ashamed to be thought a piker by his girl, would toss down the first coin. After that, the rest was easy. A steady trickle of pennies would be tossed down until the sun rolled over the town, until we stood there in the chill of early dusk, shivering in the water, our lips blue, our cheeks bulging with the pennies we had retrieved.

When the people on the bridge would go off for supper, leaving the bridge deserted, we would sit shivering on the bank, counting up our earnings. Sometimes one of us went home with as much as thirty cents. We would go back to the tent, change

clothes and all the way out of the park we could be seen spitting to the ground, to get the bitter taste of the copper pennies from our mouths.

Now when I remember it, very few of us could swim more than twenty or thirty feet, but all of us could dive. We could do a stroke called the dog-paddle, but it was tiring and we had no time or inclination to master easier strokes. But we could dive like fiends and could stay under water a long, long time. We learned the trick of following a man's eyes up on the bridge, of watching how he held his arm, and as soon as the coin left his hand we were hot after it. The first one on the spot usually got it, so all of us concentrated on speed. And as soon as the first diver went under for the cent, he set up a mighty thrashing with his feet, so that the splashing torrent would blind and confuse his fellows.

Toward the end of July business had picked up to such an extent that there were too many kids diving, and this caused the return of the previously outlawed tricks, such as gouging and scratching under water. Many fights broke out and once or twice, when a certain kid was going through the park in the falling dusk with his hard-earned coppers in his pockets, he was set upon by two or three disgruntled divers turned highwaymen and held down to the ground until robbed. This caused the merger of two or three cliques of divers, and after that there were no more hold-ups; each clique left in a body after dressing in the tent.

Then one day the best diver of us all, Eddie Ryan, sneezed under

water with his mouth full of money, and as he stood gasping and sputtering for breath, he coughed out all his pennies. All of us dived for his coppers on the instant and there was a great thrashing around the spot for fifteen minutes. Eddie shouted and threatened, but there were too many of us; finally he appealed to our sportsmanship, but we jeered at him. He was a wiry, Irish kid, growing fast, and had a head of jet black hair as coarse as a horse's mane. For a while he stood frowning at the water, then seemed to have made up his mind about something.

At the next toss of a coin he was first on the spot and picked it from the bottom of the pond neatly. Then he shouted toward the edge of the water where his five-year-old brother was wading.

"Here, you!" he yelled and his little brother Danny looked up. Danny also had the same jet black, coarse hair and started wading toward deeper water to his brother, but Eddie waved him back, advancing himself. When they met in one foot of water Eddie handed his brother the penny and said: "From now on you're my banker, see? You stand here where it isn't deep and I'll give you the money to keep for me. You hold onto it tight, see? Afterwards — well, maybe I'll give you a penny for being my banker, see?"

Little Danny, who was crazy about his older brother, nodded his head quickly and smiled; you could see he had a tooth missing up in front.

So that started the banking system. After that, every diver who had a younger brother followed Eddie

Ryan's example. I myself did the same; I told my kid brother to stand in shallow water near the bridge while I dived, and when I had retrieved a coin we would meet halfway and he'd take it from me. With our cheeks freed from the coppers we could dive better; we could hold our breaths longer under water without the fear of having our pennies pop out from our mouths as we rose gasping for air.

Those divers who had no brothers were up against it; they had to hire a kid to "bank" for them, and sometimes a "banker" absconded. And the rates for these outside bankers were frequently higher than brothers; no kid would bank for you unless you promised him a fair percentage, something like ten per cent. So if you earned twenty pennies, you had to hand over two coppers. If you had a brother all you had to give him was a cent; that was plenty. And if he'd grumble or holler, you could shout at him: "Well, you're holding all the money, I'm letting you keep track of it, ain't I?" and this brought silence and accord.

Well, things were going pretty well in our new profession and a finer code of ethics was now visible among the boys. The pond was drained out every Monday morning, because by that time the water was cloudy and dirty and dangerous slime had begun to gather on the bottom, making accurate diving rather difficult. We helped Adolph scrub the cement surface and after the fresh flow of cold water had run in, it was exhilarating to dive about and we could see our grasping, searching fingers against the bottom under water. All of us learned to swim

under water with our eyes wide open.

In the middle of the week, though, business was bad. It was so bad that after a while Eddie Ryan got his brother Danny to stand on the edge and sing, in his high quavering falsetto, a dreary Irish song. I have forgotten the name of it, but it was a very dismal-sounding number. Anyway, after Danny was through singing, all of us penny-divers in the water would instantly burst into furious applause at the finish and be ready for donations to hit the water. But even so, business in the middle of the week was pretty slow.

Then one late afternoon there appeared on the scene a tall fat man with a canary-colored derby. He wore a checked race-track suit of a fancy cut and also twirled a cane. Above his upper lip was a neat black mustache and now when I recall him I think of the heavy-handed type of villain who took all the rascally parts in the old-time twenty-five-cent melodramas which ran in the big, drafty Imperial Theater on Western Avenue and Madison Street before the house changed to a burlesque show. But this fellow, this big fat newcomer with the two-bit mustache, was our hero; it was he who tossed out nickels and, sometimes, dimes!

He was a great hit with us right from the start. And after his first appearance, as soon as we saw him coming up the path toward the bridge, we started cheering his arrival, which he acknowledged with a deft twirl of his slender cane. Then Eddie Ryan would motion to his little brother Danny who was standing in shallow water near the shore

and immediately Danny, lifting up his quavery warble, would announce the newcomer with that dreary serenade of his. The big fat man, hearing all this fuss and bother at his appearance, would laugh heartily and inaugurate his arrival with the tossing of a dime. Folks on the bridge made way for him right then and there. He always timed himself so that he came upon the scene just as the last rays of the setting sun were slanting across the water and I believe he was somewhat vain and attempted to be theatrical. At any rate, his appearance signalled big money and was the final spurt of the day; and though we were tired out by the time he came, our bodies suddenly revived and when we dived after his coins we kicked out harder than ever. When he left the bridge, the other grown-ups followed. Who he was I never found out, but I suspect he was some petty gambler living in a rooming-house over on Monroe Street.

Toward the end of the summer we had become such good divers that several kids began working in pairs, because the competition was getting too keen. They used coöperative football tactics; one fellow near a dropped coin would dive for it, while his partner would try to block off the others. This partnership eliminated a banker, as the partners gave all their pennies to but one kid now, and so the overhead was cut down. Following this, owing to a surplus of "released" bankers, the fee of all banking came down, because there were always stray kids hanging around who would bank for you for a penny less. This in turn brought the prices of kids who banked for their

older brothers practically down to zero, but, owing to the thrill of holding so many pennies in their fists, the kid brothers, to discourage competition, agreed to bank for nothing. So everybody was satisfied all around.

ONE Saturday afternoon late in August when the sun was going down, a newcomer appeared on the scene among the divers — a girl!

Slim, athletic-looking and about twelve years old, we immediately sensed that she presented a problem. And at the first tossing of a coin, our worst fears were realized — the girl dived and swam under water like an eel, and there was something determined about her small firm jaw. She had retrieved the first coin instantly, snatching it a split second before Eddie Ryan had had a chance to touch it.

The performance stunned us. Up on the bridge the men in the crowd burst into applause. The girl, quiet and modest, acknowledged with a curt nod of her blond cropped head. She stood there waiting. In a little while there was a quick sprinkling of coins, all tossed near the girl who dived so fast after them that it made us dizzy to watch her.

Finally Eddie Ryan called a few of us aside, we held a conference and at the next toss of a coin Eddie and I grabbed at the girl's legs while another kid sat on her under water. Immediately the crowd upon the bridge clamored for fair play; the men up there threatened not to toss another penny down if we did any more of that dirty work. The girl rose from the water, angry and sputtering, but as a dime struck the

water near her she dived and got it and so was appeased right away.

Off to one side, in shallow water, keeping his balance with difficulty on the slimy bottom, little Danny Ryan began calling the girl dirty names. He was a very patriotic little brother and couldn't bear to see a better diver than Eddie on the scene. He pointed his finger at the girl and made fun of her; and at that moment we saw her for the first time critically, taking note of her. She didn't wear a bathing suit but had on a long, dirty suit of winter underwear which clung tightly to her body. When Danny made fun of her bathing suit she started to get red in the face; she went into deeper water, up to her armpits then.

But up on the bridge the men in the crowd kept tossing their coins her way. At first she stuck the coppers in her mouth, but after an attempt at underwater gouging, she hired a banker on the shore who waded toward her and took the coins; she counted them over carefully first.

From then on, the lagoon under the bridge was bedlam. We kicked, we thrashed, we coöperated, and yet the girl amassed the largest amount of money.

And later on, when the sun was going down, our hero, the fat man with the canary-colored derby and loud, race-track suit, came into sight, swinging his cane, chuckling deep down in that fleshy neck of his as he pushed his way forward until he was leaning over the rail. As soon as he came up, the men on the bridge told him about the newcomer, the girl diver, and the first coin the fat fellow tossed spun right at the girl's

feet; she dived for it in a flash and came up with it, a dime!

Little Danny Ryan, in one foot of water, was so worked up that he started hopping up and down and called out to his brother Eddie to punch the girl in the nose. The crowd on the bridge, in a good-natured Saturday afternoon mood, howled.

For the next fifteen minutes a record bunch of pennies hit the water. The pond was clouded and dirty as usual, it being Saturday, and we had to stay under water very long, using every ounce of skill to find the coppers. We came up winded and blowing, heaving, drawing our tights higher. For a while the girl stood off to one side, resting, and we thought everything would be fine after that, when suddenly the coins stopped falling; the men, anxious to see keen competition, were waiting for the girl to dive again; they held their pennies until she got her wind, then started tossing the coins near her.

On the shore, seeing this happen, little Danny Ryan again rose up in wrath; he shrilled out invectives at the girl; he stood there in water reaching his knees and finally threatened to come out himself and punch the girl in the nose. Everybody laughed, even Eddie, there was something so comical about Danny when he got sore.

By this time the last of the sunlight was dying and the big fat man in the canary-colored derby was about ready to leave. He stood there chewing vaguely on his underlip, a little tired of the sport now, and stared at the young girl in the water whose long winter suit of underwear

stuck to her as slick as a sausage skin. I saw him shake his head to himself, as if a fly was buzzing near him. Finally, as a grand farewell gesture, he announced that as his last toss he would fling out twenty cents, two nickels and ten pennies, all at once!

When we heard that, all the divers started dancing in the water, watching his eyes, his arm, keeping close to the girl. The big fellow laughed booming. He made a few false movements of his hand, signaled to the girl to edge off a bit from the others, feinted again, then was about ready to throw when Danny set up a shrill monkey chatter near the shore. The kid was so worked up that his face was red, and he shook his fist at the fat man on the bridge.

"I won't sing for you any more, you big fat mister!" he hollered. "You see if I do! My brother Eddie is the best diver. I'll punch that girl in the nose too, just watch me!"

And in the sudden burst of laughter that followed, the big fellow flung wide his coins. Immediately there was a terrific scramble, a great writhing, a squirming of little bodies, a tremendous splashing and powerful kicking of feet. We dived again and again and, because there was no time now to give our bankers the coins we picked up, we stuck the money into our mouths right away and dived some more.

In ten minutes, just as dusk was falling, we had accounted for all the twenty cents flung out. A few of us had long scratches up and down our backs and sides, where the toe-nails of feet had furrowed us. Seeing that we had retrieved all, the fat man left and the other grown-ups on the

bridge soon followed, while the penny divers called their bankers over for an accounting. The girl, drawing her banker out of sight, disappeared.

SUDDENLY the lagoon near the bridge went quiet. Eddie Ryan was calling for his brother. He stood there in shallow water looking for Danny, and called and called for him; and little by little we could see a look of terror creeping into his face.

It was getting dim and the pond was empty; the air, now that the sun had gone down, was chilly and we stood about shivering, our knees and jaws knocking together. Eddie went over to my kid brother.

"Did you see Danny?" he said.

My brother, who had been busy banking for me, shook his head.

Then Eddie started calling again, not staring at the water. We helped him look along the gravel paths, in the bushes, but we couldn't find him. Finally Eddie came back again to the pond. The early evening wind was stirring the water, sending little ripples toward the shore.

Suddenly, taking long strides and sobbing, he plunged in, thrashing his arms around in the water, feeling about. He began to scream. The rest of us stood rooted to the spot, then waded out to help him. We looked for ten minutes, then some one ran off in search of Adolph.

In a little while the gardener came up puffing, rolling his sleeves back, with a rake under his arm. He plunged into the water, not bothering to take his boots off and asked where Danny had been standing. We pointed.

Then he raked the water. In the fading light he looked like a mad-

man. At last something caught on his rake and he squatted down in the water, clothes and all. He brought up Danny right away, waded toward the bank and started running to the police station.

In five minutes the pulmotor squad from the gas company on Sheldon Street arrived and while Danny lay stretched out on the garden lawn we formed a semi-circle, still shivering and half-naked, and watched. Eddie's face was a pitiful thing to see; he kept gnashing his teeth and shaking his head like an overheated dog worrying a stick of wood.

The squad worked over the body for almost an hour. Once I thought I saw Danny's legs jerk, but it had merely been one of the men shifting the apparatus over Danny's head.

In the end some one ran for Danny's uncle — the kids were fatherless — and Mr. Ryan came, a tall, powerfully built man with a soft and tawny beard. He was a strange silent fellow and was much talked about in the neighborhood, because it was said he was studying some Eastern religion, and this was odd, because he was a plumber with a shop on Fulton Street. He stood on the outskirts, his eyes screwed up in pain, while one of his hands kept tugging gently at the tip of his beard.

After almost a full hour, just as the park lamps lit up the early darkness, the squad rose, defeated. Mr. Ryan, coming forward and claiming the boy as his nephew, lifted up the body and without saying a word carried Danny home. Eddie, whimpering like a cur, shivering, still half-naked in his tights, trailed his uncle with dragging steps.

By this time a great crowd had collected and though people followed Mr. Ryan as he walked, they kept decently behind, asking us questions in low, hushed voices. Mr. Ryan reached Lake Street just as an express train roared by above us on the Elevated; he crossed the trolley tracks and walked up the side street

going toward his home, still holding the limp, half-naked body of his drowned nephew in his arms.

And that was the last of the penny-diving. The next day a policeman was detailed at the bridge and no more coins were allowed to be tossed down at us. Soon after we all went back to school.

Prologue

BY FRANCES FROST

THOUGH I contrived a strength against the spring,
These tight buds break as they were grown upon
My heart's dry thicket, forcing it to green,
Which had forsworn all eager blossoming.

Though I walked tight-lipped into March, this harsh
Bright crying of hidden frogs assails the dusk,
Lifting from melted meadows, as if it came
Fiercely out of my heart's deserted marsh.

If I am altered by the acrid, wet,
Chill scent of woods whose hollows hold the first
Hepaticas, and by the bitter throat
Of the slow hawk whose stretched dark wings are set

Upon my heart's horizon, if this new
Hesitant tenderness of grass might be
Grown on my heart's scarred acre, and with thirst
I turn again toward love, as leaves toward rain,
Be sure that I give no consent thereto.

For Honest Capitalism

BY P. W. WILSON

What does the common man reasonably expect of the capitalist system?

THE dramatic inauguration of President Roosevelt and the amazing activity of the new Administration at Washington have shown that in one country, at any rate, the people have had enough of depression and mean to bring it to an end. Few anywhere in the civilized world have escaped a loss of property. For many millions, the loss involves privation. Other millions are reduced to calamitous unemployment. The financial structure itself is shaken. In Great Britain, sterling has been driven off the gold standard. Despite her gold reserve, the United States has had to face a moratorium, brief but historic, applied to every bank in the country.

Experts and economists say their say. There is a voluminous output of speeches, reports, books and statistics, dealing with credit, currency and other financial mysteries. But it is no expert, no economist who will pronounce the final verdict on the supreme issue that has arisen. The arbiter is Everyman. However important may be the Wall Streets, there are not many of them. But Main Street is universal.

The perennial question is how the

needs of the race are to be satisfied, and in his demands on society, no one can allege that Everyman has been exacting. He does not yearn for yachts. He does not plead for palaces. His luxuries are vicarious and he enjoys them at the movie. Never in history has Everyman demanded of the community what the community has a right to refuse. What was it that stilled the clamors of the mob in Rome? Merely *panem* — that is, bread — and *circenses* — or an occasional Lord Mayor's Show. In the English-speaking world, Everyman is still reasonable. He respects authority. In the United States, he votes Democratic or Republican, not Communist. In Great Britain, he supports a National Government.

What is Everyman's idea of economics? He wishes to work for a living. He asks why he was born into the world at all and educated at the public expense if there is to be no work for him to do. In return for his work, he considers that he is entitled to a living wage. It is his instinct — and he is told that it is his duty — to put by money for a rainy day. If then he is thus thrifty, he can

not see why there should not be some place where money, so saved, will still belong to him. For the use of his savings by others, he thinks it only fair that he should be paid at a reasonable rate of interest. In any country where these elementary equities are guaranteed in substance by law and custom there can not be so much as a thought of social revolution.

If, then, Everyman is now asking some serious questions, it is because his equities have been infringed. It is not alone that certain speculators on the Stock Exchange have taken a chance and lost. Nor is it only that certain supermagnates — Kreuger and Lowenstein, Hatry and Insull — have vanished from the scene. Multitudes of people who never speculated, who never were supermagnates, have been penalized, as they think, through no fault of their own. We have learned that among banks, the weakness of the weak affects the strength of the strong. So it is with countries. If institutions are anywhere insecure, there is, to that extent, a lesser security for all mankind. The unrest in Europe is obvious. In Germany and Japan it is expressed in ultra-patriotism. The United States herself is deeply stirred.

Everyman is no theorist. But he has been brought to realize that the well-being of society, himself included, depends on the interchange of values, expressed in commodities and services. This interchange has been developed hitherto according to a system of economics known popularly as capitalism. But capitalism is no longer alone in the field. The Communist has arrived, and he

declares that the essential interchange can only be unimpeded if the means of production and distribution are owned and controlled by one authority, namely, the State. He points persistently to the depression as a proof that he is right.

There has always been, especially in the United States, a deep distrust of the Russian experiment. Even in the material plane, its success is disputable, and whatever success there may be, is due to industrial leadership imported from countries where such leadership is developed by private enterprise. The various "plans" have been accompanied by a truly catastrophic sacrifice of cultural and spiritual liberty. Hence the determination outside Russia to solve the industrial problem without surrendering to a disastrous pilgrimage along the *via dolorosa* that leads to the new Golgotha in Moscow.

YET, even in the United States, there has been evidence that we need to be sure of first principles. In the cult of Technocracy, a student, conscious of perspective, finds little new save the name. The entire Nineteenth Century resounded with the complaint that machinery reduces the demand for labor. The experience of that century has discredited the fallacy. But the violence of the Technocratic vogue has been none the less significant — and in essence, the evangel is Communist. Emphasizing the marvels of mass-production, the Technocrat insists that such abundance of supply can only be adjusted to demand if industry as a whole is consolidated under a centralized and expert management which would be, as in

Russia, no less an authority than the State itself. Like the Communist, the Technocrat abolishes money as we know it and substitutes a new token expressing his conception of energy.

The reply of capital to the Communist and the Technocrat is two-fold. The capitalist believes that man should consume more goods and produce them with less labor.

If consumption were what it ought to be, we could not produce too much. To this day, the world as a whole is mainly illiterate. It is deficient in most of the amenities of existence which we have come to regard as necessities. Certain nations are favored. Certain families within those nations are especially favored. But there is no limit to the opportunity of uplifting the standard of life for mankind which is afforded by the application of science to production and means of distribution. It is only because this great and beneficent task has been interrupted that unemployment is exceptional.

Commerce is thus the essential function of the capitalist system, and by commerce there is meant much more than a mere continuity of routine. Trade is not static. It ought to be an ever more complete satisfaction of cumulative wants. To the epidemic of idleness, such trade is the only antidote.

As long as commerce is frustrated, we can not be wholly at ease over the future of the capitalist system, and it is the comprehensive objective of the World Economic Conference to liberate the merchant from his manacles. Nations, subconsciously nervous over the sudden breezes of economic internationalism that

sweep across all frontiers, have raised tariffs and other barriers in what is proving to be a hopeless self-protection. Along such frontiers, the embargo on trade must be lifted.

Larger consumption is accompanied by a relief from exhausting toil. For a long time, we have seen a steady shortening of the working year, the working week and the working day. It is a transition that suggests no reason for pessimism. Man is achieving a long delayed mastery over his time and the leisured classes are broadening into leisured masses. For the moment, man hardly knows how worthily to enjoy his new heritage. He depends for his entertainment and recreation on the automobile, the radio, the movie, the enlarged press and other industries which minister, directly or indirectly, to recreation. But in due course, the art of leisure will be acquired. To the higher activities of the mind an age of machinery offers an avenue of approach.

If these two principles — namely, an increasing consumption and a diminishing labor of production — are clearly understood, unemployment is reduced to a growing pain, inevitable to a developing civilization. At any given moment, there must be a certain displacement of labor by the adoption of new machinery, the changing requirements of the people and other inevitable fluctuations of world-wide commerce. Any erratic disturbance like war, revolution or some great natural disaster like an earthquake, has its repercussion on markets.

Marginal unemployment, like marginal ill-health, is thus a phenomenon which capitalism must deal

with. Its direct effect on homes is often tragic. Its indirect effect is a broad shadow of fear over homes where employment may be, in fact, quite regular. The aim of capitalism should be, then, to reduce unemployment to a minimum, yet not to ignore the minimum that is irreducible.

Great Britain treats this grave calamity to the home as an insurable risk like fire, accident, sickness and death. Her great system of national insurance to which employer, employed and the State contribute in approximately equal amounts would be solvent today — and, indeed, would show a surplus — if it were not for the wholly exceptional magnitude and duration of the economic emergency.

The United States pursues a policy that Great Britain would describe as *laissez-faire*. There is a tendency to depend on grants of public money as relief and on charitable funds which, however large, imply no permanent obligation, and for this caution there are strong reasons. An insurance scheme in the United States, if Federal and compulsory, would require, apparently, a constitutional amendment. In any event, the scheme would be colossal in its ramifications.

LET us make no mistake over what *laissez-faire* involves. If there is to be no "dole" for Everyman, if he has to depend entirely upon savings laid by for a rainy day, those savings ought to be made trebly secure, and this security depends on four factors — personal insurance, banks, currency and investments.

In 1907, the insurance societies were much criticized for indulging in speculative activities and were brought onto their present conservative basis. It is today the turn of the banks, nor is there any reason why reforms, now in progress, should not be as effective in their permanent results.

In Great Britain, there has been a consolidation of small banks into big banks, with branches. The entire strength of the financial system is thus available at any point of danger. During the whole period of the War and reconstruction, there has been no panic and no serious failure of a bank. The problem in the United States, covering a much wider extent of territory, is to arrange for this concentration of available resources at the strategic point of difficulty, while retaining as far as possible the cherished identity of the individual banking activity. For Everyman, there is one essential, and only one, that matters. He demands of his bank that deposits be safe, and he has a right to expect from the country that no bank shall be permitted to invite deposits unless it is known to be fulfilling this condition.

The banker is captain of a ship. His vessel may be registered "A1" at Lloyd's. But, through no fault of his own, he may run into a typhoon that also strikes all the shipping within his latitude and longitude. Against brain-storms in the mass-mind of the community, whatever be the occasion, capitalism must provide emergency measures that can be immediately put into force in case of necessity.

In Great Britain, there was such

a safety valve and, before the War, it never failed to relieve the situation. The Government "suspended the Bank Act." The magic phrase meant, first, that bank-notes might be printed in excess of the usual limit, and secondly that they were not redeemable, at the moment, in gold. Currency was thus available but gold was conserved, and afterwards the position reverted to normal.

In essentials, the method was applied by President Roosevelt. Looking to the future, with its vista of a banking machinery ever growing in stupendous range and complexity, it may be suggested that there ought to be two recognized safeguards worked out in advance—first, an abundant supply of printed currency, excessive of the usual limits and held apart in a strictly separate reserve. Such reserve currency would obviate the inconvenience of those sudden demands on the printing press which upset England in August, 1914, and complicated the recent crisis in the United States. Secondly, there should be vested in the President an authority to meet the imperative requirements of a panic by making use of this reserve. The depositor will thus know, once for all, that at any time, panic or no panic, he can draw out what is, after all, his own money, have a look at it and put it back again.

At present, all our talk is of the depositor's confidence in his bank. There should also be the bank's confidence in the depositor. Whatever else is to be learned from the recent crisis, one thing is evident. A run on banks arises out of no desire for inflation. On the contrary,

if ever there were a drastic form of deflation, it is hoarding. Unless precedents are misleading, the use of an emergency reserve, if wisely controlled, need only be and would only be temporary.

Everyman does not pretend to understand the bearings of the discussion over a managed currency, bimetallism, what is and what is not inflation, and other aspects of an interminable problem. What Everyman asks is simple. It is that his money shall buy commodities at a fair, if variable, market price. If capitalism can not provide such money for daily use, it has ceased to be a workable economic system.

It is a fact of serious importance that, during and since the War, currency should have collapsed throughout most countries of continental Europe, and that sterling itself should have fallen by nearly a third of its value. It is no comfort to Everyman to be told, let us say, that Germany, by obliterating the mark, rid herself of financial obligations. Most of these obligations were Everyman's assets. Nor is there any satisfaction in the specious argument that depreciated currencies fortify tariffs and promote exports. If a rivalry in depreciation of currency is to be added to the economic warfare waged at the custom house, can we be surprised if the capitalist system, thus despoiled of its principles, is brought into disrepute? Tampering with currencies may assist the few for a time. In due course, it is always found to be a disaster to the many. Everyman rightly regards such money, not as a means of stimulating trade, but as the accepted token whereby trade is

conducted and property is expressed in terms of value. In Great Britain, the fall in sterling may have been unavoidable. But it has been of no real assistance to the nation in its struggle for recovery. Despite all the combing of the registers, there is more unemployment than there was when the Labor Government went out of office.

EVERYMAN is increasingly aware that money is invested. It is not only the insurance and banking corporations who thus buy, hold and sell securities, at home and abroad. In his modest way, the individual learned during the War to put his savings — and even borrowed money itself — into Liberty Bonds. It is a lesson that he has applied to the stock market as a whole. In an ever larger measure, big business is financed, directly or indirectly, by small men.

No capitalist system is complete that omits to furnish — possibly for the first time — a clear code of rules for the management of capital itself. The necessity for such a code is sufficiently demonstrated by the incalculable loss of such property, public and private, throughout the entire civilized and uncivilized world. The accumulated wealth of generations has been swept, as by a hurricane, into the discard.

It would be a mistake to attribute this devastation to the wickedness of financiers. They can not escape from the environment that surrounds the society of which they are a part. The War was not of their making. Nor are they to be blamed for the economic nationalism which by raising tariffs has brought com-

merce almost to a standstill. But the time has come for recognizing that certain basic principles must be accepted as the condition of credit, and the United States, as an actual and prospective lender, is in a position to define what those principles shall be.

First, we have the inescapable fact that all human affairs are subject to change. No security, therefore, can ever be other than terminable in its value. The period of its existence may be long or short. But it is a period only.

The Jews ended all debts on the year of Jubilee. It was a cruel arrangement. But it embodied an axiom of wisdom. For all capital there should be a sinking fund or its equivalent.

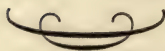
It is not wrong for nations and cities to borrow money for immediate purposes, the cost of which can not be met by revenue. It is wrong for such liabilities to be incurred without provision, not only for interest, but amortization. It is not wrong for wealthy nations to lend money to poorer nations. It is wrong to lend that money — and to borrow it — without a clear guarantee that each loan, so contracted, will be spent honestly on the enterprises to be developed, and, year by year, duly liquidated. The trouble over railway capital, both in the United States and in Great Britain — with drastic reconstructions of many companies in the latter country — would have been avoided if, years ago, there had been a clearer conception of sinking funds. After all, we can not escape from them. If we refuse to write down our assets, they look us impudently in the eye and write down themselves.

Finally, Everyman has to realize that, in the long run, neither he nor anybody else can get anything for nothing. He may gamble on the stock exchange to his heart's content, but the mathematics of probability are inexorable. If, let us say, gilt-edged securities pay four per cent, that is the maximum interest that can be received without risk of losing on the principal.

In purely supposititious figures, it works out thus: Let us suppose that Government securities and the prior bonds of private enterprises yield a return of four per cent. Let us also suppose that common stocks on which surpluses of profit are distributed and other speculative securities yield six per cent or more. The additional two per cent or more is not to be regarded truly as "income." On the average, it is insurance against depreciation of capital. If this arithmetic were more clearly understood, there would be fewer tears shed over financial "losses."

Gilbert Chesterton has said that

Christianity has not failed; it has never been tried. Of capitalism, in the larger and more human meaning of the term, that is also profoundly true. If we wish for a proof that the system is sound in its fundamentals, we have it in the fact that it has survived the terrific shocks of the last twenty years. A collapse of capitalism would leave civilization in chaos, and in certain regions, doubtless, communism would be substituted. But, inevitably, a shattered world would return, however painfully and however slowly, to the elemental desire of man to dwell under his own vine and his own fig-tree. We need be under no illusion as to the lesson — the ancient lesson — that has to be learned afresh from our present experience. It is not enough to say to ourselves that honesty is the best policy. In a financial structure which is built of credit and founded on confidence, honesty is the only policy. A dishonest man is more dangerous than any anarchist.



The Prohibition Cycle

BY JOHN HOLLEY CLARK, JR.

*Wets, now rejoicing, may have another conquest by Cannons
on their hands when the next depression comes along*

EVER since Dutch William came to the English throne in 1688 and started to encourage the distilling of Holland gin to turn an honest penny in taxes for his new kingdom, liquor has been inextricably mixed with Government finances, and liquor policies have been invariably affected by recurrent financial stringencies. Liquor taxes have paid for most wars both of England and America. Locally they have paid for the police supposed to suppress liquor, for education in the evils of alcohol, and for many other things. When times have been hard John Barleycorn has been a valiant standby. He has also been a convenient scapegoat. If depression coincided with license, license was the cause of depression and Prohibition was the cure for both. If depression coincided with Prohibition or shortly followed it, Prohibition was the cause of depression and license was the cure. Like chickens, nations, States and dominions have crossed the road on the liquor question whenever a depression has occurred.

Now we are about to exemplify this by flying from Prohibition because it coincided with a depression.

How far we will go no one knows. Perhaps to four per cent beer. Perhaps to beer saloons. Perhaps to Government sale of whiskey *à la* Canada and Russia. Perhaps to sale of whiskey by non-profit making monopolies *à la* Norway and Sweden. Perhaps to free sale of whiskey *à la* the Raines Law of New York. But cross the road we must. And it will perhaps be interesting, while we are taking off, to look back at the other processions, to and from Prohibition, and form some conclusions as to how far we want to go and how far we are apt to go, willy-nilly when we once start off.

Frankly, history would indicate that once a country starts off it is apt to end up, sometimes after years, on the opposite side of liquor regulation or lack of it. If the depression catches the country under Prohibition, or after it has just tried it, prosperity is apt to find the country under license. If a depression catches it under license, prosperity is apt to find it marching merrily toward Prohibition, though not often destined to get there.

To go back to Dutch William, we find in his case the kernel of all the

trouble since. He was hard up, what with wars, invasions and what not. So hard up in fact that he started the British national debt by borrowing a million pounds from London bankers. But he needed more money still and looked around for sources of revenue. The Dutch drank gin without marked evil results to the people and with very good results to the national treasury. In England distilling was practically unknown. Only the wealthy could afford hard liquor. The common people drank great quantities of beer and ale but almost no spirits. England had the best sort of Prohibition, based on lack of appetite for hard liquors. But there was a depression and William started to change all that. The distilling of cheap gin was encouraged, with the astonishing result that consumption jumped from 540,000 gallons in 1690 to 6,440,000 gallons in 1736. The common people in London were generally drunk and disorderly. They could get "drunk for a penny" or "dead drunk for twopence," as the signs frankly advertised. And they did. Depression had brought liquor in appalling quantities. The reaction, in 1736, brought the world's first Prohibition law, which was repealed for non-enforcement in 1743. But the underlying fact is that because of the desire of the English Government in hard times to turn a penny in taxes by encouraging the distillation of hard liquor the English were converted from a sober beer-drinking nation into the great consumers of gin and whiskey they have been ever since.

England crossed boldly from temperance to drunkenness in the generation that followed the hard times

at the end of the Seventeenth Century. It started back toward Prohibition in 1736 and has headed that way frequently since, but except in 1736 has never got farther than the gutter on the Wet side of the street.

WHEN we come to our own country we find that our early forefathers were devoted to hard liquor. Beer was practically unknown in Colonial days and wine was too expensive for common use. Everybody in New England drank rum. In the South they drank rum and fruit brandies. As civilization moved westward whiskey grew up and became the national toddy. Men, women, children, ministers, teachers and business men were steady and serious drinkers of hard liquors. Ministers had rum in their pulpits to refresh them during the sermons. Business houses let their help go at eleven and four to have their drink of liquor. Farmers did the same. Serious drinking was a respectable and universal habit. It was a comparatively cheap indulgence as liquor was untaxed. Rum cost twenty-five cents a gallon and whiskey no more.

By the time the Revolution rolled around the American people were quite a drunken lot, in a sober and serious way. And there were a few men who viewed the situation with alarm.

So when the war was over and our old friend depression raised its ugly head — as it does after wars — Alexander Hamilton in 1790 bethought him of turning an honest penny in taxes on the old reprobate John Barleycorn. He spoke piously of diminishing the use of spirits by

taxing them, but the people of Pennsylvania were not to be deprived of their liquor by any such benevolent sentiments. A tax was a tax. A tax on liquor was something to fight about. There was a Whiskey Rebellion, with Washington and Hamilton marching with 15,000 troops to stamp it out, and Thomas Jefferson declaiming against the "infernal iniquity" of the excise.

Hamilton helped pay for the Revolution by his tax and in its modest way it diminished the sale of liquor somewhat. It was in a sense a prohibitory reaction from the depression that followed the Revolution. But in 1800 Jefferson came bounding into office on the reaction to this and other unpopular policies. The tax fell into desuetude — except for a short revival to pay for the War of 1812 — and America fell back into its pre-Revolutionary almost comatose state.

In 1819 came another depression, the most serious up to then experienced. Something had to be done about liquor. But what? Taxing it was too unpopular. All that was left was to urge people not to drink it and to prohibit its sale. Both things were done with a vengeance.

Beginning in a small way in 1819 the Temperance Reformation swept the country until by 1829 over 1,250,000 men were claimed to be in temperance societies pledged to abstain from hard liquors. Consumption was cut from two-and-a-half gallons per capita to one gallon per capita, a tremendous reduction. At the same time towns, counties and a few cities refused licenses to liquor sellers, in the naïve faith that if there were no licenses to sell, none

would sell. Again in a liquor-ridden country a depression had started a prohibitory movement.

Gradually, however, the enthusiasm for abstinence waned, the laws against license were evaded and the country found drunkenness and prosperity creeping back hand in hand. In 1836 the temperance revival practically broke up when the bone Drys insisted on total abstinence from beer and wine as well as from spirits and the moderate Drys refused to go along. The reformers fought among themselves on the Biblical question whether intoxicating wine had the endorsement of Jesus Christ in his miracles and his life. "Heretic" was hurled by each side at the other, in books, pamphlets and sermons. Everything seemed undone.

But in 1837 came another depression. With liquor running rampant and the golden wave of prosperity suddenly receding, the drunks stuck out like tragic wrecks on the dismal shore of want and destitution. Again something had to be done. Again there was a temperance revival led by a group of reformed drunkards in Baltimore who called themselves the Washingtonians. The chief figure developed by the movement was John B. Gough, who stormed the country for twenty years with a reformed drunkard's lectures. In ten years the Washingtonians claimed to have reformed 400,000 drunkards and had a following in their societies of over a million. And legislation came, too. All through New England in the 'Forties no license by counties and townships came into effect. The liquor interests attacked it, but the Supreme Court in 1846 upheld it.

Finally, in 1850, Maine passed the first Prohibition law, to be followed before 1856 by Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Delaware, Nebraska — practically every Northern State and a few in the South. The Maine Law Society claimed loudly that the country would soon be all Dry. Again drunkenness in conjunction with a depression had brought decided prohibitory tendencies. This time it had made the country nearly Dry.

But along came the depression of 1857 and all was again changed. No new Prohibition act was passed after the depression came.

THE reactions, liquorwise, of this depression of 1857 are particularly pertinent to our present situation. In spite of all that was then said and is still being said about the failure of Prohibition to prohibit, it was undoubtedly true then as it is now that the mere outlawing of liquor did diminish to some extent the drunkenness that would otherwise have existed. No doubt less drunks were evident on the shore when the wave of prosperity rolled back than there had been in 1819 or in 1837. But even so there must have been many, as there are today, and an urge therefrom to do something about liquor. But nothing looking toward Prohibition could be done for the same reason that nothing of that kind can be done today — namely, that in 1857 as in 1932 Prohibition was thoroughly discredited where it had been tried and abandoned, and only hanging on by its eyeteeth where it still existed.

The New York law of 1855 lasted only as long as it took to get a case to the Court of Appeals, where it was promptly declared unconstitutional amid the jubilations of Tammany Hall and of the socially elect. Other States had repealed. Others had opened the door to beer while the law still stayed on the books, but, as John B. Gough admitted privately to a friend, it was "a dead letter everywhere."

The panic of 1857 found Prohibition in a state of failure — as did the panic of 1930-32.

So whatever the need of prohibitory reform it was out of the question then as it is today.

The only other way out, as is also the case today, was to tax what could not be destroyed, and again there was vital necessity for a tax. The country had a war in prospect then as it has a war in retrospect today. And as wars must be paid for on the instalment plan, it makes little difference from a budgetary standpoint whether you are just before or just after or right in the middle.

From the War of 1812 until the Civil War liquor was untaxed in this country. Lincoln was himself a strong temperance man and had made a number of vigorous talks on outlawing liquor during the Washingtonian movement. But with Prohibition out he turned, as any other statesman would, to taxation of liquor.

The Federal liquor tax was inaugurated in 1862, with the result that the Federal finances leaned from then on more and more heavily on the liquor interests. Uncle Sam tended to encourage liquor consumption for his pocketbook's sake, and

the liquor interests, with a focal point in Washington, started their national organization, which grew to have enormous power.

The result was the wiping out by 1872 of every prohibitory law except those in Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire and Vermont, the weakening of those that remained, the elimination of the minor restrictions that existed in other States and a vast increase in the consumption of liquor.

By 1873 the number of saloons in the country had risen to 200,000 as against 100,000 ten years before. There was a saloon to every 200 people, a proportion never reached since. One saloon to 500 people is an ample allowance. Beer consumption had tripled and whiskey consumption increased by fifty per cent in ten years. The country, in fact, was drunk and disorderly again.

It took only the violent depression of 1873 to wake people to the fact. And it was a profound awakening. The scenes that followed the depressions of 1819 and 1837 were reenacted on a grander scale.

The woman's crusade started in Ohio and spread over the country. Women knelt and prayed nightly in the sawdust of saloons until the nation was aroused. The W.C.T.U. was formed, Frances Willard emerged as its peerless leader, and in 1880 Kansas led off the new Prohibition movement with a constitutional Prohibition amendment. In State after State campaigns were conducted in the 'Eighties for constitutional Prohibition. In Iowa, South Dakota, Maine, Rhode Island, Prohibition carried. In Ohio it got a majority. For a time it looked again

as if the country were going Dry. But it did not quite come off. In 1890 a crucial campaign in Nebraska failed and Rhode Island repealed. The threat of Prohibition brought so near by the depression of 1873 waned.

THE next depression came in 1893. Then, as in 1857, Prohibition had been tried and found wanting. It was thoroughly discredited. None could be found to do it honor. Where it had been beaten in the late 'Eighties the most persuasive argument was that high license was the real cure for the evils of liquor. Prominent Drys had preached that Prohibition did not prohibit. The only way to diminish the sale of liquor was to tax it heavily. In the 'Eighties the people were not poor and the appeal was not to their pocketbooks. But when the new depression arrived they were very poor. The argument for regulation by taxation was especially forceful and it gathered force as the years passed.

The eminent Committee of Fifty, headed by Dr. Eliot of Harvard and Seth Low of Columbia, made diligent research into the matter and concluded in ponderous reports that Prohibition was a failure and high license the best of regulators. Learned Englishmen came, saw, were shocked at the non-enforcement of Prohibition and reported likewise. A Canadian parliamentary commission took testimony in many places and opined to the same effect. On the surface all was against Prohibition. High license went in all over the United States. Prohibition was repealed in Iowa, Vermont and New

Hampshire, so that only Maine and Kansas remained with Dry laws. And with the return of prosperity liquor consumption began to move up and up. The number of saloons jumped from 195,000 in 1897 to 240,000 in 1907. Whiskey sales jumped from 68,000,000 gallons to 134,000,000 gallons, nearly 100 per cent, and beer sales from 36,000,000 barrels to 58,000,000 barrels, or seventy per cent.

On the surface all was turning from Prohibition. But underneath there was much agitation for local Prohibition that was to bear rich fruit after the next depression, in 1907.

The depression year of 1893 saw the birth in Ohio of the Anti-Saloon League, as the depression year of 1873 had seen the woman's crusade, and out of it the W.C.T.U. The same year, 1893, saw South Carolina try State sale of liquor.

State sale in South Carolina resulted in immediate riots almost amounting to civil war. Its ultimate result was such an amount of graft and corruption, on the part of those who purchased the liquor for the State, that it really paved the way for Prohibition twenty years later.

But the real work in that direction, from a national standpoint, was carried on by the Anti-Saloon League.

The League was not ostensibly for Prohibition. In its name and its early methods it bowed to the universal opinion that Prohibition over any large territory was a failure. It sought merely to abolish the saloon where it could and to restrict it where it could not be abolished. Starting locally in Ohio it developed

the technique which was in time to bring Prohibition. Recognizing that the cities could not be carried by direct assault, it proceeded to besiege them and hem them in. It dried up the villages, then the townships, then the counties, and finally when it had enough counties it could dry up the State. It was a long uphill battle helped mightily by the Evangelical Protestant churches and given prominence by the spectacular tactics of Carrie Nation in Dry Kansas from 1900 on. It was not until 1904 that any real result was reached in Ohio and then only the negative result of defeating for governor Myron C. Herrick, a Wet Republican. But the constant ferment aroused by the forces of reform brought State Prohibition in Georgia in 1907 — the year of the next depression.

The reaction of the nation to the panic of 1907 was similar so far as liquor was concerned to the reaction to the depressions of 1819, 1837 and 1873. The people had forgotten that Prohibition was a failure. They knew that license was a failure. The sweep for Prohibition was irresistible.

By the year 1911 the South was nearly all Dry, the Far West was getting Dry, and the Middle West was on the way. The technique of the Anti-Saloon League could now be applied on a national scale. The Dry rural States could dry up the rest of the country. The opening of the World War, with the Tsar decreeing Prohibition and the King of England talking about it, added fuel to the flame. Our entry into the War completed the argument. Food stuffs should not be wasted in drink when Food Would Win the War. So 1918

saw the country Dry and 1919 saw the constitutional amendment adopted.

Now thirteen years have passed. The people have forgotten that license was a failure. They have been reminded daily for thirteen years that Prohibition is a failure. They need money to carry on the Government. It may be found in liquor.

It is fair to assume that our course from now on will be that which followed the panics of 1857 and 1893. Our main object will be to get as much taxes as possible from liquor and the only way to increase the tax return is to increase the sale of liquor. We read even now that the leaders of Congress have decided that the beer that will be allowed to be sold must have a high enough alcoholic content to be "attractive" if the Government is to get any great amount of taxes. It will probably be found when beer is put on sale in bottles that bottled beer is not "attractive" to the masses. To increase the sale it will have to be sold by the glass. Wherever it is sold

by the glass will be a beer saloon, by whatever name called. And no beer saloon ever existed on beer alone. It must sell whiskey to make a real profit. As the State's Attorney of Massachusetts found when, in 1868, that State attempted to prohibit whiskey while allowing beer: "Beer shops where nothing stronger is sold are as rare as a man without sin."

When we find that whiskey is sold anyway, we will put a tax on that and we will be back where we started from.

Of course the descent to Avernus, as the Drys will call it, will not be easy throughout the country. There are still a lot of Drys in a lot of States who will delay, impede and perhaps stop the descent. But there can be little question that the tendency will be back to the "good old days" and that we can not expect any progress toward Prohibition until the next depression rolls around.

When that comes we will have forgotten, perhaps, that Prohibition is a failure, we will know that license is a failure and we will start across the road again.



Dynamite and Insect Powder

BY RAY TUCKER

Twice in thirty years Senator Glass is given full opportunity to display his genius in finance

THE career of Senator Carter Glass furnishes evidence to strengthen the Carlylean theory that Providence provides for human crises by assembling within some man the elements of a peculiar kind of greatness and ability at critical moments in history. More than twenty years ago this diffident, cultured figure from an editorial office in the Blue Ridge was summoned, quite by accident, to frame the financial policies which led the United States and other nations safely through the World War. Once again the Democrats have control of the Government in a period of unprecedented financial strain, and this caustic, courageous Cromwellian from Virginia, his eyes a weaker blue, his hair white instead of red, his years seventy-five, will, without a doubt, become the unofficial financial genius and adviser of the Roosevelt Administration.

His refusal to enter the Roosevelt Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury is characteristic. His natural modesty would not let him agree with Mr. Roosevelt's argument that he was the one, invaluable man for the Treasury post at this time. He felt,

too, that the more important front in battles for preservation of a sound currency system and honest, intelligent administration of the nation's banks would be in the Senate. But in the Cabinet or out, it is less than prophecy to suggest that his ideas on Federal finance and banking will prevail, even though the massed wealth and influence of Wall Street stand in his way as they did when he framed and snarled through Congress, almost alone, the legislation creating the Federal Reserve System. He is the Democrats' prime minister of finance.

There were other reasons for his declination, of course. His Aurelian aptitude for living made him shake his head with the dogmatic drawl, half to himself, half to his friends: "When I was Secretary of the Treasury, I never wanted to see the sun come up — never wanted to look upon the dawn." The juice of this unique personality might easily run dry or thin beneath the burdens of this particular assignment in the fourth year of history's worst depression.

In view of his prominent part in the field of American finance for the

last thirty years, it is a strange commentary on our political system, and a left-handed compliment to Providence, that so many accidents should have figured in his entrance and advancement in public life. Every elective and appointive office has fallen to him without his seeking it, and sometimes over his protests. Long, long ago, as a \$300-a-year clerk in the city of Lynchburg, Virginia, he thought that he had attained the political summit. Nominated to the Virginia Legislature, and subsequently to the House of Representatives, at a time when it appeared that his terrific, red-headed energy had condemned him to an early hospital death, he has bobbed up at critical places in crucial moments with no more premeditation or prearrangement than a summer storm. It was the pompous ambition of a veteran member which deprived him of a desired assignment to the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and forced him to go on Banking and Currency in 1901. It was the unexpected death and defeat of seven ranking members on the latter body which made him chairman of the committee and the financial expert of Congress when the Democrats returned to power in 1912.

Even then, fate seemed to interpose, as always, on his side. Two factors appeared to retard and promote his influence in the Wilson Administration. The first was his letter to the President-elect in which he outlined the difficulties that had always confronted any effort to reform the nation's banking system, and asserted that "only the active sanction and aggressive support" of the incoming Chief Executive could

ward off the attacks of hostile, financial interests centred in New York. The second was the appearance, with or without Mr. Wilson's knowledge, of Colonel Edward M. House at Washington for a conference with Mr. Glass. The meeting, to put it mildly, was hardly felicitous for either man, or for the comparatively unknown Congressman's chance to build an entirely new financial framework for a nation soon to enter history's most costly and bloody conflict.

Colonel House tiptoed into an upper room of Hugh Wallace's home at the capital — and Mr. Glass does not like men who tiptoe or whisper. After certain unfortunate references to Virginia political patronage, Colonel House changed the conversation to the subject of banking reform, and, quite naturally, he referred to the views of William Jennings Bryan, who was already slated to be Secretary of State. Mr. Glass, then and now an advocate of sound money and conservative financial standards, exploded.

"Mr. Bryan," he declared, "knows nothing about currency and banking, and what he knows is mostly wrong."

When Mr. Glass admitted that he had little experience for framing a monetary measure, Colonel House did not — or could not — detect that it was the innate diffidence of the Virginian which was speaking. He did not know that for ten years the studious Congressman had read everything on banking within reach, studied the theory and practice of domestic and foreign systems, sat up nights with economists and bankers, visited big and little banks through-

out the country, and, with an extraordinary mental capacity and retentive memory, had made himself an expert on banks, bankers and banking. So the Texan can hardly be blamed for his report to the President-elect that somebody with more training be chosen to handle the most pressing problem before the new Administration. Simultaneously with the House memorandum there came threats from New York financiers that they were suspicious of the Southern man's ideas, and preferred somebody more in sympathy with their tenets.

But Mr. Wilson, as an expert in writing and reading letters, had been intrigued by the personality of this fellow-Virginian, and man of the same Scotch-Irish ancestry as himself. On the day after Christmas, 1912, the two men stared questioningly at one another in a professorial study at Princeton. It was, perhaps, one of the most historic pre-inaugural conferences in recent years. These two headstrong statesmen agreed, disagreed and admired each other at first sight. Each man subsequently gave, publicly or privately, his estimate of the other. Mr. Glass, a man of great self-education and self-culture, esteemed Mr. Wilson's erudition, and his faculty for striking through to the heart of a new problem. Mr. Wilson, on his side, was charmed with the pepperness of his new friend's personality, his abundant common sense, his uncompromising courage, and his determination to frame a sound Federal Reserve Act. Indeed, the Representative's violence disturbed and delighted even the doughty Presbyterian. As the former drenched

certain New York bankers with verbal vitriol, Mr. Wilson said in a tone of amazement and amusement:

"Why, Glass, I am surprised at your vehemence!"

FROM that conference and others emerged the Federal Reserve Act virtually as Mr. Glass had conceived it, with the exception of one typically Wilsonian suggestion. Whereas the Congressman had proposed to vest all authority over the national banking system in the Controller of the Currency, Mr. Wilson suggested that it be placed in an "altruistic board." It is the Senator's doubt of the board's altruism through three Republican administrations that has made him a jealous guardian of the system he set up. It is, in his opinion, almost perfect, but, as he often tells the Senate, it is not "fool-proof." The conduct of certain bankers during the last decade, he maintains, has been "criminal," and he thinks that Reserve officials have permitted the system to lose most of its prestige and power by their refusal to discipline recalcitrant financiers. It is his deep conviction that the nation's banks should be run for the benefit of depositors, legitimate business and industry, instead of for the speculative interests and the permanent investment of capital, which belief animates him now in his insistence upon deep-seated reforms. As Woodrow Wilson is still his sovereign and his saint, so the Federal Reserve System is an orderly obsession with him. Despite all the other honors which have fallen to him, it is his monument, as its revision to

meet requirements of a new era may be his epitaph.

It required other qualities than a knowledge of finance, however, to translate his ideas into law, and these he possessed through heritage and environment. Had he been of the Cavalier breed which the Old Dominion produces so abundantly — a wealthy, hard-riding, cock-fighting, plantation-owning gentleman of ease — he would never have outgamed and outmaneuvered the powerful influences arrayed against him. It was because he was a scrappy and sarcastic figure, sprung from a background of poverty and hard work and self-advancement, that he was able to prevail. Long before there was talk of a New South, he was its prophet. Moreover, from his editorial office he sallied forth with the panoplied equipment of a journalistic Junius who spoke and wrote in sulphurous headlines. It was this gift for invective which saved him, and, mayhap, the Federal Reserve Act itself.

No orator in the ordinary sense, his presentation of the bill to a Democratic caucus of the House in 1913 got off to a miserable start. Even his friends began to regret that President Wilson had not selected a more aggressive and articulate champion, and their fears increased when Bob Henry, a blustering Bryanite from Texas, bore down on the diminutive Congressman with a florid outburst of oratory. But it was the spark which touched off the explosive Virginian. Lowering his red head like a bantam rooster, he drawled out biting retorts from the left corner of his mouth. Sitting on the edge of their

chairs, his partisans cried: "Give 'em hell, Carter, give 'em hell!" But he, disdaining friend and foe, drew himself up to his full five feet and four inches, and replied contemptuously: "Why use dynamite when insect powder will do!"

From that moment he was dubbed "Give 'em hell, Carter!" and the nickname fits the Senator more appropriately now than ever before — his power of satire grows by what it destroys. Bob Henry was the first of many men who have fallen victim to the biting tongue of one who derives his imagery and invective from such favorite sources as *Arabian Nights* and the *Letters of Junius*. Linked to this vocal violence is a recklessness of personal consequences that makes him one of the most dangerous foemen on Capitol Hill.

It is no exaggeration to suggest that Mr. Glass did more than any other individual to riddle the myth of prosperity in the years when it carried full credence, and to cast ridicule upon the Prohibitionists who dominated the decade from 1920 to 1930. Next to his part in building a sound financial system, it is undoubtedly his greatest achievement.

In these conflicts he was at his best — or worst, depending on the viewpoint — and the basic elements of his creed and tactics were vividly depicted. Hating hypocrisy, he looked upon the Hoover-Cannon period of Prohibition and prosperity as a superlative manifestation of sham in both the moral and financial realms. When most of his colleagues abdicated intelligence and independence during the boom era, he scoffed and snarled out demands for a return to sanity on the part of

Federal officials and financial leaders. When playing the stock market was America's favorite sport, he denounced the orgy of speculation as "worse than roulette." At the peak of security prices, he introduced a measure to impose a five-dollar tax on every hundred-dollar bloc of securities not held more than sixty days by the purchaser. He arose in the Senate to assail Mr. Mitchell and other bankers for refusing to heed warnings that stock values were too high, and for their defiance of the Federal Reserve Board when it tried, all too timidly for him, to give a gentle downward push to market prices. But he was a Jeremiah howling in a golden wilderness, and there were few to listen — then.

IN THE field of rhetoric he excelled, however, and he eventually demolished his foes. When other Virginia politicians fled before the Cannons in the 1928 Presidential campaign, this personal Prohibitionist stumped the State for Al Smith with the slightly erroneous assertion, as events have proved, that he had made "Tammany Hall the cleanest political organization in the United States." It was he who coined the phrases of "Hoovercrat" and "prohibigot"; he dubbed Cannon the "Methodist Pope" and broadcast the news that the cleric was once known as "One-Quart Cannon." Although he was repudiated in 1928 when Virginia voted for Mr. Hoover, the repudiation did not stick. In 1930 he was reelected without opposition, at the very moment that his ecclesiastical enemy was under indictment for alleged offenses that Mr. Glass had a part in presenting to

the Senatorial investigating committee. Thus there is a proprietary note in his frequent, ironic references to "my Bishop."

His radio address in the 1932 campaign was, by bi-partisan agreement, the most destructive on either side — a masterpiece of diatribe. It, too, was an accident. Because of illness and weariness he had not planned to make any speeches. But his rest in the shade of the Blue Ridge was broken by Mr. Hoover's claims that all omniscience and statesmanship had been reposed in the Republican party. He fumed and fussed. He gave vent to what was then his only form of profanity — an expressive "dad bum it" — when he heard Mr. Hoover's warning that the country had been "within two weeks of going off the gold standard." Against the advice of friends and family he set to work on a reply. When Mrs. Glass summoned his physician to deter him, the latter examined his patient's physical and mental state, and replied:

"It will do him more good to get the poison out of his system than to let him go on this way."

Alone of Democratic speakers the Senator gave relevant reply to the campaign of fear which the G. O. P. waged. One simple statement did it. If it were true that the nation had been "within two weeks of going off the gold standard," he pointed out that the President and Secretary of the Treasury were guilty of "amazing dishonesty" in that the Government had sold \$3,700,000,000 worth of securities during this period without advising investors that the nation was practically insolvent.

He does not reserve his mellifluent

snarls for Republicans only, however. When Tom Heflin was engaged in a running attack on the Federal Reserve System some years ago, the Senator dashed into the cloakroom, his face red with rage and his eyes blazing. Back and forth he paced, half-snarling to himself, as he does so often within the chamber. Upon an inquiry for the cause of his emotion, he whirled, threw up his hands and exclaimed: "If that Tom Heflin doesn't leave the Reserve System alone, I'll disembowel him!" When a naval board rejected one of his candidates for Annapolis for the lack of "twenty-four vital, serviceable teeth," he asked: "Do they have to bite the enemy?"

His small stature heightens the effect of his virulence. In the chamber and in his office he slumps down so low in his chair that he seems to sit on his left shoulder. His shock of white, crispy hair barely shows above the desk. But when he arises and becomes articulate, this diminutive figure lets out a bellow entirely disproportionate to its source. Although not unduly sensitive concerning his small figure, when he was told of a colleague's remark to the effect that he had missed the White House for want of a few inches, he snorted: "Well, that's just too bad for Alexander the Great, Caesar and Napoleon!" His habit of emitting his great words out of the left corner of his mouth once led Woodrow Wilson to remark: "Carter snarled the Federal Reserve Act through Congress out of one side of his mouth. Think what he could have done if he had used both sides!"

Those who encounter his wrath, however, concede that one side is

sufficient. Possessed of an independence and ethical standard which he did not park outside when he entered politics, he heeds neither the threats of enemies nor the wheedling of friends. When advisers begged him to vote for the bonus because he had received a petition signed by thousands of constituents, he summoned his secretary in their presence. "Take this letter," he snapped. "'Dear Mr. (whatever his name is): I have received your petition to vote for the soldiers' bonus. I am against the bonus and shall vote against it. I would not vote for it if your petition were signed by every man, woman and child in Virginia.'" To a prominent constituent who besought the use of his influence to obtain an invitation to a White House reception he wrote: "What! Ask a gentleman to invite a stranger to his home! Never! I would as soon think of asking him to let me pick out his wife." When former Vice-President Curtis gaveled him down with the announcement that his time was up, he slid into his seat with a reply that violated all Congressional precedent. "Glad of it!" he muttered.

HIS intensity of feeling may be due, in part, to a background of struggle and suffering. Although one of the most cultured members of the Senate, possessing an honorary Phi Beta Kappa key from William and Mary College, he had to quit school at fourteen to earn a living. His parents had accumulated a comfortable fortune in his birthplace of Lynchburg, where his father was editor and postmaster, but the Civil War swept it away. In impressionable years darkened by shadows of

carpet-baggers and reconstructionists he worked as a printer's devil at three dollars a week, learned the trade of compositor and eventually bought the morning and evening papers in his home town. But he had to deny and drive himself furiously to earn money and an education — so much so that he was nominated for the House at a time when hospital physicians in New York, where he lay ill, dared not apprise him of the honor.

Only his close friends know his gentle, lovable, whimsical side. It is, indeed, difficult to understand the complexity of a character steeped in the fantasies of the Bagdad balladist and tipped with the irony of the unknown satirist — of a man whose evenings begin with side-shaking laughter over the radio antics of Amos 'n Andy and end with perusal of tomes supporting his belief that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. He quits a philippic on the floor to conduct a cloakroom conversation full of ripe wit and enriched by his remarkable gift for story-telling. During the darkest hours from 1914 to 1920 President Wilson often called him to the White House to convulse a war-weary household with dialect and Negro anecdotes culled from their common Virginia countryside. He holds up an important conference so that he may run to the telephone to tell Mrs. Glass that "I still love you." Tears streaming down his face, he chuckles to himself in sudden, silent reminiscence of some comic incident that may have brightened his Senatorial day.

"Never used to be very profane," he mused recently. "Promised my grandchild I'd never say anything

worse than 'dad bum it.' But I've taken to 'damn' lately. In fact, I told the Appropriations Committee this morning that I returned to my hotel yesterday in a spirit of shame and contrition for the way I've cursed at meetings lately. But after hearing Apostle Smoot of the Mormon Church at today's meeting, I told the committee I felt completely exculpated."

He leads a quiet, idyllic life both in his hotel suite at the capital and in his rambling, shaded home at Lynchburg. Detesting formal society, he passes his evenings with his books of biography, playing setback with an old friend, attending mystery movies with his secretary. He is a keen baseball fan, and the Philadelphia Athletics are his only favorites. In his sports as in politics he is intense and irascible. While watching a newspaper scoreboard during a Philadelphia-St. Louis world series game in 1931, he was all smiles while his team held the lead. But when their rivals crept ahead, he glared daggers at the board and scooted away. His real hobby is his fine herd of Jersey cows. He would, if the calendar permitted, leave the Senate chamber any day to lean on the fence and watch their browsings. Although he keeps no record of Presidential, Senatorial or political appointments, his engagement book is scratched with cryptic notations that tell him when his Jerseys will be dropping calves, and these ceremonies he never misses. Indeed, the pent-up fury he unloosed against the G. O. P. last fall was aggravated by the fact that he had to sell sixty cows in 1930 "because of the drouth and the Hawley-Smoot tariff."

Headline for 1943

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

*Exasperated by Japan's arrogant invasion of Chinese territory,
the world has overlooked a subtler Soviet penetration,
which might have worse consequences*

IN THE settling fog of an autumn night in 1931, near the Mukden station of the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway, some vandals, reputedly Chinese, blew up a section of the track. That explosion was another of the Last Straws of History. The Japanese army moved the following day to block any further attempts on Japanese property and, incidentally, to realize a dream long dreamt in Tokyo, of Japanese rule in Manchuria.

Since that foggy autumn night, events in the Far East have moved rapidly, usually accompanied by fog of another sort. Manchuria, an ancient Chinese province, is today cut off from China and now bears the name of the "independent" State of Manchukuo. Like many other hastily processed things, that new State is tagged "Made in Japan." With a modern army, with unctuous diplomacy, and ever under the narrowing eyes of the West, Japan has extended her political and economic control over a vast territory. Today her armies have moved southward, into the Chinese province of Jehol. Diplomats the world over, in think-

ing of the future, sleep more uneasily than usual.

Japan in Manchuria has been the headline story out of Asia during the past seventeen months. No angle of the progress of Japan on the Asiatic mainland is more important than the effects on Russia, whose interests in the Far East sprawl out across Manchuria and along the Pacific littoral. Those interests are well known. But few Westerners know of another set of Soviet interests that can, in the future, complicate Japanese-Soviet relations and which can affect vitally British policy in the Far East.

In that part of China west of Manchuria Soviet Russia has already extended economic, cultural and more or less complete political control over territory, once part of China, *three times the size of Manchuria!* That territory, as completely cut off from China today as is the stilt-walking State of Manchukuo, does not have the same strategic possibilities as Manchuria, but it has even greater economic potentialities in the future.

What lies west of Manchuria?

West of Manchuria two little known provinces of the Chinese Empire, Outer Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan, reach into the very heart of Asia. On the map they are unfigured blotches of color, remote, seemingly unimportant. The world at large knows little about them. Mongolia, "the land of the Children of the Wilderness," whose south-eastern part is the Gobi, the "desert," hit the front pages a few years ago when revealed by an American explorer as a storehouse of dinosaur eggs. For those familiar with jade, Chinese Turkestan or Sinkiang, as the Chinese call it, will be remembered as the source of the most valuable unworked stone.

Little is written today about the situation in these remote districts because little is known. Direct sources of information are rare, for both regions are more or less barred to Europeans. The British India Office, civil guardian of the Indian frontier, keeps a watchful eye on Sinkiang lying just across the Himalayas but with a remoteness that miles can not measure. The diplomats of Japan watch Soviet activity in both regions.

For the most part these regions are more distant from world consciousness than the poles. Yet they have played an important, although indirect, rôle in Asiatic affairs within the past six months, preventing in part a war between Japan and Soviet Russia by acting as something over which the two nations could bargain. Further, in 1942, when Mongolia is to become an integral part of the Soviet Union, when the Russians are busily exploiting the coal, the oil and the copper of Sinkiang, and

when the Soviet Union is using her position in these regions to drive more deeply into Chinese territory, the world, then conscious of something west of Manchuria, will ask, "When did Russia get in there?"

The answer will be, "Between 1920 and 1932!"

The Chinese added both provinces to their empire by conquest. Outer Mongolia, once ruled by Ghengis Khan, lost its independence in the Seventeenth Century. Sinkiang was not conquered until 1877. The bonds that bound the two states to the Empire were loose ones. The Chinese never felt about these provinces as they did about Manchuria, original home of the Manchus, which means to China what Boston and New England mean to America.

In addition to enjoying a large degree of autonomy in the Chinese Empire, the two provinces had and have other things in common. Both are sparsely populated by many small groups of different peoples, with the Chinese in a minority. A large amount of each region is desert, but in Sinkiang and in the western part of Outer Mongolia lofty mountains rise to make more secure their isolation. In the valleys and beneath the mountain ridges of Sinkiang lie great stores of mineral wealth. On the fertile plains of Outer Mongolia, herds of sturdy cattle provide the chief occupation of the people.

Economically both provinces were once bound closely to China. Camel caravans and long lines of shaggy-browed yaks carried freight to distant Chinese market place and bazaar. Trade routes, whose first tracing is lost in the dawn of history, lay through each region. Between these

provinces and Russia, their immediate neighbor to the north and west, boundary lines have never been clearly drawn. As a thousand years ago, so today nomadic peoples roam back and forth across the frontiers, counting themselves at times under Russian rule, at other times under the Chinese, but at no time paying much attention to either. In the past the peoples of these two regions felt more closely bound to Chinese traditions, ways and influences, and they were suspicious of the *Orosi*, and their allegiance to a Little Father in some far distant city.

Sinkiang today has its own governor and acknowledges politically only the most formal relationship to China. Economically it has faced around entirely to the west and Soviet influence is there dominant. Mongolia is nominally an independent republic. Actually, it is under complete Soviet political and economic domination, so much so that all foreigners and even *Chinese* desiring to visit the land must first secure a Soviet visa!

To save face the Nanking Government still maintains a "Tibetan and Mongolian Affairs Committee." When asked why, if China has any remaining semblance of power there, it was none the less necessary to secure a Soviet visa, one of the Chinese members of the Committee, thinking fast, replied, "Ah, the Russians are so very kind! They have set up diplomatic machinery there, for their interests are important and they are good enough to issue visas for us, thus saving us the cost and the trouble of having to establish our own machinery!" The Chinese have no power there what-

soever. Another province of the Chinese Empire has been lost, and long before the Japanese went agleaning to stuff the straw emperor of Manchukuo.

The ways in which the Soviet Union has laid its lines west of Manchuria differ in each province. Let us first take Mongolia. The story of the rise of the "independent" Mongolian Peoples' Republic may be the prologue to the rise of other "independent" republics in Asia in some later day.

JAPAN and Russia have at least one thing in common. Each has set up an "independent" State which no other nation will recognize. The only foreign diplomatic mission that the Mongolian Peoples' Republic boasts is in Moscow. Its members, seldom spoken to by foreign diplomats, stand on the side at official functions or wander alone through the promenade at the Opera. How they spend the rest of their time no foreigner knows.

Even Soviet officials have at times betrayed a quaint ignorance in dealing with the representatives of this sovereign republic. One story current in Moscow — for which, unlike most stories current in Moscow, there is a photograph in existence to prove the point — tells of the arrival of the staff of the Mongolian Legation in Moscow for the first time, in 1924.

Instead of proceeding immediately to their official reception by the President of the U.S.S.R., Comrade Kalenin, they begged a few days' grace. During these few days it was arranged by the Foreign Office that President Kalenin should wear a

Mongolian costume, to make these Easterners feel more at home. He donned jacket and head-dress, which rumor said came from the Ethnographical Museum, and proceeded to the reception. The Mongolians arrived, in the most conservative European morning clothes. They had had them made in Moscow during the few 'days' grace, from cloth which they had brought with them.

When the Chinese Revolution broke out in 1911 there was rejoicing in the many hundred Buddhist monasteries in Outer Mongolia. Here, for many centuries, had lain the spiritual power of the land. Nearly a third of the men entered the priesthood as a profession. Behind the monastery walls there were unending ceremonies. Following an ancient ritual, the priests, wearing hideous devil masks, danced to the blating of long horns. The priests lived on the land, a heavy burden for any people to bear. Now, with the Chinese Revolution, was the chance for them to secure political power. The "living Buddha," Bogdo-Gheghen, set himself up as absolute monarch, with a residence in Urga.

The complete independence of Mongolia lasted only a short while. In 1915 a mixed Russo-Chinese-Mongolian conference decided that Mongolia should be an autonomous state under the sovereignty of China and Russia. The Russia of the Tsars, too, had ambitions west of Manchuria. Russian influence waned there with the coming of the Russian revolution; there was too much to be done at home. Various notorious Chinese controlled the country until 1920. Yet individual Mongolians,

and among them probably the "living Buddha," who felt his temporal power menaced, were keeping in touch with the Bolsheviki in Moscow.

In 1920 one of the most fantastic characters in history, Baron Ungern, an Austrian who had been a prisoner of war in Siberia, set out from there to Urga. He had with him two thousand men and dreams of a world empire ruled from the Far East. He captured the city and restored the "Living Buddha" to power — with himself as major deity to advise the Buddha. Ungern hoped to use Urga as a rallying point for groups of Russian émigrés and to launch from there a drive into Siberia.

Ungern's rule divided the lamas one against the other, and made some of them look for a way to break the foreigner's hold. Some Mongolian politicians were in touch with Moscow, and Moscow was interested. The Bolsheviki could not afford to overlook such a festering focus of potential counter-revolution not far from her borders.

Together with a few Mongolian patriots, a Russian army moved on Urga in 1921 and took the city. The devil horns in the monasteries blew loud that night. Ungern was captured and executed by the Soviet Secret Police, after a short trial in Russia. The "Living Buddha," now surrounded by the Soviet advisers, survived until 1924. Soviet influence came openly to the surface after his death, with the establishment of the Mongolian Peoples' Republic.

In name and front window dressing, the republic was Mongolian. (A small division was later cut off and set up as the proud and semi-

independent republic of Tannu-Tuva, likewise unrecognized, with a capital city named Krasnoye — the Russian word for “red.” The Mongolian republic did try to open relations with China on condition that the Chinese recognize Mongolian independence. The Chinese replied that, considering the amount of Russian influence in the land, the word “independence” seemed somewhat misused.

Overriding all opposition, the so-called “Peoples’ Revolutionary party” became the dominant power. It was built on the model of the Russian Communist party and joined with Comintern, the Union of Communist parties of the world. The Mongolian party built its ranks on the peasant classes who were won by the nationalization of large areas of grazing land, formerly held by the Mongolian nobility. But, unfortunately, most of the literate members of the population were among the nobility and the lamas. Consistency is seldom a Soviet virtue — and groups of each were admitted! (Most paradoxically, with the lamas in the party, reforming the religious situation and making the faith really alive has been part of the party programme.) The programme of the party was flexible, made to fit the need of the land; and the land was not Russia. All other political parties were barred. But the low intelligence of the group as a whole makes it all the easier for the Russians to extend their influence.

The Russians make no attempt to enforce the study or the use of the Russian language or of Russian customs, as the Tsarist régime would have done. Instead, they encourage

cultural autonomy, thus using the same policy which has been so successful for Soviet rule with other Eastern peoples in Russia or along its borders. But cultural autonomy has its limits in Mongolia. At first the Russian advisers urged that all accounts in the various offices be kept in the Mongolian language by Mongolians. After a few years they returned to Russian. There were too few Mongolians who knew how to write and to count.

The Russians control the economic life of the land. In the Mongolian constitution is a clause, paralleling a similar clause in the Soviet constitution, in which all lands, mineral wealth and forests are declared to be the property of the State and no private property in such forms is allowed. Foreign trade is carefully controlled by Soviet officials. The Mongolian currency, by the way, is backed by a half million American dollars.

Many of the same institutions and forms that exist in Russia have been created here in embryo. There is a “Union of Mongolian Youth,” to parallel the Young Communist League of all other Communist parties. The name of the capital of the country, Urga, has been changed to Ulan Bator, “the City of the Red Hero.” The official flag is red, with the State crest on it. And there is a Mongolian Secret Police to hunt down sedition and counter-revolution. The State would scarcely be a Soviet creation without that institution.

Here is a Soviet republic in embryo, carrying Soviet forms farther into the East. The country is still economically backward, but stand-

ards of living may rise over its five hundred thousand square miles. Camel caravans still cross the Gobi desert, but modern American automobiles have been introduced and the steering wheel has replaced the prayer wheel for some of the lamas in government service. The natives still oppose a railroad and there is none in the country. But Urga has been brought close to the Trans-Siberian railroad by an airline to Verkhnyudinsk, thus substituting a four-hour jump for a ten-day journey across the desert. But for any foreigner desiring to visit the Mongolian Peoples' Republic a Soviet visa is necessary!

Thus an ancient Chinese province slowly follows the Moscow road. And Russian influence takes deeper root west of Manchuria.

THE policy of the Soviet Union in Sinkiang has differed completely from that in Mongolia. Here the ruling class are more closely akin to the Chinese. They are jealous of their power, suspicious of foreigners and rule almost independent of any control from Peking or Nanking. But Soviet influence, directed entirely into economic and cultural channels, grows steadily.

The majority of the peoples of Sinkiang are Moslem, and closely related to the various nationalities that crowd the market places of North India or the narrow streets of the cities of Russian Turkestan. There are likewise many nomadic peoples who cross at will back and forth over the Soviet-Sinkiang border. Sinkiang, with its two great cities, Urumtchi and Kashgar, has always been the meeting place for

the peoples of the East. High mountains to the west and to the south and desert on the east have kept it from being completely absorbed by some other nation. There have been various attempts made to keep foreigners out entirely, but some few English and Germans have settled there. There is a Marconi station. And almost as rapidly as by wireless, news of the policy of Soviet Russia in dealing liberally with the peoples of Central Asia permeates Sinkiang.

Thirty years ago Kipling was writing of *The Game* and of *The Bear that Walks Like a Man*. Rivalry between Russia and England was strong and there was great fear of the Russian threat to India from the northwest. In those days Kipling wrote, "You can trust a Russian until he tucks his shirt in," that is, until he begins to act completely European. Kim met strangers, Russians, "surveying" in the northern hills. Today Soviet influence in Sinkiang grows because the Russian acts there like an Asiatic. And the threat of a strong Soviet state due north of India is a possibility which the British watch carefully. Yet Soviet influence grows in Sinkiang in such subtle ways that it is difficult to see what the British can do about it.

From Urumtchi the only route east, to Chinese cities and ports, lies over the desert. This has been the traditional road, used for hundreds of years. With it in use, Sinkiang faced toward China. The journey takes three hundred days by caravan and transportation costs, almost fifty cents a pound, play a large part in trade accounting. An-

other less used outlet, over the mountains to India, has a freight cost of fifteen cents a pound.

Two years ago the Russians finished the Turkestan-Siberian Railway, connecting the Trans-Siberian road with the provinces of Russian Turkestan and paralleling for a long distance the mountainous frontiers of Sinkiang. That railroad lies only four hundred miles from Urumtchi, the capital of Sinkiang, and can be reached by automobile truck, with a freight cost of less than three cents a pound. With this advantage in their favor, the Soviet factories and Soviet agencies are dominating the market in Sinkiang and various foreigners there have closed up their businesses, bankrupt. Even Chinese merchants can not compete.

By making Russia the natural outlet, market and supply store for Sinkiang, Soviet influence has grown to proportions the Tsarist Government never dreamed of. Much of the region has yet to be explored, but extensive copper and oil deposits have been found, awaiting only transportation facilities in Sinkiang itself to develop them. It will be a long time before they exist, but when they do they will be under Russian control.

And another set of influences is at work. The cultural measures which Soviet Russia has instituted among the minority peoples on her borders and which stand out among the unquestioned benefits of the Revolution have made their imprint on these peoples.

A Tadzhik from Russian Turkestan — and there are hundreds of them residing in Sinkiang and in North India as well — was speaking

at a Soviet congress in Moscow. "Before the Revolution I knew nothing of the world outside my village," he said. "Today I can speak of the world of books and of newspapers, in my own language. My people have gained new frontiers." A Kazak, one of a large tribe of nomadic peoples who cross back and forth over the Russian-Sinkiang border, had come as "elected" delegate to the same congress. His part in helping to decide national policy was non-existent; but for him the fact that he was a delegate was sufficient. And he had strange and wondrous tales to take back to his people gathered around some camp fire as the chill wind blew down from the Altai mountains.

Such tales spread through the East. The cultural leaven of the Revolution, together with the economic influences, is putting another province under Soviet domination.

AND what of it, in a world already sorely plagued by troubles nearer home? These regions are remote, of no immediate importance and significance.

Japan today is vitally concerned with Manchuria. Russia, too, with the valuable Chinese Eastern Railway there, partly her property, is only a trifle less concerned. Up to the present time, Russia has seemingly given a free hand to Japan in Manchuria, to all intents as though some understanding existed between them. The existence of such an understanding has been rumored at various times, although recent events would tend to deny it. Yet, with Russia in Outer Mongolia and Sinkiang and

with Japan in Manchuria, there does exist a basis for a "sphere of interest" agreement.

If no such agreement is ever reached, then Soviet expansion eastward in Asia, concurrent with Japanese expansion westward, will bring the two powers into touch at new and equally inflamed points. Both powers follow the same policy, of setting up "independent" units. The Japanese use military means to that end; the Russians work more subtly, with cultural methods. Some

day they may be extended into the "independent" State of Manchukuo and Manchukuo diplomats may vie with the diplomats of the "independent" Republic of Mongolia for the title of the loneliest legation in Moscow.

The Japanese control of Manchuria excites the world. In a decade the interest of the world may be focused on Soviet Russia in Asia. The Red Shadow, now on the distant horizon west of Manchuria, may be the first portent.

Possession

BY BERNICE KENYON

THIS is the land from which I know forever
I must be absent, though the heart rebel,
Desiring only to remain and dwell
Forever here, between the field and river —
Forever watching the poplars turn their leaves,
And the bright water run among the stones —
Feeling it is myself that holds and owns
This place secure, for so the heart believes.

What is possession but a glance that covers
The longed-for land, the inimitable face
Too briefly seen? It is the moment's grace
Granted to eager worshippers and lovers,
Yearning and straining, till their days grow old,
To clasp forever what no hand can hold.

Pieces to a Quilt

BY MARI SANDOZ

A Story

THE Lang eighty contained not even a shirt-tail patch of level ground. Most of it was a deep gullied cup of gravel and crumbling sandstone, sloping abruptly into a dark pool. Now and then a glimpse of a summer cloud lay on the still surface but its whiteness only accentuated the dark reflections from the ten-foot bank of volcanic ash just above the water line. Even the cress-grown spring didn't bubble but welled up with the slow complaint of green water under ice.

Back from the pool, under a solid nose of stone, squatted Lang's old shack, weathered to the gray of ashes. A silent little creek slipped past the sagging doorstep and out between sheer sandstone bluffs toward the hay flats north, as though eager to escape the deep pool, the stark canyon walls and the shack, empty since the man who built it hanged himself there with a silk muffler.

At least it was assumed he hanged himself. Sarah Reimer, schooled in patience with her slow-witted son, asked no questions when he brought home a square of figured silk with a corner cut off. He washed and ironed it and made blocks for his crazy

quilt. It was all right. Somebody was always giving him old silk pieces.

A week later, when the mail carrier mentioned that Lang's newspapers were piling up at the box, Rusty flung his clumsy hands about in a frenzy at the slowness of his tongue.

"I-I-I forgot to tell. Lang died."

The father and two neighbors went over and found that it was so. Lang had died, of hanging, probably with the muffler, as Rusty tried to explain. He had seen the man, and fancying the pretty silk, cut him down. It was August. The sheriff came out that night.

They took Lang outside, burned a little plug tobacco on a stove lid and looked around but there wasn't anything, no papers, no letters, not even a trunk, only the name of a New York tailor in his coat, which didn't mean anything. Lang's hands had been small and soft, never touched work. Just another hide-out.

Although Lang had lived in the canyon five years, not even the neighborly Jacob Reimer knew anything about him except that he was graying, never got farther from his place than the mail-box and always seemed to have money for the

groceries the mail-carrier brought out. None of his neighbors had seen him more than once or twice, unless it was Rusty.

"That half-wit ought to be looked after," a suspicious newcomer suggested.

"Aw, Rusty wouldn't hurt a fly," the sheriff defended. "His father's a damned good neighbor; too good to get ahead."

And there it was.

A week after the write-up of the Sad End, as the local paper called it, a woman, a young one, came to the county seat with the clipping. She made a fuss because Lang was already buried. No, she had no idea who he was.

A few days later Sarah Reimer spoke to her husband over Rusty's empty chair.

"He took his quilt blocks away this morning and then came back for that old revolver. I haven't seen anything of him since."

Jacob brushed his thinning hair back decently and looked with friendly blue eyes upon his wife's uneasiness.

"I will see to it," he said.

After supper he went out to smoke his pipe and wait for his son. On the way through Sarah's flowers he picked a golden calendula for the bib of his wash-bleached overalls, as Rusty often did. Then he leaned both tired elbows over the garden gate and looked off into the sunset, into the evening haze over the meandering creek and its soft green clumps of willow. Perhaps he should straighten the bed as he had helped his neighbors do long ago; cut out the willows. But a stream laid out by compass, hurrying away between

weed-grown ridges of dirt and sod torn from their place in the earth — no, he preferred the first yellow-green of spring creeping shyly into the willow clumps, long grass dipping into the little stream in mid-summer, thin knives of anchor ice on the back-water in the fall.

Sometimes he could not forget the drouth and hail, or that his wife had once been ambitious to have a big house too, and a broad red barn, but she never complained. She had been as ready as he to spend the butter money for those five little Meyers last week. She even sewed all night so they could have dresses to wear to the funeral of their father who started home with too much Short Grass moon aboard and drove off into a canyon. Jacob was glad about the dresses. There should always be something nice to remember about funerals.

By the time his pipe was cold a black speck broke from the bluffs towards the Lang eighty, followed by a grotesque shadow down the long, sun-gilded slope. It was Joseph, Rusty, as the neighbors called him, on flea-bitten, stiff-kneed old Sarry. On her back lunched the top the sun-sensitive Rusty made of two forged rake-teeth fastened to the broken cantle of his old saddle, with canvas across them. Bobbing up and down like a jockey in his short stirrups, canvas flopping and rods rattling, Rusty rode towards his home.

When he saw his father waiting between the hollyhocks, his flat face softened into a broad, short-toothed grin and his eyes flecked with yellow glints. After the old mare was fed and curried he picked up the sack of water-cress he brought his mother

and walked beside Jacob to the house, the silence of good feeling between them.

Once or twice the father looked past the lamp to his son's thick mat of coarse, sorrel curls, his heavy shoulders stooped over the clumsy fingers. It seemed foolish to ask Joseph what he had been doing. Never in his twenty years had his father ever known him to harm a living thing. Even after a day of fasting he was eating very slowly because this unreasonable procedure seemed to please his mother. Because Jacob saw this he was a little ashamed and hid behind talk of his work. Tomorrow he would help the Johnsons, and the next day Ivan Vach.

Rusty went to bed unquestioned.

NOT until a year later did the community discover the cave that Lang had dug in the bluffs overlooking his shack and the canyon. The opening was concealed behind a big sandstone boulder with just enough space to slip in at one side. He even had a little fireplace opening into a gully.

Rusty had evidently found it long before. At least that seemed to be where he took his quilt blocks and later the phonograph his father bought at a sale for a quarter, with a stack of French and German records nobody wanted thrown in. Rusty liked them. He pulled out the carved wood front of the machine so he could get his head closer to the sound and kept it going. When his mother's impatience became too evident, he shambled out into the yard with the phonograph in a gunny sack. That was how the cave was discovered. A

visiting geologist examining the bank of volcanic ash heard a scratchy but unmistakable rendition of the Jewel Song from Gounod's *Faust* drift thinly down to him. He followed the sound. As his shadow struck the mouth of the cave Rusty sprang up, swinging an old revolver like a club.

"I-I-I thought you was *bim*," was all the explanation he would give. The geologist catalogued Rusty at a glance and dismissed the incident. But he was pleased when the youth took him into a deeply washed draw where a ledge of rock with bones in it lay exposed. In return he sent Rusty two records by the mail man, a Tyrolean yodel and a laughing Chaliapin. Rusty liked the yodel best.

News of the cave spread. Lang *had* been hiding out. But when nobody could produce any details, the sightseers soon tired of his cave. Rusty went back to it now, but openly, begging cookies from his mother or potatoes and eggs to roast in the fireplace so he wouldn't have to come home at noon. Several times tough fellows from town came out with bottles. They tried to get him to do things fit only for pigs. When he wouldn't they wanted him to drink Short Grass moon with them, but it burned his mouth and choked him and that seemed reason enough to refuse it. So he sat away from them, watching under his bushy brows as from behind sandstone boulders. Their kind laughed at him away from the cave. They could go.

When they kept coming back he got a skunk carcass from old Amos, who trapped a little. After they went away the last time he scooped the contaminated sand down the slope, carried in clean dirt and built a

smudge of twisted mint from the creek bank in the fireplace. When the cave was sweet again he listened to the yodel and tried to forget the black mist of things that had been said and done.

After that nobody came to the cave to bother him and from the earliest spring winds until the narrow tongues of grass along the creek were the autumn brown of young beaver, Rusty's old mare, Sarry, spent many days picketed above the bluffs. When the July noon heat made Rusty's head ache, he spent hours on the crazy quilt, arranging and rearranging the blocks a hundred times before he sewed them, taking joy in the feel and the color, although all dark, shiny things were red to him. He never went near the Lang shack, even before people said that it was haunted.

Once several squirts from the community brought a Hallowe'en fruit jar of white dynamite. They went home pretty well scratched up and muddy, as though their departure had been a hasty one. After that Rusty had the canyon to himself, he and the cat, Bidge.

That was his own name for her, as the cat was his own. His mother, tired of the constant mewing of hungry kittens underfoot, told Rusty to take the old gray and white tabby out and drown her.

"B-b-but she don't like water. She swim out," he argued, trying very hard to manage his tongue well for his mother.

"Of course," Sarah Reimer agreed. "Get the old clothes-line hanging on the post and tie a rock to her neck."

Rusty scratched his head, exposing his short teeth in a doubtful smile.

"Please do as I tell you."

Rusty got his equipment on old Sarry, and with Bidge mewing across the saddle before him, the clothes-line snaking along behind him like an Indian's picket rope, he disappeared toward Lang canyon. The mother watched him out of sight and then returned to her churning.

The next morning the cat was crying outside the screen door.

"I just knew it would be like that. Now take her out and tie a rock to her tight so she won't come back, or perhaps I had better do it myself."

Rusty pulled at the lobe of his ear and grunted. The cat didn't return. After that he tied her up in a web of clothes-line in the cave every time he left.

During corn-plowing time Rusty usually helped. Wearing a water-soaked red handkerchief under his rush hat, the corners flopping about his face, he wielded a hoe against the weeds in the rows. He didn't like it and when heat dances shimmered before his eyes and the sweat trickled down his broad shoulder blades, he loitered along, wondering if he was certain enough which were sun-flowers and which corn. But only until his father came by with the walking cultivator, his round shoulders furry with dust, his horny hands reaching out to pull the weeds the shovels missed. Then Rusty's head felt better. He could tell the difference between weeds and corn quite clearly, and after supper he could have music.

ONE evening as he plodded down towards his cave, the window in the Lang shack suddenly glowed as from a lamp. Rusty looked towards

the moon, standing big and full on the horizon, but it was not that, for the canyon was a deep cup of shadow. He wanted music but he couldn't have drunks in his cave, so he sprawled out on a sandy cliff, the cat across his chest, and looked into the face of the moon. It had dark spots like black canyons. Perhaps throwing pebbles at the shack might scare them away down there. But it was too much bother, after hoeing.

Sometime after the moon rose high enough to light the sandstone bluffs to a blue-white, Rusty realized there was a splashing in the little pond. He dumped the cat away and sneaking down the gully, squatted on a knee of rock overlooking the water. A girl swam the moon-gilded pond as smoothly as an otter, then turned and flailing her white arms upon the water, made a crystal and silver showering all about her. At the far side she climbed out upon a bit of rock, her wet body gleaming like pale silk. Folding her palms together she cut the air and water, disappearing as completely into the still pond as though she had never been. Rusty hugged his knees and watched her come up, shake moonlit drops and weeds flying from her streaming hair, and stretch out upon a bit of sand, breathing in soft little gasps almost lost under the mournful complaint of the spring.

Suddenly far up the slope the deserted cat mewed and came bounding to Rusty, arching her back against him. The girl heard but she did not retreat from the watching figure hunched dark on the rock.

"Who are you — spying on me?"

When there was no answer, she picked up something, a dark gar-

ment that shimmered like the moon on black water, slipped it about her and approached the youth with the green eyes of the cat beside him.

"Who are you and what do you want here?"

Still Rusty gave her no answer, staring instead at the lounging robe tied with a long, loose bow.

"P-p-pretty ribbon, red ribbon," he said, as though to himself, reaching out a finger for an end.

"Oh." The girl was relieved. Then she smiled coyly, running the end through her fingers. "Do you like it?"

"P-p-pretty," he said again, rubbing his thick hands together.

"Have you a knife? I'll give you one."

But he had no knife, as his shaking head indicated, and so she deftly twisted one tie about her to hold the robe and ripped the other off. Rusty took the ribbon from her hand, making a little sucking noise between his teeth.

"I-I-I show you my quilt —"

"Quilt, did you say *quilt*?"

His head waggled up and down as he stroked his rough thumb over the silk.

The girl snapped a casual finger at the cat and asked if they lived near. Rusty pointed off towards the north. The woman nodded a little and strolled away to the shack. A long time after she was gone the two plodded up the steep incline. "Pretty ribbon, red ribbon," he told the cat, speaking easily enough now that there was no one but Bidge.

After he had been in bed an hour, his mind a vague pattern of moonlight on the dark robe of a girl, he remembered that he still had his

shoes and pants on. Growling like a dog disturbed at his rest, he pulled them off. At last he slept.

AFTER that he watched the woman almost as much as he listened to the phonograph. A few times he perched on the bank outside her doorstep, delighted with the sheen of her dress, the play of her spiked heels. At first she moved in a cloud of annoyance, perhaps even of fear, but later she got so she waved to him, tried to dawdle away a little time talking. One evening she approached very close to him with a letter.

"Will you take this to the post office and tell no one where you got it?" she asked.

Rusty shook his head, remembering a blur of faces there that laughed at him.

"The mail-box then?"

Yes, he could do that, bobbing his head vigorously in delight. When she tried to give him a quarter he growled and made a grab at her dress.

"S-s-scrap!"

Scraps? What did he want with them? Didn't he get enough to eat?

Scraps! He insisted upon scraps, fingering the material of her skirt. When she still did not understand he brought a canvas-rolled bundle from his cave and spread his crazy quilt over her lap, clinging to a corner all the while.

"P-p-pretty," he said.

"Gorgeous!"

Rusty regarded the strange word dubiously, turning it over in his mind as he might a stick of chewing gum from a stranger, afraid it was a joke.

"But I didn't make the dress.

There are no scraps," the girl said, and dragged him back to the matter of the mail-box. He rushed off and was back in half an hour, motionless, watching her swim from the knee of rock, now and then rubbing fat blue sparks from the cat.

But the idyllic isolation of Lang's canyon couldn't last. A woman, particularly a strange young woman living in the shack where the man hanged himself, was a welcome diversion, even in the busy haying season. When the first investigator reported that she was slim as a movie actress and had hair like a brass washboard, there was an epidemic of grouse hunting over that way. Women with straying men suddenly developed a taste for water-cress. But the shack door remained closed to all of them. At the post office and at sales there were conjectures. Perhaps a constable might go over to find out who she was. Still, as no heirs ever appeared for the place, there wasn't much to do. The mail carrier admitted that he brought her out, left groceries for her every week at Lang's old box. She got no mail and gave him no name.

Then somebody saw Rusty sitting on a hump of rock watching the house, the gray and white cat at his side.

"I'll talk to him," Jacob Reimer told his wife and she had to be content.

After supper Rusty seemed eager to escape but his father motioned him to stay. "Want to help me catch sparrows tonight?"

Rusty's short upper lip drew back in a grin. He liked catching sparrows if his father held the lantern and let him run along the stringers and reach

into the nests and nooks until his pockets were full. But it was only a game, for he could never bear to see the little birds killed, and after counting them, stroking the quivering backs, feeling the pounding of their little hearts against his palm he let them go, one after another, until all were lost in the darkness. Then he liked to lie back in the hay, his arms under his head, while his father talked of his own boyhood, and his three brothers.

"B-b-brothers," Rusty would say, almost as though his impediment of speech were all that made him different. "Brothers fine."

Then his father always looked away into the darkness. There could never be any others but Jacob was thankful. Almost he had lost everything — the son and the mother.

"Bedtime, son," he would say, very gently. But tonight there was more. "You aren't bothering the woman on the Lang place?" he asked.

Rusty moved his head in the hay. "S-s-she give me ribbon, red ribbon," he said after a time.

So? Then it was good. And now to bed.

THE next evening a dark cloud leaned out of the west and sent low rumbles of thunder before it as Rusty started old Sarry towards the Lang eighty. The mother looked after him.

"It is good," the father said. "She gave him a ribbon — red, he calls it."

The mother was not entirely satisfied. "What does she want here — such a woman?"

Her husband looked up from his

paper. "It can not mean anything to us and to Joseph."

At the cave Bidge, neglected for two days, her pan of water almost dry, rubbed against Rusty with loud purrs. He pulled her ears and stretched out on the sand to watch the woman. She came from the spring with a pail, stopped, looked all about as she always did lately, and then disappeared into the house to make the window full of light.

In the west the thunder cloud was sending a long arm around behind them and the lightning brightened. A car roared along the mail road. Rusty looked for the shafts of light against the clouds as it climbed Peeler's hill, but there were none.

Just when he first saw the man creeping through the dusk towards the shack Rusty could not tell. It was as though he clotted from the gloom across the creek, taking form as he circled the house. He sneaked to the window, then to the door, as a cat stalks a bird. Silently Rusty slipped down a draw and flattened himself against the shack.

Inside there was a little cry, not loud, but like that of a young badger he caught once. There were words, quick, fending ones from the woman, slow, hard ones like stones dropping into deep water from the man. A stirring in his mind troubled Rusty, a memory almost tangible. Then he had it. It was the *man*. And after he left, Lang had been dead.

Rusty's lips curled back from his teeth. He threw a handful of sand over his head and loped up the steep incline to the cave. Gripping the old revolver by the barrel like a club of stone he charged down the slope. From the window he saw the woman

was not yet hanging. She had the table between them, but the man clutched her wrist and ran a taunting hand up her arm while she flinched like a wild horse that would paw a man down when the moment came.

In the doorway Rusty blinked once from the glare of light, took aim and brought the gun down upon the bald spot at the man's crown. He swayed, half-turning, and slumped into the shadow of the table.

"Well," the woman said with a little laugh as she rubbed her wrist. "You killed him. Now we better get him out, bury him."

Rusty looked from her to the floor, his eyes blurring. He wiped at them with his thick fingers. They cleared a little and, dropping the revolver with a clatter, he vanished into the darkness. At his heels ran a faint patter of rain.

For a moment the woman hesitated, but when the man stirred, groaned, she grasped the revolver and with flat lips she brought the butt down into his temple. It gave like ice-crust mud.

Before she could straighten up, Rusty was back with the clothes-line. Not looking at her at all he dragged the man away to the pond, tied him close to a big rock and rolled both into the water. There was a deep *plunk* but the lap of the far ripples was lost in the increasing patter of rain.

Rusty wiped the sweat from his face and trying to remember something, went back to the shack. Before his approaching bulk the woman once more took refuge behind the table. Rusty stopped in the doorway, eyes blinking and searching the floor.

"G-g-give me the shooter," he demanded, his voice suddenly harsh.

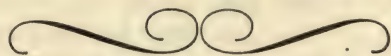
For a moment she faced him, then slowly she laid the gun on the table. Rusty took it, wiped the skin and blood from the butt on his overalls and went through the door.

"Where — where are you going?" she asked, in new fear.

But the doorway was empty.

In the cave Rusty sat on a rock a long time, his hand making rhythmic poppings of sparks from the back of Bidge. Now and then sheet lightning set the hunched figure into bright relief against the deep blackness behind him. The rain quickened.

Somewhere west a car started up; the lights cut the clouds in a half circle. As the roar died away Rusty had a queer prickling of fear along his arms. Once more he plunged down the slope to the shack. The lamp burned in an empty room. The woman was gone; everything was gone except the dark robe, folded on the table, as though for some one. Rusty lifted it. The folds swept downward, gleaming like moonlight on dark water.



Philippine Independence

BY GEORGE GERHARD

An analysis of the situation, both from the American and from the Filipino points of view

THE recent decision of Congress to bestow independence upon the Philippines marked the end of an American colonization policy which was about as ill-considered as any phenomenon in history. Aside from the promptings of our customary altruism in foreign matters, there could have been no reason for us to acquire colonies other than a silly desire to emulate the older nations of Europe. It is notable that Congress has chosen a time to give this long-promised freedom when the world-wide movement toward emancipation of colored peoples, born since the War, is at its height.

Thus, Egypt has thrown off British control so far as her own administrative affairs are concerned. India has achieved a large degree of self-administration. Great Britain has announced the surrender of her mandate over Iraq. France is about to withdraw from Syria. And Japan's belated invasion of Jehol and Manchuria is greeted with the unanimous disapprobation of the world. The colonial system of the last few centuries has, quite apparently, come to an end. The colonies, on the whole, have grown into politically

independent units. They do not want to be controlled any longer, and it is impossible to withhold freedom from them forever.

In the case of those European countries which inspired dreams of empire in turn-of-the-century American breasts, colonies were a necessary means in a policy of economic expansion. The greatest colonial power of them all, Great Britain, rose to might because she could not feed herself. The need to buy food-stuffs and raw materials abroad forced her to develop her industries, thus creating the wealth with which to buy what she lacked at home. But this country possesses nearly all the things it requires. It absorbs the largest portion of its products at home, and exports what is left over. Owning a very high degree of self-sufficiency, it stands at the opposite extreme from Great Britain. Yet we chose to annex the Philippines and other Pacific islands, as well as to meddle with numerous Central and South American countries.

Volumes have been written about that "choice." Certainly for a large section of the American populace annexation of the Philippines was a

surprising result of the Spanish-American War, and at the time there was violent opposition to it. Also, there was a singular lack of plans, economically, to deal with them.

Long afterward, at the Washington Disarmament Conference, an opportunity came to air whatever policies we might have had in the Far East. It will be recalled that Secretary of State Hughes had made an unexpected offer to scrap the whole American building programme, if Japan would accept the three-to-five battleship ratio. Japan had refused to accept this ratio unless she were guaranteed security in her own waters, which meant predominance in the Far East. If there had been a really strong desire to build American prestige in the East on the foundation of Admiral Dewey's conquest, we should certainly have opposed the Japanese demand for a free hand. But the successful outcome of the Conference hung upon this concession, and the United States finally yielded. We promised not to develop naval bases in Guam or the Philippines. Japan was guaranteed the security asked, and the Islands were left virtually defenseless in case of war.

Half a billion dollars have been spent since the occupation on Philippine defense, and the big navy advocates did not watch this concession made without a fight. That it was made in the face of their opposition is strong indication of our fundamental attitude toward the Philippines as a colony — or, better, our lack of attitude. Essentially, they had no place in our scheme of things. Essentially, they still have no place in our scheme of things.

The Philippines are composed of no less than 7,083 islands, of which only 462 measure one square mile or over. The entire Archipelago has but four cities of over 50,000 population: Manila, with 325,000 inhabitants; Cebu, with 70,000; Albay, with 57,000, and Iloilo, with 52,000.

It is obvious that a territory like this, disrupted and broken into many parts, does not lend itself to a scheme of "colonization" so well, for instance, as the compact peninsula of British India, or the definitely limited agricultural area of Peru between the Andes and the Pacific, or even the lengthy but uniform island of Cuba. For one thing, it is well nigh impossible to develop a proper transportation system covering the various islands. While there are about 8,000 miles of roads, first, second and third class, they can not solve the problem of intercommunication between the islands. A trip from one island to another may take two or three days. Many of them are visited only once a month by one of the larger boats.

Without an effective transportation system, with people living on hundreds of islands cut off from the stimulating influence of a nearby capital (or a capital at least within reach of a reasonably short trip), with educational reforms not available to millions of people because of sheer distance, with government control over agricultural and industrial efforts out of the question for the larger part of a population of 13,000,000 souls — with all these shortcomings, it will be readily seen how difficult, if not impossible, a colonization programme is.

During a reign of 300 years, the Spanish governors could not colonize the Philippines, though they did succeed in bringing them Christianity. And while the Spanish colonization system evidently was not the best possible, judging from results in the Latin-American countries, there is abundant reason why the colonization of the Philippine Islands should have failed. Fifty years ago the means of transportation was slower and more scarce, but even today, the only islands that can boast railroads are Luzon, Panay and Cebu. There are altogether 800 miles of railways on the three islands.

It was not entirely necessary to stipulate by law that no citizen might purchase more than 355 acres of land, and that no corporation or association might hold more than 2,530 acres. The topography of the Archipelago saw to it that the ninety-six per cent of the total area under cultivation, owned by Filipinos, averages about three acres per farmer. There are approximately 2,000,000 farms. The topographical character of the Philippines also explains why only seven per cent of the population are engaged in trade and transportation (as against a proportionate distribution of twenty-six per cent in the United States); and only thirteen per cent in mechanics and manufacturing (thirty-four per cent in the United States). The reason is as simple as it is illuminating: the majority of the people are tied down to agricultural and domestic work.

If lack of adequate transportation accounts for the failure to work out a programme of unified economic effort, of large-scale organization, of national collaboration on the most

essential needs of the country, the enormous ramification of piece-meal farming is, in turn, responsible for the failure to bring even this agricultural development to a stage of perfection.

The sugar industry, for instance, powerful as its present output may be, is yet in a comparatively primitive stage, considering the modernization of this particular industry. There are few modern methods used. Artificial irrigation is unknown to most of the planters. What is true of a highly competitive commodity, such as sugar, applies with even greater force to other farming specialties which are not quite so much exposed to competition with the outside world — for instance, vegetable oils, cordage, hats and the like. Of 73,000,000 acres not more than 9,000,000 are under cultivation, and though vegetation is luxuriant throughout the year, the agricultural possibilities have hardly been scratched.

SUCCESSFUL colonization involves the opening-up of a country's resources, first, through a liberal investment policy, second, through an adequate means of communication and transportation.

As far as the transportation system is concerned, we have seen that little has been accomplished in the Philippines. They are essentially today what they were thirty years ago, an agricultural territory still in its teens. The government buildings and the court houses, the schools and the missions can not change this economic aspect of the Archipelago, important as they may be with regard to the cultural development of the Islands.

The fundamental economic condition of the Philippines has not changed during the last three decades because there has been no American investment policy to speak of. In other words, what has been done in the Philippines for economic progress, has been largely accomplished through the effort of the Filipinos themselves, and certainly with their own funds. They have always paid for their own government, with the sole exception of \$3,000,000 with which the United States came to the relief of distress brought on by the Philippine revolution. But practically all developments on the Islands since the American occupation have been paid for by the people themselves.

On the other hand, it is only fair to remember that, while direct financial support was not forthcoming from the United States, the Islands have profited indirectly to a great extent. The readiness of the American market to absorb Philippine products accounts for hundreds of millions of dollars in export surpluses. It is from this source that the Filipinos recruited their funds. In 1929 the export surplus amounted to \$17,500,000; in 1930 it was \$10,000,000; and even in the crisis of 1931 there was still a surplus of \$5,000,000. Then again, taxation could readily draw on the free flow of trade and commerce. Finally, the expenditures of American naval and military forces are no mean item in Philippine business.

But to come back to the American investment policy: the aggregate of American capital invested in the Philippines in 1930 was \$166,000,000. Practically all of it was invested

between 1910 and 1920. Recent investment activity has been non-existent. Compare this with American investments, as of 1930, in Germany (about \$1,500,000,000), or Great Britain (\$650,000,000), or Japan (\$450,000,000), China (\$200,000,000), Mexico (\$800,000,000), and even France, which does not have to rely on American capital (\$475,000,000).

Apparently, American capital did not take any great interest in emigrating to the Philippines. It is said that the political uncertainty and therefore economic insecurity of the Philippines were responsible for the cool attitude of American investors. But capital does not always bother much about insecurity or uncertainty so long as it scents profits. Capital has gone to Russia, whose political and economic future is far from ascertained. It has gone to Germany, whose future is even less certain. It has gone to the most obscure Latin-American states, where revolutions have been more common of late than an established régime. There is no reason why it should have refused to go to the Philippines, especially while the Star-Spangled Banner fluttered encouragingly over the Bay of Manila.

One may better explain the indifference of American capital by the statement that it simply did not see profits. In this connection it is pertinent that of the total American investments of \$166,000,000, no less than \$77,000,000, or about forty-six per cent, went into bonds issued by insular, provincial and municipal authorities, and held in the United States. Therefore, only the small amount of \$89,000,000 went to the

help of Philippine business, and this over a period of twenty years. Clearly, the Almighty Dollar has not played much of a part in developing the Philippines.

Nor has foreign capital cared much for this outlet. Abroad, no doubt, the consideration of predominant American influence on the Islands decided the issue. It was judged unwise to mingle with a business which in more than one respect was dependent upon the United States: not only with regard to tariffs, but also to legislation; not only in connection with independence, but also with the Far Eastern policy of the United States. The uncertainty of these matters largely blocked any interest which foreign capital might have taken in developing Philippine agriculture.

An exception to this rule is offered by the Japanese and by the Chinese, of whom there are some 18,000 and 60,000, respectively, in the Islands. The Japanese are in control of the larger part of the Philippine fishing industry; they also dominate the hemp-raising region on the island of Mindanao. The Chinese, again, exercise a practical monopoly in the retail trade and are, at the same time, absorbing an ever larger share of the wholesale trade, where they control approximately sixty-five per cent of the transactions.

THERE is another reason, however, which kept the Philippines from getting loans and credits outside of their own or American territories: for a long time hardly any nation could find a substantial market in the Philippines. Nor did the Philippines have much of a market outside the

United States. In international finance loans will be most readily granted if they need not be paid out in cash, but in goods — for instance, machinery, iron and steel, textiles, dry goods, automobiles, chemicals. The South American nations obtained most of their commercial loans from the United States in this form. Then again, the creditor and financier will often agree to take the products of the debtor in lieu of cash payment — and sell them for him. Again, South America, as well as Australia and other overseas countries, can testify to the smooth working of this method — so long as the prices of their products hold up fairly well. But in either case, the creditor must have a market in the debtor's country, or vice versa.

As regards the Philippines, neither alternative applied. They were thus handicapped in obtaining loans from abroad. The trade and tariff ties between the United States and the Philippines cut the Islands off from the world market. They were an obstacle to the free and unhampered trade development of the Archipelago. The intimate tie-up between Manila and New York may be gathered from the fact that for the last ten or fifteen years the United States has taken about four-fifths of the Philippine exports, and supplied approximately two-thirds of the imports, much to the detriment of foreign nations.

The readiness of the United States to absorb Philippine products in the past has undoubtedly greatly facilitated whatever agricultural and economic progress there has been in recent years. By taking virtually the

entire sugar exports of the Philippines, the total shipments of cocoanut oil and embroideries, more than forty per cent of hemp exports, eighty per cent of copra shipments and about forty-three per cent of the tobacco that left Philippine ports, the United States has relieved the Filipinos of a great amount of other-wise necessary sales effort.

And most important, this coöperation on the part of the United States has enabled many a Philippine farmer to weather the storm of the world-wide depression. In fact, many of them sell even today more than they did four or five years ago, though they have to be satisfied with lower prices. The situation of the Islands would, beyond question, be different if their farmers and exporters had to look around for new markets at this time.

And yet, it would be an exaggeration to maintain that without the United States market the products of the Island would rot and decay, because many of their principal crops would still be imported free of duty into the United States, even after independence had become a matter of reality. Moreover, some of these crops have little competition on the world market: for instance, cordage, copra and especially vegetable oils, which, during the depression, have become a welcome substitute for more expensive oils and fats. All these could, very likely, be disposed of without great difficulty in foreign markets.

Assuming that the Philippines faced the same tariff obstacles which other countries are facing, their main loss would be in the sale of sugar in the United States, while Philippine

exports of tobacco, of cocoanut, hats and cordage would be insignificantly affected. It is estimated that the Islands, as an outsider, would face a maximum loss of \$30,000,000 out of total annual exports of \$100,000,000.

In reality, the Philippines would, of course, not suffer this outright loss of thirty per cent in their exports. They could be counted upon to build some tariff walls of their own, to the probable disadvantage of the United States, but to the advantage of some of the European nations, or possibly Japan. If they bought more from Europe, the Filipinos would very likely insist that they be given better marketing opportunities for their own products.

Then again, if their sugar exports were affected by American tariffs, the Filipinos could remedy the situation in two ways. For one thing, they could try to produce sugar more efficiently. It was said above that the methods used in Philippine sugar plantations are not the most progressive known in such sugar centres as Cuba or Java. Or they could restrict the production of this highly competitive commodity and direct more attention to the production of specialties which lend themselves naturally to the tropical climate, also putting more emphasis upon the growing of rice and corn for their own people.

THE Philippine Islands, under American guidance, are governing themselves. It is not possible to say whether, after the withdrawal of the American element, the management of administrative affairs will be less efficient, more emotional and less

business-like. In some ways the withdrawal will be a decided blessing for the natives. Today much of the hostile attitude of the Filipinos toward the American group in Manila may be traced back to the fact that Filipinos are not admitted in such places as the Polo Club, the Manila Club, the Army and Navy Club and others. To the social sensibility of the Filipino this is naturally a challenge.

On the other hand, some of the domestic problems will be aggravated with the removal of American prestige. There are, for instance, the Moros, who probably will not submit to Filipino rule except at the point of the sword. Their number is only about 600,000, but what they lack in that respect, they make up for with their belligerent nature. There is also, after independence, the problem of military protection. History shows that no Indo-Pacific island has hitherto been able to survive without foreign intervention. In the event of armed conflict, the case of the Philippines, fighting alone, would be hopeless. They trust, however, in the League of Nations and the integrity of international treaties. Time will tell whether they are justified in this trust.

But aside from these and other native problems, the fact remains that the Philippine Government is stable, and much more stable than that of some of the Latin-American countries. Yet, while Congress and American Presidents have kept on saying that independence is to be granted "as soon as a stable government is established," while Washington has recognized many a revolutionary government as soon as it occupied the palace of the old presi-

dent, in the case of the Philippines it has preferred a ten-year period of "tutelage" before final independence.

Also in wholesome contrast with foreign governments is the financial stability of the Manila régime. For the last four years there has been a surplus in the treasury: at the beginning of 1929 it amounted to \$7,000,000; a year later, and also in 1931, it was \$5,000,000. Due to the drop in income and prices obtained on Philippine products, this surplus is expected to dwindle further, but this would still be a good showing, considering the expected American deficit of \$2,000,000,000 at the end of the current fiscal year.

The total indebtedness of the Philippines at the end of 1930 was \$86,000,000, with a sinking fund of \$34,000,000. Against this obligation there is the gold standard reserve fund as well as the treasury certificate fund reserve, bringing the total government reserve fund up to about \$66,000,000. This is a result which few European governments can duplicate.

This, in brief, is the situation of the Philippines. The issue of independence, though Congress has set forth its verdict, is still to be settled. For the Philippines may reject the offer. They want immediate, complete and absolute independence, without "ifs," "whens" and "buts." They are guided by a national pride and a race-consciousness of their own. As Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate, put it: "I would rather live in a country that was run like hell by Filipinos than in a country that was run like heaven by Americans!"

The policy of the United States,

unfortunately, is guided by partisan interests. The National Grange, the National Farm Bureau Federation, The Farmers' Union are anxious to eliminate the competition of Philippine sugar in the American market. The Coöperative Milk Producers' Association and the National Dairy have a similar object in mind. And their attitude can well be understood: on one hand they are asked by Washington to cut down their production, while on the other they find this same Washington helping the Filipino to increase his production.

Other "independence advocates" include American investors in Cuban sugar. They ask themselves and the Government why Cuban sugar, which is produced with the help of some \$550,000,000 of American money, is taxed while Philippine sugar comes in free of duty. Then there is the American Federation of Labor, which is fighting the competition of some 45,000 Filipinos working at low rates in the United States. Other patriotic organizations are using the same arguments against Philippine immigration which they formerly applied to Japanese and Chinese labor. And all these interests command powerful lobbies in Washington.

Opposing them, we find many of the Americans stationed in Manila, certain manufacturing interests selling goods and machinery in the protected area of the Islands, importers of Philippine products, a few investors in Philippine bonds and commercial enterprises and last, but by no means least, public opinion.

It was this powerful public opinion which, till recently, frustrated the

efforts of the farmers' and labor's lobbies. It argues that, if left alone, the Philippines and their hard-wrought achievements will vanish like so much butter in the tropical sun. This attitude implies that the Islands must be developed till they stand as firm as the United States.

But look what has happened to the United States!

The simple fact is that no country can guarantee any other country eternal security, happiness and prosperity. It is to the credit of the United States that it offered the Philippines a vast market, that it civilized a large number of its people and that it adhered throughout three decades to a fine policy of human rights. It is to the credit of the Filipinos that they have for years maintained a stable government with stable finances.

But if the present ties are continued they will increase rather than diminish prevailing trade difficulties: because in the end there is no other solution of the sugar problem but at the sacrifice of the American farmer; because the individual branches of Philippine agriculture will be handicapped till they learn to fight for the world market. And finally, because there comes in the life of every colonial country the time when its people feel their own strength — and feel like testing it in open competition, even though their standard of living, their methods of government, their economic activities may have to undergo changes.

A pound of meat or a carload of sugar without market means little in the life of a nation when compared with the pride of freedom.

A Lesson for Lenders

BY A. A. BOUBLIKOFF

*In our recent bank holiday there is a moral which applies
equally to the War debts*

THE impasse is reached. Even in the opinion of the most optimistically inclined, one more payment and the interallied debts will have to be forgotten, leaving a residue of bad feeling with every one concerned. Perhaps the worst part of the affair is that at least one debtor shows no sign of bad faith, but is utterly unable to continue the payments.

Was this situation really unavoidable? Is there still no way out?

The answer rests with America. If she would stop thumping her chest at the thought of being a creditor country and begin trying to understand what the conception implies, a solution might still be found.

Until the World War, the United States was always a debtor country. Since she became a creditor nation only recently and quite unexpectedly, it is a very difficult task for her to readjust her mentality to the new status. The extent of confusion which reigns in her mind in regard to her financial relations with the outside world can be shown best by citing a very solemn address which some time ago was made by one of

the most prominent American political leaders and which was devoted to "clarifying" the American stand on the foreign debt question. The speaker took great pains to demonstrate that America did not make profits from the War. In order to prove this rather surprising thesis he deducted from the Wartime balances of trade, the War expenditures of the United States War Department and even the losses during the slump of 1920-1921.

A similar statement made in an old creditor country like France or England would provoke mirth. The public would demand of the speaker: "How, then; by what miracle did America become a creditor nation if not through making profits? What have the internal War expenditures of the Treasury to do with the external profits of the nation?" In America the address was taken seriously. Of course, the American "man in the street" knows very little about international finance. Yet he should not be accused of ignorance, if his own "leaders" preach such economic absurdities.

The main difference between a debtor and a creditor is this: a

debtor can pay off his debts and forget about the existence of creditors in the world. The creditor can never be "paid off." He can exchange one debtor for another, but he never can be rid of them — so long as he remains a creditor. He can "cash in" only if he becomes bankrupt and begins to "eat up" his capital, as the European creditor nations did, when the War ruined them. A debtor can stop borrowing and be none the worse for it. The creditor can not stop lending without injuring himself immediately.

Quite recently the American public at large decided to stop lending their money to the banks. The total losses to be suffered from this policy are yet to be seen. Not only did it cause the public to lose interest on the money; it forced the Federal Reserve to issue over two billion dollars of additional currency; it finally closed all the country's banks; and consequent upon that, necessitated a further issue of currency as yet uncalculated. This currency inflation may have wide repercussions and in the final account will hit all the foolish hoarders who imagined that they were protecting their interests by refusing to deposit their money with the banks. Their notes, while hidden in mattresses and cupboards, will lose a good portion of their buying power.

France before the War was a world banker. Her foreign coupon and dividend account was three billion francs annually during the last pre-War decade. In 1913 it was an even five billions. And all this money was immediately reinvested as soon as it came in. There was always a free market in francs.

Had France failed to act so, had she insisted upon cashing in the sums due her without reinvesting them, the world stock of gold would long ago have accumulated in the coffers of the Banque de France; most of the countries would have gone off the gold standard and closed their borders to French importations.

Of course, being a rich country, France never cared to export more than she imported. She preferred to enjoy the benefit of being rich and to let other peoples toil for her. Yet she wanted to export too, especially things she produced in excess of her own needs and better or cheaper than other peoples could. She knew only too well that disrupted currency systems and lack of credit facilities would close for her the markets of the debtor nations and imperil her former investments.

Therefore her foreign credit operations ran with the precision of clockwork. Her "favorable" balance of accounts corresponded almost exactly to the "unfavorable" balances of her debtors and was reinvested. No considerable movement of gold in kind ever occurred. France's stock of gold was less than Russia's. No European debtor country ever complained that it was technically impossible to make payments to France.

AMERICA, by stopping her foreign investment after the crash of 1929, has created a corner in dollars. How could the Allies acquire the dollars which they needed to effect payment to America? By sending goods? America doesn't want them. By selling their private shares and bonds? American investors would refuse to take them.

Of course, France could discharge her debt to America in gold. Her stock of gold is large enough to enable her to pay off all her debt to America at once. Yet it would be a calamity for America if France chose to do that. Through such an action gold would be demonetized by one stroke. Impossible? Gold has served as a universal medium of exchange for centuries? So has silver, yet nowadays it is mere merchandise. Segregated in a single country, gold could not serve as a basis of international trade and for the issue of currency. Europe has in the Bank of International Settlements a ready apparatus for supplanting gold with some international money of account.

If gold in kind can not serve as a means for acquiring dollars, what is a practical means for making payments to America?

The only way is to induce the American public to resume foreign investment. But this can hardly be expected for years to come after the sad experience of the last American venture into the foreign field under the none too wise guidance of New York bankers.

Some roundabout way must be created, offering to the public a solid guarantee against any eventual loss of principal and revenue.

There *is* a practical possibility of solving this problem. One has only to analyze the objections of the debtors without prejudice and the solution will suggest itself easily. It could be imagined approximately along the following lines:

The United States Government might demand that the payments be made in local moneys instead of in

dollars. No foreign Government could possibly assert that it was unable to do this, while the impossibility of raising dollars can be easily proven in many cases. Besides this, the demand for being paid in local money would make valid the argument that money now squandered on armaments could be applied to the payment of the debts. This argument now, of course, is an economic absurdity: the War expenditures are made in local money and the debts are paid, if at all, in foreign exchange.

Sums received from the debtors would be placed in the hands of a Holding Company (to be created for this purpose) and the Company would invest them in securities of the countries concerned. Instead of "bleeding" Europe, America through such a Company would in a most energetic way participate in its economic recovery. Investment, foreign included, would be resumed on a large scale, and this investment would immediately stimulate industrial activity. Under such conditions the most active elements of the country, instead of protesting against the payments to America, would welcome them. Of course, the foreign taxpayer would hold the bag. But his objections would be drowned in the grandiloquent assertions of the bankers, industrialists and rentiers that the country's honor demanded payment in full.

Using its holdings of foreign securities as collateral, the Company would issue from time to time dollar bonds on the American market and turn over the proceeds of such borrowing operations to the United States Treasury. Thus the vexing "transfer problem" would be elimi-

nated. On the other hand, even the scared American public would be inclined to buy these foreign bonds. In a few years the portfolio of the Holding Company would consist of diversified securities of nearly all countries. Its holdings would increase steadily and any defaulted issue would be easily replaced.

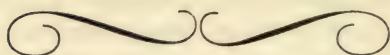
Nobody can prove that the plan as described is unfeasible, that it would not give practical results. And it is plain now that a stubborn demand to pay "to the last red cent" will only arouse universal animosity.

World problems of such magnitude can not be approached with a shopkeeper's mentality. Of course, a bank must honor its checks, but no bank can do it without being constantly financed by the public, without the

flow back to the bank of the sums paid out. There are not dollars enough to pay off all the banking deposits at once; we have lately had an object lesson in this. And it holds just as true in regard to foreign indebtedness: this can not be "paid off" unless the American public reinvests the money received where it came from.

All present difficulties are due to the fact that America stopped functioning as a creditor nation. Exactly the same impasse was created within the country when the American people stopped entrusting their funds to the banks.

Let us hope this lesson has been learned, that no creditor can stop lending without hurting himself most.



The Sun Was Over the Foreyard

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

A Story

THE sun shone on the shipping in London River, but there was a chill in the autumn air as a short mariner with a trim red beard, and with an old frieze cloak over his shoulders, was rowed up on the tide from the Custom House, past Queen-hythe and White Friars, to the Temple Stairs. Here he got ashore nimbly enough and paid off his waterman, who for some reason forebore to make the usual noisy demand for double fare. Instead he made fast his skiff to the piles and waited.

Admiring the great hall, not long completed, our mariner took his way up towards Temple Bar, where a baker's dozen of traitors' heads hung askew on spikes. Here were some plain substantial buildings, very new and modern, being chambers for men of the studious sort, and lawyers who had business at the court of the King's Bench hard by. Very tony, indeed, thought the red-bearded little man approvingly, who was lodging in Cripplegate for the present, next door to his old kinsman and shipmate, Jack Hawkins. He gave a sharp knock on a certain door, looked about him as though he thought he might be

recognized but hoped for the best, and presently was admitted.

"You are very welcome, Master Francis," said the handsome person seated at a big table in the window. He rose with dignity and came forward. He spoke with urbane precision. The red-bearded visitor was pleased. He looked round and nodded at the oak furnishings. This was something like. This was what it meant to be a gentleman born. He had the curious faculty, this searover, of keeping his admiration for all men and things within bounds. He pulled out a roll of paper, laid his hat, cloak and sword on the settle and said, with an abrupt, dismaying authority:

"Well, Captain Doughty, let us see what you have there." And he nodded towards the papers on the table. Reaching behind him, he drew a chair up and sat down. Suddenly and by that change of posture, he became august and a ruler over men. Captain Doughty smiled and pulled at his own nicely tended beard.

"In a word," he said, "nobody believes you are sailing for Alexandria, or Aleppo, or even Smyrna, and King Philip's men are close on our track."

"De Guaras for a ducat! We have the Queen, and nought else matters."

"Burleigh matters, my friend," said Captain Doughty. "And he trusts you not in this matter. He says you have made trouble enough between his mistress and Spain, and he would have an end."

"You have seen him?" The reddish brown eyebrows rose as the mariner said these words.

"He hath made me an offer of a secretaryship," said Doughty frankly. "I told him I was in a bond with you."

"There would be no English keels west of the Scillies if he had his way," said Drake, fisting the papers in his palm.

"De Guaras hath his ear, and Sir John Crofts's also."

"Crofts! If I liked a Papist in Spanish pay, I would love Crofts," muttered the man in the chair. "These men would have us towing like a cock-boat in the wake of the Don's poop-lanterns. Have you no good news at all then?"

"Only that the Queen — so I hear — will send for you in a few days. You will tell her . . ."

"Ha! Say you so?" The red beard seemed to turn up at the point as the owner of it began to stride to and fro over the floor of the chamber, as though he were in his admiral's cabin already. He swung round on his companion, his gray eyes very hard and bright, the burnished hair on his head thrust up like a cock's comb in his excitement: "Hark you, Master Doughty, I can deal with the Queen's Majesty. Have no fear on that score." He walked to and fro, and Captain Doughty, a whim-

sical smile on his clever, handsome face, watched him.

"I can turn her about my little finger," said the other man, in an ecstasy.

"Surely," said Doughty, "I have heard you preach on that text in Ireland. 'The world encompassed by the men of Devon.' It would be well to remember that the Queen lends an ear also to those who wish to be at peace with Spain."

"There can be no peace with idolaters," said Drake, looking out of the window in an attempt to see the clock on the Temple Church. "How now, Captain; is there a tavern near your fine new lodging?" Master Doughty nodded.

"One hard by Ludgate." He glanced at a leather bottle hanging over the hearth and made an unmistakable gesture. The visitor nodded, but with a poise that showed he was no immoderate quaffer. He squinted out of the window once again.

"Aye," he said. "Time for a tankard. The sun's over the foreyard."

"Idolaters, say you?" said Master Doughty as they took up their gear to go out. "If you tell that to the Queen you will never see the Indies again, Master Francis."

THEY had been in Ireland together, these two, and their friendship was a symbol of their time, when England was full of growing pains and all her strong rogues and masterless men were clamoring at the seaports for jobs on ships. They all wanted to sail foreign. Men with gold ear-rings, and with broad belts lately stuffed

with gold dust from Guinea, could be found, full of loud talk, in many taverns through the land. Young men, who grew sullen when the ale-house argument turned to the new Prayer Book, wanted to get away from the endless business of bell, book and candle, and try their luck on the open sea. The rich were growing richer and the poor poorer, for with all the land going under grass for the sheepmen, where could a farmer or his laborers find a living? So there were two sorts who were coming up in the world — clever well-born men of education like Captain Doughty, and humbly born men of rare ability, who could command men at sea or on shore, and who had no love for legalities. Such was Francis Drake, born a Devon man, reared in a house made of a ship's hull on the shores of the Medway, and a seaman since he was a lad of fourteen because his father could not afford to keep him at home. "Get on, get honor, get honest," his old employer used to say; and young Francis set his course by it. He had got on after a fashion, but nothing to write home about. To tell the blunt truth, he had had to disappear for a while. And it was during that exile in Ireland that he had met Tom Doughty, who was a rare fellow for knowing a good man when he saw one, and who was a book-learned gentleman. Thomas Doughty, Gent., he wrote his name. Knew all these big men at court into the bargain. One of these days it would be Francis Drake, Gent., please God and by favor of the Queen! The bluff would be called, one of these days, and many of those Spanish admirals were no more than

stuffed shirts when it came to boarding and fighting it out on the poop. Any man who had a good ship and a crew he could trust would make some money then. Any man, that is, who would know how to handle the Queen.

Handle her he did, for he left her laughing, and she even danced a little as she went to the window to see him swaggering through the courtyard of the palace. The Lord Treasurer, who had come in, did not laugh nor dance. Lord Burleigh was a sorely worried man these days. He did not say much about the stout little pilot down there. His own nose was for the present out of joint. Here he was, the Queen's senior counselor, striving with might and main to keep the peace with Castile, checkmating the great lords who thought to buttress themselves with Elizabeth by Protestant piracy, and here was the Spanish agent caught by Walsingham's men sending treasonable letters to the Queen of Scots. One could never trust a Spaniard. Now this pretended voyager to Alexandria would set out, there would be more galleons sunk, and it would be my Lord Burleigh's painful business to smooth matters over again.

Late the same evening Captain Doughty, while Drake was talking ship's stores with Jack Hawkins in the Saracen's Head, sat in Lord Burleigh's cabinet in a house in Black Friars and took some instructions. As he expected, the Lord Treasurer found that the ships getting ready at Plymouth were certainly not for the Levant. That devil Drake had blarneyed the Queen into letting him go down into the

Great South Sea, through the straits Magellan had discovered, and there to trade with the Indians!

"Trade!" echoed the trembling statesman. "Did he ever trade in his life with a Spaniard? He would take the crosses from off their altars, and call it trade."

"If they were heavy enough," agreed Doughty, smiling. "He is beside himself with pride over this command, and the Queen's honeyed words. He may work the ruin of her power in the Low Countries."

The Lord Treasurer beckoned him to come close, and the two heads lay cheek by jowl as the wily old politician whispered. Doughty nodded assent.

"It shall be as you desire," he said, and he left the master of his fortune staring hard at the paneling, lost in troubled thought.

OUT of all the inns of Plymouth men and boys came running, with dunnage bags over their shoulders and pot-boys bawling for the price of the last tankard. Out of the Turk's Head on St. Andrews Street, the Pope's Head on Love Street and the Mitre on Woolster Street they came running down to Sutton Pool. A long thin note on a bugle they heard from the poop of the flagship, and the muttering of a drum. Shallops and skiffs were ready to take them off. Wives and sweet-hearts came running too to the dockside, some quite calm and collected, others throwing aprons over their heads and boo-hooing. The drum went on thudding, however, and soon the boat-loads of mariners were pulling hard for the Cattewater. A cold, cold wind was blowing

over the Cattedown Hill, for it was December, less than a fortnight from Christmas, and the boys shivered a little as they thought of the wintry seas outside.

There were five ships at anchor and on the poop of the largest a small man with a trim red beard walked up and down. The wind was in his favor to get the fleet down past St. Nicholas Island and out of the Sound. The shipwrights had finished their work on the hull, the riggers had tightened up the standing rigging which had been strained in a struggle to beat off the Cornish coast. He walked up and down. Now that he was on his own poop deck, with stores on board, liberty men rowing back as fast as they could, and everything once more ship-shape and Bristol fashion, the burden of responsibility pressed down upon him and him alone. The Queen had put money into this affair, no doubt, to the tune of a thousand crowns, and court people like Secretary Walsingham were behind him. But none of them knew what was in his mind beyond a visit to Spain's private ocean. If he failed, or fell into the hands of the Dons, that was his own affair. The Queen would know nothing about him. So he walked up and down, and his drum boomed across the Cattewater to the Hoe, where he had often played bowls of an evening. The sailor men and boys climbed on board, throwing their dunnage ahead of them, giving rough farewells to their kinsmen who were rowing back to Plymouth. Anchors were coming up already. As the *Pelican* swung clear, the Admiral, seeing Captain Doughty talking to Master Vicary,

a gentleman adventurer fresh from his law-books in Cliffords Inn, hailed them both with authority. There was a certain subtle protest in their deliberate response. Drake gave them a clap and a punch in the ribs, and as the drumming ceased, he pointed to the southward. A lad of fourteen in a green leather suit came up the cabin ladder and blew a call on a silver bugle.

"Ha, John," said the Admiral to him, "Is it dinner time already? What say you, gentlemen? Are you sharp set? The sun is over the foreyard. Once we have her under sail and clear of the island, John can bring us a noggin of *aqua vitae*. Meantime, gentlemen, go you down and eat at the first table. I'll follow when the anchor's snug and the watch is set. John, turn the glass. We're away this time, please God!"

THEY were away indeed. Running down to the Scillies, the boy John Drake tried to get the Captain to promise him shore leave in Egypt. He and young Amyas Stalling, a powder boy, wanted to see the sights.

"Cousin, cousin," said the Captain, "I fear me you'll wait long ere you see the sights of Egypt. We're bound on another course this time, my lad."

"Whither, cousin Francis?" said the lad. "The men in the forecastle say, we are for Guinea, we are for the Brazils, we are for Hispaniola, and . . ."

"And they sent thee to pump the Captain, seeing thou art his kinsman, hey? Well, the Captain sends them all his love and this message — ax me no questions and I'll tell

'ee no lies. That's good Devon talk, I reckon. Tell them to pump the ship, for the Captain is dry as tinder and like enough to take fire."

As a fact, he had serious thoughts in the days that followed. There was something amiss in the fleet and he could not fathom it. Day followed day, and week succeeded week, and there was no luck about the voyage at all. The weather, after the Cape Verde Islands were left behind, became damnable, and there was trouble in the other ships. Witchcraft was in the air. Sails blew out of their bolt-ropes. Fiery corposants sat on the yards, so that men fell on their knees and prayed instead of going aloft. Drake sat in his fine cabin and John stood uneasily behind his chair. Captain Doughty, among his gentlemen-adventurers, smiled from the other end of the table. Young Drake had told the Admiral a tale. Captain Doughty's young brother Jack was boasting how any Doughty could make foul weather by writing magic signs on a piece of paper and casting it into the sea. They could raise the devil too, he claimed, and evoke spirits from the vasty deep. Drake listened, now watching these two men among their social equals, gentlefolk all, in his cabin, eating from his silver ware. Only that morning he had found, caught in a coil of rope on deck, a scrap of paper whereon were signs neither letters nor numerals. Thrown from an open scuttle and blown up on deck. He had kept it and shown it to Master Fletcher, the chaplain of the fleet, who had been skilled in exorcism in his young days. The parson said it was the work of Satan, who was on

board the ship in human form. It was beyond question that the weather was not in nature. Who, asked the Admiral, did Parson Fletcher think was lodging the devil in his person? Here the preacher made a slip. "The Portygee pilot your honor took off the captured caracks in the Cape Verdes," he said.

"Say'st thou?" said Drake with a sudden stream of oaths. "Hark ye, Master Fletcher, that is not well done. Thinkest I know not thou hast been closeted with the captain of the gentlemen? I know it well. One thing I know not, whether Master Doughty told thee to say Nuño da Silva is a witch or whether it was thine own hare-brain."

So saying, he kicked the gaping, flabbergasted cleric up the ladder and bade him go and commune with the winds of heaven.

Now, as he drew ever more and more to the southward, with Pilot da Silva showing him the way along that stormy Brazilian coast, a dread of the cloud overhanging his enterprise seized his soul, so that he fell upon his knees in his cabin and prayed for deliverance. The doubt in his mind of the gentleman Doughty, the smooth, clever emissary who had been to the Lord Treasurer on his own account, began to harden. One by one the incidents of the voyage, the mutinous talk on the ships whenever the man had been talking among the crews, came together. If Doughty were placed on board any one of the vessels, she would be out of sight next morning. If Doughty stepped on board, the sailing master and the gunner would be heard talking half-baked treason

inside of a night-watch. Why had he, Admiral Drake, not seen it before? Well he had not seen it because he trusted a gentleman. He had believed the gentleman accepted him as an equal. He swore a deep oath and made up his mind. Doughty was more of a necromancer than a gentleman. Well, when he found a place to beach the ships and careen them, for their bottoms were by now monstrous foul with barnacles, he would rid his fleet of this other incubus also. It was an amazing thing to see, the way this cock-alorum was acting as if he had co-equal authority with the Admiral. Everything had been tried and it was of no avail. Give him a separate command, and he sailed off on his own, and it took all the skill of a consummate navigator to overhaul him. Put him in charge of spoils and he broached the cargo. Gloves, money and jewelry they found in his dunnage. And he carried it off with the air of a man who had secret orders from home. The whole fleet was disaffected.

The Admiral took another tack. He laid alongside of this old acquaintance, to whom he had unburdened himself in Ireland of his scheme to lead a squadron into the ports of gold, and showed him how trouble was being made and that there must be a change. He told Captain Doughty that his, the Admiral's, commission from the Queen was sufficient for all mutinous movements, and if aught happened his word would suffice when he returned home.

Doughty said, with that glance of gentlemanly superiority that Drake dreaded and hated, "You can do no

harm to me, Master Francis. There be those at home for whom the lightest word out of my mouth would weigh more than thy oath. There be those who know the whole story, whither we go, to sack the ports of Peru."

The Admiral stood for a moment in a rage.

"Who?" he barked.

"Why the Lord Treasurer, for one," sneered the gentleman adventurer. Drake threw up his hands.

"The Queen made me swear on my knees: she gave me special commandment that my Lord Treasurer should not know it," he stormed. "Did not Master Secretary Walsingham plead with me to give him my sea-card of the voyage, and did I not refuse him? Would it not be my death-warrant if the Queen died ere we return and the Queen of Scots were made Queen? And now thou sayest — but it is not possible. From whom could he have it? Answer for thy life!"

"He had it from me," said Captain Doughty scornfully.

"Did he, by God?" said the Admiral, and struck him across the jaw so that he fell back on the rail.

"Now!" said Doughty, holding his face and looking like a devil, "thou shalt rue this day." Men came running up to the poop.

"Take him away!" roared the Admiral. "Make a signal to the ship *Christopher*, to come alongside. And make this man fast to the pillory. He is a prisoner for sedition."

WELL nigh fifty degrees south of the Line the ships lay at anchor in the land-locked harbor of Port St. Julian. One by one and tide

by tide they were beached and careened to make ready for the terrible days ahead. New sails were bent and cordage freshly tarred, while the pintles of the rudders were narrowly scanned for flaws. The salt junk was gone over, the rotten water thrown out and the casks cleaned. In the midst of all this work the drum began to beat the long roll, and the men came running. They saw the prisoner walking slowly towards the rendezvous, talking earnestly to lawyer Vicary and Parson Fletcher. The Admiral was seated by a rough table in front of the drummer and hard by the jury was assembling, full forty men, of all ranks and ratings from foreman John Winter, captain of the *Elizabeth*, down through Vicary and Fletcher to chief armorers and gunners of the fleet. They sat in the lee of the rocks in the depth of an Antarctic winter, with red noses and their breath steaming, their eyes fixed on the Commander, and the whole company was assembled there.

Drake stared down at them from his seat on the slope. The pressure on his heart was terrible. Just behind him on the knoll lay the fallen fir-tree beams of a gibbet. Fernando Magellan, half a century before, and the first to sail these seas, had turned to bay here in St. Julian and faced a mutiny. Two of his captains he had hanged, drawn and quartered. He had marooned two underlings in this place to watch the birds pick the carcasses clean, and to die of starvation and the atrocious cold of the nights. He had gone on then and found the passage, and sailed to the Moluccas, the first Christian to shoot the Straits, the first to

encompass the earth. Drake sat staring before him at the assembled Englishmen. There was no going back now. The Portugee pilot was watching him. The captains were watching him. Every man, as the witnesses stepped forth and made the guilt of his old friend blacker and blacker, watched the Admiral to see how he would weather this storm. So at last he stood up.

"Lo, my masters," he said quietly, "what this fellow hath done. God will have his treachery known. What say you? Is he guilty?"

There was a pause and then a movement among the jurymen. And Master Vicary the lawyer from Clifford's Inn, rose and offered a point of law.

"Please, your honor," he said smoothly, "I doubt much whether this jury hath power to condemn the gentleman to death, which is the reward of traitors." Drake turned towards him and stroked the red beard.

"That is the word of a crafty lawyer," he remarked, "but you, Master Vicary, will understand that I ask you only to say whether he is guilty. The sentence is with me. There lies my commission." And he dropped the sealed parchment upon the table. "What say you, my masters? Guilty or not guilty?"

They said, in twos and threes, that he was guilty. Then came the sharp command from the little man whose gray eyes held them spell-bound.

"What say you then? Is it death? Show me your hands — yea or nay."

He carried them along on the sharp point of his will. They put up their hands with one accord and

sank at once upon their knees, still holding up their hands in prayer.

"Then, Thomas Doughty, I pronounce thee a child of death, yet am I persuaded that I shall hereby make thee a servant of God. Hast thou aught to say?"

"Only this, Master Francis, there being no way out for me or for you, that I would make my peace with God, receiving the Sacrament according to our faith, and that thou wilt be pleased to receive it with me."

"I will surely do that, Master Doughty," said the Admiral. And in due time when the place of execution had been made ready and the condemned gentleman had made his last will and testament and had written all his letters for his kinsmen at home, he and his Admiral knelt in Holy Communion. Then Drake proposed a marvelous thing. He invited Master Doughty to dinner, which was shortly before noon. And Doughty, at peace with this world and ready for the next, accepted like a gentleman. He smiled indeed as the *Pelican*, soon to be called *The Golden Hind*, floated on the inrushing tide from the Atlantic. He pointed towards her.

"The sun is over the foreyard, Master Francis. So let us drink to thy good fortune in the South Sea."

MEN and boys at work on the ships, warping them out from the beach and manning the boats to lay the anchors toward the entrance, were strangely silent on this winter day. Young John Drake's face had been white to the lips as he stood behind the chair of his kinsman during that last dinner, and passed the wine cup to each in turn. And

when the drum boomed out an hour later, the hearts of all of them almost stopped. Slowly they trooped to the place of execution, not far from Magellan's fallen gibbet. The fleet carpenter, a man of many voyages to the dark places of the earth, and full of sardonic philosophizings, had made some wooden tankards out of one end of this horrid lumber. He made the boys shudder by the offer of a drink therefrom. Now even he was silent and watching, save that he muttered to young Amyas Stalling, who was like to blubber a little.

"See!" he said, clutching the youth's shoulder hard. "See how a gentleman can die. None of your base-born fellows he."

The prisoner was kneeling by the block and the soldier, with a heavy sword, was waiting. Master Doughty prayed for the Queen and the good fortune of the voyagers and those about him joined in his supplications. Then, standing up, he spoke a while to the Admiral apart, and the Admiral nodded several times with energy and patted Doughty on the arm; but what passed between them he took with him to his own lonely grave in Nombre Dios Bay.

"And now," said Master Doughty with a smile to the soldier, "if thou make due allowance for the shortness of my neck, I am ready for thee." And without binding or blinding he knelt him down, and the heavy sword rose and descended, and the eyes of all those men were turned inward upon their own hearts. As in a dream they beheld the soldier holding up the head for them all to see, and the voice of their commander called out:

"Lo! this is the end of traitors."

They were going slowly backward from this place of death, glad to leave the last duties to the gentlemen, when the Admiral called them back.

"Tomorrow at this time," he said, "the tide will serve and we shall depart. Be at this place without fail an hour before noon."

When he faced them once again, after a night of heavy thoughts and solemn prayer, the Admiral's face was set and stern above the ruff that stuck out over the collar of his frieze cloak. He wore his gloves, and a hat with one single feather at the side was crammed down over his unruly brown hair. He had had his beard trimmed, and he watched them assemble on the beach without sign of joy or grief. Then he began to speak.

He told them that he had sought God's will in the business to which they were consecrated, and it was this, that they all go down on their knees, confessing their sins to their Savior, and receive the Sacrament from the Reverend Fletcher. He also, the Admiral, would kneel with them.

One by one they received the Body and Blood of the Lord, and prayed to God to forgive them all their trespasses. As they rose, Parson Fletcher, very important at this moment, said to the Admiral that there was no time like to the present for a sermon before sailing into the unknown.

"Right," said Captain Francis. "But 'tis I who will deliver this exhortation. Stand away, Master Fletcher, I have a bone to pick with the company."

So he began, in quiet fashion, to

tell them that they were now all in a community of loving kindness together, consecrated to the service of their Lord Jesus and Her Majesty the Queen. There were to be in future no more treacherous conspiracies, no retreat from the business at hand. His voice rose as he explained this trouble to them, his gray eyes fixing the gentlemen adventurers. "Doth hair grow on the palms of your hands?" he asked them. "By the Life of God, it doth take my wits from me to think of you gentlemen sitting at your ease while the mariners toil for all of us. The gentlemen in the future must haul and draw with the mariner and the mariner with the gentlemen.

"And now for the faint-hearted," he roared facing them all. "See yonder my ship, the *Marygold*. Let all the craven, who have no stomach for what is to come, step this way. To them I give the *Marygold*, to sail home, to tell the girls of Plymouth what brave lads they be, while we go onward to shoot the Straits. But if any take her, I give them fair warning, home they must go. If I find 'em in my way, by God I'll surely sink 'em. No one? Not one brave lad wants to see the Hoe before we are done with the great

South Sea? Then let it be so.

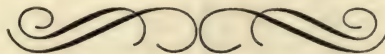
"Now for you, my masters!" He whirled suddenly upon the officers of his fleet. "Let me tell you this. I reduce you all this moment to simple mariners. Your commissions I withdraw by virtue of my commission from the Queen."

He stood and faced them furiously as they murmured and looked one at the other or on the ground.

"All of you, I say," he told them. "You have no authority save from me alone. Will one of you speak for the rest? What authority apart from me? Speak, Master Winter. Thou hast the right to speak for all mariners."

"We would not deny the authority," said Master Winter, quietly.

"It is well," said Drake, "and I in turn do restore you all to your authority. See!" he cried with a change of voice, "the tide is on the turn, and the wind is fair. All aboard now, and leave a clean beach for the next ship. Gentlemen," he said to the commanders and lieutenants who came around him, "this is a most auspicious moment in our lives. John, bring the tankards and my own bottle. Gentlemen, the sun is over the foreyard! I give you — the Queen!"



Growing Up to Play

BY H. W. WHICKER

In the schools and colleges of 1933 there is need for a very different training in recreation

THE justification of educational processes rests upon the assumption that they afford a training which enables the individual to adjust himself intelligently and honorably to the circumstances of existence. Institutions of learning, accordingly, offer programmes based upon the intellectual and the physical, in the belief that a formal routine of study and activity prepares the student for the positive discharge of his social and civil obligations. At its best, then, an educational system progresses as life progresses; otherwise, it fails.

The low percentage of illiteracy over the nation indicates some progress in the academic side of education, whatever its faults. General confusion in all matters related to leisure and recreation point to neglect and failure in the physical; and it must be admitted that a modern system of physical education, adequate to the needs of our age, is still a dream of the future.

No one in particular is to blame for the present situation, least of all the educator. Before 1900 we worked from ten to sixteen hours a

day in any occupation or profession. We had little opportunity for recreation. Leisure among the masses was unknown. Our energy, mental and physical, went into production. During that period, and as far back as the Civil War, play for play's sake and sport for sport's sake were generally disparaged. Baseball, then the leading game, had first to advertise the town or mercantile establishment which supported the team; it had next to show a profit at the gate. This was also true of most other sports and games.

It was inevitable that the commercial tradition summed up in athletic advertising and gate receipts should force its way into school and college physical programmes, then in their infancy, and all of competitive nature. Hard-headed business men, and others who sent their sons to college to increase their earning capacity, regarded football, basketball, baseball and track as frivolity and a waste of time that could be more profitably spent in pursuit of the academic degrees which would open the way to big salaries and "white-collar" jobs. Such sports and games,

they felt, had no legitimate claim upon public moneys set aside for educational budgets. When educators finally realized that student health and physical development were educational problems, they were forced to make their appeal in terms considered practical by a sober, tax-paying public as yet unaccustomed to the spectacular.

Their arguments were ingenious: "Why do we have a football team? Why do we encourage our youth to participate in games? Because we must *advertise* our institution! We are doing our best to build you a great State university. To build such a university we must increase our enrolment. Football places the university name before the public; it fires the imagination of youth, commands his loyalty and brings him here for matriculation. Two years ago, we won the conference gridiron title; the following year our enrolment showed a twenty per cent increase. That means new buildings, staff increases, greater prominence; then too, this system has its by-product of student health. Of what value is a strong mind in a feeble body? We may also add that you have no reason to complain: admittance is charged at the gate; the system pays for itself; it builds its own gymnasias and stadia. However, to meet your wishes in the matter, we'll wash our hands of the responsibility; we'll let the students run it through their *graduate-manager*."

SUCH an argument was final. The new system of intercollegiate athletic competition became too firmly entrenched in student patriotism, alumni loyalty and public senti-

ment to be flexible in the face of changing conditions. Unlike the academic, it had the color and drama of the spectacular at a time when life itself was becoming more spectacular. Though it waddled into the spotlight as an unwanted child, its growth and development were amazing; it was soon strangling economic serpents in its cradle; militantly it set out upon its Twelve Labors. That it is still considered more important by the vast majority than anything else in college life is shown by the curious facts that star athletes are subsidized more generously than academic instructors are paid, and that almost any *winning* coach gifted with business acumen commands a greater salary for a few weeks' work than the president of his institution.

In the meantime, from 1900 on through to the present, life changed at a surprising rate. The machine brought the modern industrial revolution, increasing and perfecting production, and shortening working hours. Soon after the World War the American public awakened to the fact that it was laboring from six to eight hours a day; that the physical rigors of the old industrial system were gone; that its bodies were growing soft and flabby; and that it had time on its hands. In addition, the machine had given us greater mobility through the automobile. Leisure time was suddenly a circumstance of modern life demanding sane adjustment on the part of the individual. Recreation became a problem.

For its solution we bought popular-priced cars, we built highways, and we turned *en masse* to the Great American Outdoors; we spent vast sums for municipal playgrounds, golf

courses, tennis courts, swimming pools and athletic clubs. We set aside virgin areas for national parks. We thronged to mountain, sea and forest. And still, alas, the problem is far from solved, though we have every facility natural and mechanical. We are lost in our Great American Outdoors. We dash madly to the Yellowstone or the Grand Canyon, then dash madly back. Our speed on the highways is terrific, scenic beauty a blur. We do not know, as a public, how to hunt, fish, explore, camp and enjoy what Nature has to offer us. We do not know how to conduct ourselves on municipal playgrounds, tennis courts and golf courses. We find boredom along the sea beach. We spend nearly ten billions annually for recreation, but these billions show no proportionate return in physical health and relaxation. We do not know how to play; we have never been taught how to play. Since we depend upon our educational system for that training which enables us to adjust ourselves intelligently and honorably to the circumstances of existence, and since leisure and recreation are now among those circumstances, is it not reasonable to demand that school and college departments of physical education modernize their programmes to meet these needs?

THE outworn attitudes which grew up before 1900 have retarded the progress of men's physical education, and are to no little degree responsible for the present situation. The main emphasis still goes into such intercollegiate spectacles as football, a game whose sole objectives are commercial — that is, advertising the

institution for enrolment increase and gate receipts. Since a losing team has little advertising significance, and still less financial value at the turnstile, winning at any price is of necessity the first objective to the sacrifice of student participation, mass health development and recreation, and other vital considerations which, at this day, might justify the system's place in an educational programme.

My experience as a coach is, on the whole, the experience of every coach in major intercollegiate competition. Each year, on a campus whose student enrolment numbered more than three thousand, at least a hundred youths in all stages of athletic experience and development answered my first seasonal call. Limited training facilities, such as gymnasium space and equipment, compelled me to reduce this squad to a minimum of thirty or less. The permanency of my coaching tenure in the institution, due to the stress on team advertising and drawing power at the gate, rested upon my ability to whip together a team which would be a formidable contender for the conference championship.

Under such a pressure I eliminated from my squad the awkward, undeveloped youth who, if physical well-being were a consideration in the system, needed my professional time and attention in training drills and processes. Under such a pressure, I retained the star athlete who had reached the height of his physical prowess, and who no longer had a logical claim upon my instruction. I next proceeded to force this select few through the rigors of a training grind which overtrained, overdeveloped and sapped their vitality until, at the

close of the season, they were exhausted, stale and in far worse condition than when they reported for the opening workout. That, in general, is the price both the coach and the athlete pay for intercollegiate advertising and gate receipts — not to mention the practical exclusion of student masses.

THERE is, however, another and a greater evil, judged from present circumstances. If, for instance, a student devotes four years of his time to the study of academic subjects which have no possible bearing upon the life he must lead after commencement exercises, such a course is branded folly. On the other hand, we applaud the star athlete who spends four years of his college career specializing in football and other intercollegiate competitions, knowing that when he is done, when he goes out into the professional world, he must turn to other activities and cultivate other habits for his recreation.

In my case again, and it is a typical case, I participated in four intercollegiate sports, their range from football to wrestling. After college, when my way led to regulated temperature and the desk, I found the problem of normal, healthful exercise one of insoluble complexity. In the first place, my muscular development was extreme, so much so that only strenuous exercise over a period of several hours would stimulate invigoration, start sluggish blood rushing and bring perspiration — something that any one but a veteran athlete may do in a brisk walk, a few sets of tennis, or a round of golf. Again, for years Nature had been forced to react to meet the demands of training and competition

with a superabundance of physical energy. When this energy no longer found its outlet in intercollegiate seasonal exertion, it took the form of fat. I am now inclined to the belief that this is the physical history of most athletes, and that it accounts for the preponderance of their number who are broken-down, obese old war-horses soon after thirty. If so, the present system is highly injurious to the health of its few active participants at a time when it almost completely absorbs coaching instruction and equipment that legitimately belong to student masses.

Like not a few others, I found myself out in life wholly lacking in the knowledge and training adequate for my recreational problems, and seriously handicapped by my previous physical experience. When I needed exercise, I could no longer turn to football, basketball, track or wrestling; I was lost in a world of municipal tennis, golf, handball and swimming. I had won my place on varsity teams; but that was gruelling labor, and I had not learned to play. Eventually, I turned to forest trails; I picked up canoeing, hunting, fishing and other such activities where I had left them off as a boy. Even there the harmful results of athletic over-exertion were at once apparent; I was too muscle-bound for mountain trails; exertion unrelated to team victory seemed purposeless, and there were no crowds to cheer. It took me years to overcome these difficulties, and to bring my body back to the pliability and normalcy that Nature intended. This, I repeat, is the history of most college athletes for about fifteen years after the final line buck or tackle.

The physical education of the American co-ed offers an interesting contrast. College women, I firmly believe, are at least half a century ahead of college men in this field. They have never been handicapped in the evolution of their physical programme by such purely commercial demands as institutional advertising and gate receipts through team conquests. From the first, their instructors have been judged not by sport sheet records of team standings, but by their positive influence, mentally and morally as well as physically, upon the masses of student women who come under their charge. Their positions have been permanent. Their objectives are health.

So all-important is the health objective in women's physical education that most colleges and universities have joined in a national association which rigidly bars intercollegiate competition. As a consequence the thousands of women in our colleges are able to participate sanely in all forms of health-giving recreational activities under trained supervision and guidance, while the vast majority of their brothers are forced to shift for themselves. And in most vital points of physical development, college women are far in advance of college men. Above all, when the co-ed leaves college, she knows how to play, for she has been trained to play. A glance at the women's physical programme in a Western State university of seven thousand enrolment is illuminating:

It includes the following activities, most of which are compulsory, and in all of which every woman on the campus is urged to enter: folk danc-

ing, character dancing and natural dancing; hockey, baseball, basketball, volleyball, handball, tennis and golf; canoeing, tramping, swimming, rifle shooting, archery and gymnastics. In the competitive branches of this programme there are intramural leagues and field days; but, fortunately, the emphasis is upon play for play's sake, and no woman may overexert herself. After four years in a department such as this, the college woman faces life with a modern background of training and preparation for future health and recreational needs. This department, incidentally, is in charge of a dean and seven other professors and instructors, all of whom draw their salaries from the State through the university proper.

On this same campus, by way of comparison, the varsity football coach draws a salary nearly four thousand dollars in excess of that paid the president; and the salary total of the men's coaching staff, in all branches of intercollegiate competition, runs over sixty thousand dollars annually. The gymnasium and the stadium, built at a cost of nearly three million, are monopolized by less than two hundred varsity athletes, many of whom are imported for no other purpose than football, while the rest of the male student body is out in the cold.

THERE are hopeful indications of a change for the better. At a time when the economic situation is forcing superfluity out of all organizations and institutions which have a claim upon public moneys, we are beginning to realize that colleges and universities owe the taxpayer a

major emphasis, in publicity and otherwise, upon something more vital to public welfare than football. The co-ed is blazing a modern trail through the educational wilderness for her brother, one that he must ultimately follow; and her achievements in health, beauty and physical well-being are such that they can no longer be ignored by the college administrator — a much harassed gentleman who, at present, woefully contemplates the fact that, in subordinating all other purposes for which college is intended, football is a positive menace to institutional budgets — a drab reality indicated recently when the Washington State legislature passed a law limiting deans' salaries in the State university and the State college to four hundred dollars a month, proponents of the bill urging that for a long period of years the two institutions had been more interested in football than in education. The day, furthermore, is not far off when physical health and recreational adaptability in college men will be more important in educational perspective than false institutional advertising and gate receipts.

We have one of the world's most beautiful and varied outdoors, its national parks, its snow-clad peaks, its forests, lakes, rivers and waterfalls, the heritage — thanks to that child of the machine, the automobile — of every American of every age and class. Residents of forty-eight States fish for Puget Sound salmon and Rogue River steelhead; residents of every State have access to Glacier National Park, the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, the California Redwoods and thousands of miles of ocean beach on either coast of the

continent. Why should we not be trained in the school and college physical education departments of the future to enjoy these infinitely varied pleasures? Why should the scope of men's physical education be limited to Lilliputian gymnasia and stadia, and elemental spectacles as far behind their day as the jousts of knights of the Middle Ages, when we have the greater playground of outdoor Nature?

We have expended millions of dollars upon municipal playgrounds, golf courses, tennis courts and swimming pools to care for the recreational needs of a population congesting more and more in cities. Can we permit school and college departments of physical education to shirk their preparatory obligation in this regard?

Women have thrown off the conventional shackles of the Victorian period to vote, to enter business and to find the freedom that was their due from the first. Men and women now have more in common than at any other time in the history of civilization. In any sane perspective of education, academic or physical, would anything have a more direct and vital social significance than a comprehensive programme of sports and games and recreation, in which they met on terms of equality in an association that would bring to the surface the positive qualities of both? Which has the greater value, men and women joining in a set of tennis, a round of golf, an archery bout, or a fishing expedition — or twenty-two battle-mad young warriors battering the life from their bodies in a crude combat game for institutional advertising and gate

receipts? Are there not other spectacles for an age that at least is wearing the surface garments of civilization? Are we not attempting to eliminate war and the traits of human nature which lead to war — notably the combat instinct? When men disagree, do we encourage settlement by fists and physical prowess? Is the day not gone when it was necessary to be able to run swiftly and jump high and far in order to elude Indians and other wilderness foes? Finally, are we not at the point in civilized progress when we must train both our bodies and our minds for civilized adjustment through our institutions of learning?

The football battle, the prize-fight and other combat spectacles are even now dying their natural death. Why? For the reason that an enlightened public is finding new interest and diversion in outdoor life, and in its way is seeking participation in those activities which lead to health, relaxation and the mental and physical interrelationships of both the individual and the mass mind. The old order is going. It may perhaps be gone. Our final concern is this: when will school and college physical education assume its logical place in the procession and meet the issue?



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



IT is pleasant to report that the crisis through which this country is now passing — at the moment this is being written the banks are still closed and a curious peace has settled over farm and city — is notable primarily for the fact that the ancient virtues of

good humor and helpfulness have suddenly come to life. The final collapse of a banking system that has been tottering for months found the Landscaper in New Orleans, with Carnival just ended, and the most attractive city in the United States in the midst of a post-Mardi Gras hangover. The indomitably gay spirits of a place where people have always insisted upon being happy were not crushed; those of its residents who had money to buy gasoline drove to the French market to lay in a supply of red beans and rice, the others walked on a similar mission. It was a disappointing Mardi Gras because of the weather, but good liquor was abundant, and good spirits even more so.

It Remains New Orleans

NOT for many years had this wanderer visited New Orleans, and so he was curious to check up on the

effects of the city's growth and its great increase in commercial importance. There had been rumors of change, suggestions that the city was becoming more and more American, and losing its delicious and peculiar character. Perhaps the depression has made a

difference, but whatever is responsible New Orleans remains itself, *sui generis*, invaded but not conquered by the spirit of the Industrial Era. The quality of the food is as high as ever, the Oysters Rockefeller and the *Truite Marguery* at La Louisiane as near to epicures' dreams as they were ten or even twenty years ago. Vieux Carré has lost none of its ancient charm, and the Cathedral by moonlight remains as romantic as it has ever been. It is, too, the most peaceful of all the churches in America the Landscaper has ever entered, the nearest approach — if not architecturally, although it is good enough in its own style — to the great churches of Europe. The old apartments in Frenchtown are as full of grace and charm as they have always been, and as wholly remote from all that went on in a mad country after we embarked upon our spell of insanity that came to a close in 1929.

Two Treasures

LYLE SAXON, who has done so much to tell the world of New Orleans and the fascinating country that lies around it, has one of these old places. His patio owns a magnificent palm that grows in the exact centre, and spreads its branches like an umbrella over the whole oblong. This very poem of a tree escaped the disastrous freeze that so recently stripped the Gulf Coast country of its spring flowers, most of all the azaleas that are its chief glory, because it is sheltered from the cold blasts that brought such destruction with them in February. Mr. Saxon also has another possession which the world might well envy him, a colored cook named Dan. Dan's red snapper deserves more poetical treatment than it will get at the hands of the Landscaper; it is a great work of art, and lingers like music in the memory. Mr. Saxon has been at work on his first novel for several years, taking his time with it. It is now almost done and will probably see the light of day this fall. The title is *Children of Strangers*, and the story is of a part of Louisiana where whites and blacks have mingled with considerable freedom for several generations. Remembering the few, but excellent, short stories of Mr. Saxon, one feels high hopes for the novel. After it is finished another non-fiction book along the lines of *Fabulous New Orleans*, *Father Mississippi* and so on will be undertaken.

Why Not More Writers?

ROARK BRADFORD lives around the corner from Mr. Saxon, and spends much of his time at present

telling Negro stories over the radio. John McClure, who did such fine work on the old *Double Dealer*, and later as book reviewer for the *Times Picayune*, is still on the staff of that newspaper, and a resident of the Quarter. There are others, of course, for this little corner of the world will always hold out attractions for people who write or paint or do anything in the way of the arts, but one wonders why the literary colony is not much larger. Living is extremely reasonable, not so cheap, perhaps, as in Florida, which can now equal in economy the Landscaper's former Paradise of Mallorca, but New Orleans offers more attractions than merely cheap living. It has plenty of intellectual stimulation, a surprisingly large number of people who keep up with everything that goes on in the world, and form their own highly individual and entertaining opinions without outside assistance. This is refreshing to a long-time resident of New York, where what most people think or say about books, pictures or music comes directly from the columns of their favorite daily newspapers.

The Little Theatre

THE remarkable success of Le Petit Theatre, now a well-established institution of the Quarter is in itself a tribute to intelligence and artistic interest of the city. Started in 1913 with, as one of its founders told the Landscaper, forty members and thirty dollars, the Little Theatre now owns its thoroughly modern and well-equipped playhouse, with the exception of a small remaining debt, and this feat has been accomplished without a cent of outside assistance.

The original members set their faces squarely against subsidies of any sort, and in the beginning made their own scenery and costumes. In spite of existing financial conditions, the membership has shown a surprisingly small falling off, and there is no doubt at all that a year or two more will see the theatre out of debt, owning a very valuable piece of property, and with every prospect of a long and useful life. A complete small theatre, known as the Workshop, is one of the most interesting features of a fine plant; it offers opportunities for any sort of experimental work that the members may care to try. Talent crying for expression here finds a perfect outlet. At the moment, Ferenc Molnar's *Fata Morgana* is being given, a most difficult play even for the professional theatre, but the New Orleans group has far too many triumphs behind it to be daunted. The whole enterprise is a fine manifestation of the guild spirit; it has been artistically successful and has consistently made money, furnishing a theatre-loving city with the kind of entertainment it might otherwise have had to go without during the movie-ridden period. It seems a pity to have to pass on with no more than this casual notice of so admirable a piece of work, but the Landscaper's two thousand miles since he last set down his observations have yielded so much that it is necessary.

Florida's Masterpieces

BACKTRACKING for a time, he would like to go on record as saying that Florida, which is so full of interest from whatever point of view one cares to take it, has at least three things that ought to be seen by every

American — and also by a large number of scornful Europeans. These are the Ringling Museum of Fine Arts in Sarasota, the gift of one of the famous members of the circus family; the Bok Tower, and all the beauty that surrounds it, and Rollins College at Winter Park. The Landscaper had read of all three before he saw them, but was not prepared for any one of them. In Sarasota for a day, he yielded to an old love of anything pertaining to the circus and spent a sunny morning in the winter quarters of the Ringling shows, watching the patient training of the horses, playing with Sadie, a delightful orang-outang as gentle as a dog and far more entertaining, petting the zebras that roam at large over the grounds, and watching the huge herd of elephants swaying at their great stakes, nervous because of the wind that beat against their canvas shelter.

Then he went to the Museum, which is a beautiful building in the Spanish style, with a vast open courtyard, and filled with examples of the work of the greatest masters of painting. This is no place for a catalogue of the pictures, but the selection was made with the greatest care and skill, and the masterpieces are in far greater proportion to the total number of paintings than they are in many of the famous museums of the world. The hanging is right, and as in every good museum, one might spend months with profit. It is not too large a museum to be wholly enjoyed — the Landscaper was reminded of the Prado in Madrid, which is to him the most satisfying art gallery he has ever seen. There are black swans in a pool in the

patio, and bougainvillea grows everywhere; altogether a place of peace and beauty, where the setting helps to put the visitor in the proper mood for the enjoyment of the paintings. A surprising number of people in near-by Florida towns have never even seen the museum, but the visitor to the State who misses it and then goes dashing off to Europe to haunt the galleries there deserves to be stopped by the immigration authorities upon his return to his own country.

A Day of Memories

EDWARD BOK is buried at the foot of a Gothic tower of multi-colored marble which holds one of the finest carillons in the world, and which stands on the top of the highest elevation in Florida, with the village of Lake Wales at its foot. It is a divinely beautiful place when the azaleas are at their best, as they were for the Landscaper's day — white and pink and red. There are tall pine trees, and winding lagoons, fountains and flowers and birds, and a stillness that even on a windy day when a sweet blending of natural sounds makes its own symphony hushes the voices of the people who come to look and listen. Good roads lead from all parts of the State to the Tower, which is in the midst of a bird sanctuary, and which was the gift of a man who came to know before he died that beauty is as necessary for human beings as bread. As time passes, the Tower and its surroundings will become even more lovely, but it is not necessary to wait. For one who has always believed in accumulating memories, which may be turned to in moments

of great need as we turn to our friends, or our books, the Landscaper cherishes the day at Lake Wales, and knows very well that if he never sees it again, a fragment of its beauty will be with him as long as he lives.

A Unique Institution

ROLLINS COLLEGE, out of which Dr. Hamilton Holt has made one of the most important schools in America, is beautiful, too, both in its natural setting and in its buildings, the Knowles Memorial Chapel and the Annie Russell Theatre with their connecting arcades forming a fine patio, being one of the loveliest group of buildings the Landscaper has ever seen, and truly and honestly Spanish in design and feeling. But it is interesting from many other points of view as well, interesting because it is trying a vital educational experiment which is a clean break from traditional methods in this country, and what is more, making an outstanding success of it. Rollins is an old college, the oldest in Florida, founded by New Englanders, and clinging fast in the midst of the luscious beauty of the Florida country to the old ideals of plain living and high thinking. The classroom and formal lecture method of instruction have been virtually abandoned, also the four-year course; teaching is mainly by conference, and the idea is to help students to use their own brains rather than to cram their heads full of cut-and-dried information. Dr. Holt has dared to be un-academic whenever he felt like it, and the results are extraordinarily arousing and stimulating, especially to any one like the Landscaper who

feels very deeply that the American educational system is weakest where it ought to be strongest, this for two reasons, one that it is not designed to teach even those students who have something to think with how to think, the other that it fails lamentably to teach what life is like and what ought to be done about it. Both these things Rollins tries to do. Dr. Holt's persistent policy of putting most of his budget into teachers rather than into buildings is another clean break with American tradition; in fact, Rollins strikes this observer as delightfully unstandardized and un-American; a curious survival of that period in New England history Lewis Mumford has characterized as The Golden Day, when this country might for a moment have gone Greek, and instead, God save the mark, went Roman.

An "Animated Magazine"

ONCE a year for several years the college has had what it calls The Rollins Animated Magazine, the only institution of its kind in the world. The contributors read their pieces; the subscribers, student body, friends of the college, and natives and tourists from all over Florida listen under the trees. This year the list included Albert Shaw, Mary E. Wooley, William P. Merrill, Walter Prichard Eaton, Dan Beard, Irving Bacheller, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Charles Downer Hazen, Ray Stannard Baker, Lyman P. Powell, Frances Frost, William T. Ellis and Opie Read, with Dr. Holt as master of ceremonies, and Edwin Osgood Grover, professor of books on the college faculty, as the "advertising insert," since an appeal is made each

year for funds for the campus library.

There is much more that might be said about this unusual institution, about the very atmosphere of the place, and its agreeable informality, about the normal and wholesome life the students seem to lead, about the effort to keep expenses as low as possible so that its advantages may be offered to poor students as well as rich, and about the genuine spirit of democracy that may be felt as well as seen. It was an inspiration to this somewhat pessimistic wanderer to spend even a day on the campus and to realize that something of the kind existed in the country, and was the product of American intelligence and courage. In April next, a Spanish club from Ybor City, which is the Spanish town of Tampa, is to hold a celebration in honor of Cervantes on the campus, and it goes without saying that the Landscaper will be there, if it is humanly possible.

And Books, Also

BETWEEN long hours at the wheel of an automobile, swimming, lying in the sun at St. Petersburg and Clearwater, and sitting still listening to the mocking birds in Tampa, which is one of the most wholly agreeable of American cities, the Landscaper has read a few books, and as sometimes happens, several unusually good ones. Those who are interested in the architectural side of New Orleans, for example, will find much good material in *New Orleans: Its Old Houses, Shops and Public Buildings* by Nathaniel Cortlandt Curtis (Lippincott, \$3.50). Mr. Curtis is an architect who has gathered his data with care. He settles the old

quarrel of whether New Orleans architecture is French or Spanish by saying that it is neither, but Creole, and he goes painstakingly into its distinguishing characteristics, most notably the profuse use of cast-iron as decoration for balconies and stairs. The book is not notable for its style, and is far less interesting reading than Lyle Saxon's *Fabulous New Orleans*, but it contains useful information for visitors with a flair for the art of building. The city itself is amazingly rich in odd examples of architectural adaptations, many of them quite beautiful, and all worth looking at and studying.

A Good New Novelist

AMONG recent novels, the Landscaper found much pleasure in Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's *South Moon Under* (Scribner, \$2), which is a current book club choice, and which is a remarkable record of the daily lives of Florida Crackers, inhabitants of the "scrub" which covers a relatively small area of the State and shelters people of Anglo-Saxon blood who bear many resemblances to the mountain-folk of the Carolinas and Eastern Tennessee. Mrs. Rawlings has discovered their most deeply hidden secrets, from the proper ceremonies for childbirth to the exact recipe for moonshine; she knows them thoroughly and sympathetically. They have the pioneer virtues of being able to take care of themselves in all circumstances and of enjoying life in the face of hardships that would completely defeat the majority of this soft generation. It is not only that the author is a close, careful and accurate observer, but she does her characters well also,

and she has a sense of plot that makes the book excellent reading. Often the language is quite frank, and the story is no more pleasant than life, but it has an engaging quality of honesty and verisimilitude. In short, it is a good novel in addition to being a good picture of one small corner of a great continent that will never be completely explored, no matter how many of its people take up literary careers. (There have been times in the Landscaper's past life when he has suspected that at least every other person in America was writing a novel, and his recent travels pretty well bear out the suspicion.)

Murder in the Mountains

ANOTHER entertaining novel is *Glen Hazard* by Maristan Chapman (Knopf, \$2), which continues the fortunes of a group of characters well known by this time to followers of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman. This is a murder mystery in a Tennessee mountain setting, the victim being the most hated man in the community. The Chapmans have resorted to a conventional detective story plot, which offers no novelties in construction, but which is full of native humor, and decorated with the rich dialect of which they are masters. Their vein is purely romantic, and the present book, like its predecessors, works out to a happy ending, with the villains punished and the virtuous rewarded. There is nothing important about the present book, but it is delightfully written and very readable. A remarkable contrast, which is symbolical of the diversity of fiction that is coming out of the South at the present time, is

Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* (Viking, \$2.50), the story of a family of Georgia country people, written with rather breath-taking frankness, even in these days when censorship seems to have disappeared. The theme is the effect of the presence of a virile male upon three women, and the reader is, as the saying goes, "told all." A good many people will be shocked by Mr. Caldwell's candor, but he writes with force and often with beauty, and he knows life in certain of its less discussable phases.

Beauregard and Davis

A GOOD biography that revives an ancient controversy is Hamilton Basso's *Beauregard: The Great Creole* (Scribner, \$3), which is the story of the career of P. T. G. Beauregard, the romantic Louisiana soldier of Creole ancestry who was in command of the Confederate forces at Charleston when Fort Sumter was fired upon. Beauregard and Jefferson Davis fought a duel that lasted four long years, and Mr. Basso takes Beauregard's side with both intelligence and fire. Those readers who found pleasure in Lloyd Lewis's magnificent biography of Sherman ought to be particularly interested in the Beauregard, for Mr. Basso has done what Mr. Lewis did, that is, written the story of the War Between the States from a very definite point of view. The Basso book is not so important as the Lewis work, which is a contribution of the first importance to the whole history of the period, but it is interestingly written, a good example of modern, impressionistic biography that is soundly grounded and revealing,

without being in the least dull or pedantic. Exception might be taken to Mr. Basso's condemnation of Davis's stubborn attitude toward Beauregard's policy of a concentrated attack upon vital points in the Federal territory for the reason that Davis had to be a politician and to take political realities into consideration, while Beauregard was purely a military man, and probably did not realize the internal difficulties of the government of the Confederate States. But it is interesting to have these revaluations of Davis; his contemporaries for the most part had fallen out with him completely at the time of the surrender of Lee's armies at Appotomatox, and it was years before he became the beloved symbol of a defeated nation, which promptly forgot its old animosity. Beauregard was in every respect one of the most romantic figures that came out of the Civil War, and Mr. Basso has presented him to us without neglecting this aspect of his character.

Men Out of Jobs

LIKE Sherman, Beauregard was oddly out of place when the war was over. The latter pages of Lewis's book reveal a rather pathetic figure, somewhat lost in the seas of adulation that engulfed him, as tragic in success as Beauregard was in failure. Beauregard, after years of the most grinding poverty, in which one story has it he actually begged his bread from door to door in New Orleans, became the head of the Louisiana Lottery at a salary of \$10,000 a year, and suffered the execrations of many Southern patriots, who evidently preferred that he starve to death rather than to lower his principles,

although no doubt many of the people who condemned Beauregard for taking the post with the Lottery bought tickets every week. As neatly ironical a situation as the South's condemnation of Al Smith for being a Wet, when, if the observation of one person is worth anything, more liquor was — and is — being consumed in the South than any other section of the country.

One of the finest of the many biographies of Wagner is *The Unconquerable Tristan: The Story of Richard Wagner*, by B. M. Steigman (Macmillan, \$3.50), which tells in detail of the three women in Wagner's life, Minna, Mathilde Wesendonck and Cosima. This volume is a rare combination of good scholarship and style, a delightfully written book that goes a long way toward explaining the remarkable contradictions in the character of a great genius. Wagner's letters form the principal source of Mr. Steigman's material, which he has handled with admirable skill. The book reads like a first-rate novel, and this without departing from sound material. The Landscaper considers this book well toward the top of the list of contemporary volumes about the lives of musicians, and trusts that even in such a season as this it will not go neglected.

Some Religious Speculation

ANOTHER recent book that interested the Landscaper very much, even if he found himself unable to agree with its conclusions, was *The Other Spanish Christ* by John A. Mackey (Macmillan, \$2), which is a consideration of the religious question of the moment in Spain and South America. Mr.

Mackey has for years been associated with Y. M. C. A. work in Peru, and his feeling is that the real need of both Spain and South America is to get away from Catholicism. The meaning of his title will be understood by those who have read Unamuno, whom Mr. Mackey admires whole-heartedly, for Unamuno has written much and often of the Christ of Spanish Catholicism, which he thinks was imported from Tangiers, and which is, above everything else, a dead Christ. Mr. Mackey's Christ is the Christ of social service, as well as the Redeemer, a Christ which he seems to think plays a highly important part in the affairs of the United States. In short, his is the missionary attitude, and his book will please those who believe that this country has developed a religion so satisfactory that it should supplant others, to the Landscaper a very doubtful theory.

What of the Bankers?

WHAT gives the book real value, however, is the genuine understanding of Spanish character revealed by its author, a far more genuine understanding than he reveals of American character. One wishes that he might have had more to say about the operations of our friends the international bankers in South America, and the part they played in bringing the recent revolutions; it might have been valuable to investigate their church affiliations. What sort of religion will come out of the turmoil in Spain and in South America is anybody's guess, and anything Spanish is essentially unpredictable, but the Landscaper's own prophecy is that the Catholic

Church, purged of some of its obvious weaknesses, will retain its hold to a very large extent. Spanish Catholicism, as Mr. Mackey points out, is not like any other; what he does not lay sufficient stress upon is its close and unmistakable connection with the oldest cults in the Iberian peninsula. The worship of Mary is stronger than the worship of Christ in the Spanish countries because it is much older; primitive Iberian goddesses antedating Christianity by a thousand years held infants in their arms in poses that are familiar to the world today, just as Isis and the infant Horus and the Virgin and Child are too much alike at times to be distinguished. Mr. Mackey's account of the curious cults that flourish in South America, and more especially in Brazil, is interesting; he might just as well have been writing about the United States. His is a good book to quarrel with in any case, because he writes well and defends his own point of view without being offensively dogmatic.

Many Other Matters

THIS scattered account of the Landscaper's activities in recent weeks leaves out much. For example, the conversations with Evans Wall, author of *No-Nation Girl*, *Love-Fetish*, and other remarkable novels, in Tampa, where Mr. Wall is living for a time away from his old house near Woodville, Mississippi, the oldest house in the State, and somewhat crowded with ghosts. Mr. Wall has just finished the manuscript of an-

other novel, *River God*, which promises to be an outstanding book of some future season; he has both a fine and a diverse talent, and knows stories of the country in which he lives that ought to keep him writing as long as he lives. Or a Sunday spent at Oak Alley, forty miles up the Mississippi River from New Orleans, a great old plantation house with twenty-eight columns and twenty-eight magnificent live oaks making an avenue down to the river, a place of peace and simple, old-time dignity. Or the story of a river pilot and his wife, who cooked on the boat, who dreamed of owning one of the most beautiful houses in Louisiana and came at last to own it. This one is too good to be neglected, so the Landscaper will tell it later.

This part of the world — Mississippi — still lives the tall tales that used to delight the frontier. The latest, which comes from the town of Hot Coffee, believe it or not, is this: A citizen of the community who was out of work bought a gallon of moonshine on credit, and after three drinks began to see such strange and wonderful snakes and animals, he decided to start a show and charge admission. A number of natives responded to his ballyhoo, but seeing nothing, sent for the sheriff to arrest their fellow-townsmen for defrauding them. The fellow-townsmen stopped the sheriff long enough to give him two drinks from the gallon, and he not only told the people it was the best show he had ever seen, but offered to buy a half-interest in it. . . .

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Apéritif

One Millennium or Another

IT MAY be that the *Times*, with all its generosity in the way of reading matter, has been so wholly occupied by Washington, London, Paris and Geneva lately that its representatives have had no chance to report such things, but this student of newspapers, at least, has been unable to find a single prophecy of the end of the world in many months. When you consider that these prophecies are generally frequent and of a nature to entertain the sophisticated, it seems pity enough; but when you consider further that at about this time a thousand years ago fanatics were laying the groundwork which in the year 999 precipitated upon the prediction of the Apocalypse an invasion of the Holy Land so great that it was "compared to a desolating army," according to Dr. Charles Mackay, it seems a downright dereliction of duty, a waste of unlimited technological leisure.

Mr. Hoover, of course, has foreseen an outcropping of grass in Wall Street, and he is to be complimented upon a tendency of direness in his

forward-looking, but how is that to be compared with Doomsday? The fact that nothing much but disillusion was reaped at the first millennium should be no proof to believers in the free operation of the stock market that nothing will at the second. There could, after all, have been a typographical error.

Still, there is a certain dubiousness in the air. Senator Reed has been the spokesman for an element which holds little faith in the efficacy of control over inflation, and his only hope of remedy lay in the dissolution of Congress — a curious hope when you think of the powers vested in the Executive. The *Times*, again, has been having the utmost difficulty in adjusting its attitude toward an Administration which carries out an unsolicited promise to cut a billion dollars from the budget on one hand, and takes the bit out of the inflationists' teeth on the other. Even that limpid soul, Walter Lippmann, has been known one day vigorously to defend the note issue provision of the inflation bill, and then back down the next. One can, indeed, "look peripatetically on this scene."

For the less gifted, or positioned, than these three, however, the dubiousness takes on a greater intensity. To see one's way through the maze of cause, effect and relation inherent in an English Equalization Fund, its agreement with the French and their combined effect on the dollar (gold, paper or imaginable) is no task for weaker minds. They flinch. And even the much better than average minds have a marked tendency to keep in the safe dugout of cautious criticism; John Chamberlain, for instance, has been doing a series of articles on the remedies suggested by various people in which rays of hope are as hard to find as the proverbial needle in the haystack.

In connection with the thirty-hour week bill, which the A. F. of L. has advocated for more than a year, Mr. William Green is heard voicing the bitterest objections to Secretary Perkins's minimum wage amendment. A large mass of citizens is bewildered by this attitude — trade unionism's purpose is to increase wages, or keep them from falling: why shouldn't labor organizations welcome legislation helping the whole body of labor to achieve a decent income? The answer is, of course, that labor organizations must ever advocate what will not lose their leaders' jobs. But there remains a superficial look of plausibility in the argument that a legalized minimum wage will inevitably become an actual maximum wage, and that all wage earners will have a level wage, regardless of ability. Its absurdity lies in the fact that there is always a "going wage" for labor of a certain kind in a certain locality, and that nevertheless the more skilled workers earn and

receive income greater than that. Industrial engineers have already gone a long way in ascertaining by scientific methods the relative values of different kinds of work, and eventually their findings must be the basis for pay rates — not political pressure from labor groups or lack of it. That is, if we are to have any decently organized sort of society.

But that, too, is a very confusing question. Will the liberalism of the New Deal achieve any lasting results, or will it fail and be succeeded by the still active and resentful proponents of rugged individualism, protective tariffs, keeping the Government out of business and all the other claptrap?

Why in all this struggle and contention do people fail to see Doomsday coming on? Even in the worried discussion over where and when the next (inevitable) war will break out the most that is conjectured as a result of it is the breakdown of civilization. There are pictured shrapnel with a spread of a hundred yards, gas bombs capable of annihilating cities, explosives powerful enough to destroy the strongest fortifications as easily as a pup tent, chemicals which would melt stone like butter. But no one imagines that the earth will be torn apart, that not even a few uncultured savages will remain upon it.

From all this there would appear to be room for a new lobby at Washington, perhaps one named after a fictional creation of Mr. Edwin Balmer — the League of the Last Days. Its duties would be to croak incessantly that everything was going to the dogs, to argue for the complete relinquishment of worldly pursuits, such as business, banking, industry,

farming and legislation, not to mention diplomacy. A law [*sic!*] would be advocated requiring all people to sell their possessions and journey with the proceeds to Jerusalem, as good Christians did in 999: a law whose enactment would depress all values to the vanishing point, leaving no economic system for any one to argue about.

On the other hand, the present absence of such a lobby, or any apparent feeling of its need, may conceivably reflect the fact that people have been facing the worst — without, perhaps, altogether thorough understanding — and have decided that it is, after all, remediable. There is even a hint of their belief that remedies are already being found and applied. Seven-million-share days on the stock market are none too good criteria, but an expansion of steel production from fifteen to twenty-nine per cent in a month means something, and the outcome of the World Conference for the first time begins to appear somewhat promising. Besides, 2000 is known to be a leap-year. We may have to postpone that journey until 3000.



Page Mr. Chesterton

FOR the cynical it would be a rare event if the Scottsboro trial and Judge Lowell of Massachusetts succeeded in influencing Southern courts to include in their juries a fair proportion of Negroes, as Mr. Virginus Dabney has hinted recently might be the case. The Supreme Court would have precedent for not rousing Southern opinion to white heat by opposing Judge Lowell, and there is little enough possibility that the Fourteenth Amendment will be sud-

denly enforced. But voluntary action to avert such embarrassing arguments as Mr. Leibowitz, defense attorney for the Scottsboro boys, presented seems to be expected, and to have that brought on the South by a combination of Communist organization and Republican judge has its funny side.

In fact, it ranks a close second to the present delicate negotiations apparently going on between Herr Hitler's Government and Moscow. As George Gerhard points out in another part of this magazine, it is economically impossible for Germany to continue long in a wholly nationalistic policy: too much of her life depends on foreign trade, and a very large part of her recent foreign trade has concerned that devils' land to the east which harbors so many brothers of the enemies of the "national rebirth." There are curious accounts of Soviet representatives being admitted in the concentration camps of German Communists to prove what kind treatment the latter are receiving at the hands of the Nazis; other indications, too, crop up that presage a future relationship between the swastika and the hammer and sickle not unlike that Biblical one between the lion and the lamb. Of course, the Bible is on the Soviet *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, but in present-day Germany it is evidently to be used in the service of the Nazi Government, and in that just possibly may be the explanation.



Mr. Keynes on Construction

IT BECOMES increasingly clear, not only to the humanitarians among our economic thinkers and dilet-

tantes but to the more hard-boiled as well, that a general forcing of construction will be needed for full recovery. But the cost of such a forcing, having, as it apparently does, to come out of the Federal pocketbook, looks very formidable to any taxpayer who has had the miserable experience of totting up his income for 1932, and therefore the project engenders misgiving.

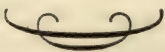
Consequently, a new pamphlet by John Maynard Keynes should be received here with interest (*The Means to Prosperity*, Harcourt, Brace and Company). In this Mr. Keynes attempts to show with some exactness how beneficial large expenditures of this kind would be to the English Exchequer or to our own Treasury, and how, if accompanied by a pooling of international gold resources to help raise and stabilize the world price level and to minimize the central banks' fear of raids on their gold stocks, they would prove the quickest way back from famine. His argument is to the effect that national income would thus be expanded, not only directly through wages, salaries and purchases of materials for particular construction projects, but also indirectly through increased purchasing in other fields

made possible by the payment of those wages, salaries and bills for materials. He has a formula by which he calculates that with each expenditure of £100 English national income would be increased £200, and further, that out of each £100 so expended £53 would go back to the Exchequer through increased returns on existing taxes. Because the United States is both less dependent on foreign trade than England and without her dole, we should enjoy even greater advantages from such a policy.

If our various governments considered further the great drop in price of both labor costs and materials, together with this return in taxes of money spent on construction, it might be harder to dissuade them from extravagant projects than it has been to persuade them on sensible ones. A piece of work that could be done today for \$100 and which, under these circumstances, should return \$53 or more to government coffers, later on may very well cost \$150—so that present economizing may cost the taxpayer money in the end.

At any rate, light on this subject appears to be coming out from under its basket in Washington. Doomsday is not yet.

W. A. D.



A New Deal in the Pacific

BY HAMILTON BUTLER

Who advocates a return to our "Asia-for-Asiatics" policy of forty years ago as the only way to promote both Oriental and American interests

AT A TIME when tremendous forces, which can not fail vitally to affect the future of this nation, are taking shape in the Far East, we find ourselves at odds with two of the three powers and distrusted by the third, which, with the United States, are able, if they but coöperate, to make their fiat the law in the North Pacific basin.

The Soviet Union has given back snub for snub. Japan continues its reorganization of Manchuria undeterred by the State Department's attempt to fight fate with phrases. China can not conceal its impatience with a Government that talks so big and does so little. As a result of our recent meddling in Asiatic affairs, American prestige stands today, among the peoples directly affected by our uncertain diplomacy, at "a new all-time low."

The danger inherent in this state of affairs ought to be plainly visible to any American who is not congenitally condemned to take an exclusively immediate view of world events. Asia is in active revolt against the West. Whether or not

we escape gracefully from the greatest catastrophe that diplomatic ineptitude has ever conjured up for a modern nation will depend on the amount of vision and courage that can be summoned, from now on, to the direction of American policy in the Orient.

The fundamental defect of our present policy in the Far East is that we approach Asia and Asiatic questions through Europe and European formulas. The State Department in Washington has become a partisan meddler in the internal affairs of Asia, after the fashion of the predatory chancelleries of the Old World. All the advantages that geographical position and political traditions gave us, as a logical mediator between the Old World of Europe and the new world that is fast emerging from the ancient civilizations of Asia, were scrapped when we abandoned our early policy of dealing directly with our Pacific neighbors and allied ourselves with the leading powers of Europe in a common policy in China.

Although Secretary Stimson's beligerent pacifism has made a bad

matter very much worse, attempting to hold him solely responsible for our predicament in the Far East is dangerous, as well as historically indefensible: for, if we are to extricate ourselves, with honor, we have got to admit that we have been traveling in the wrong direction for more than thirty years — and make a complete *volte face*. The initial mistake of bracketing the United States with Europe in its approach to the Far East was committed by John Hay in 1898–99. The only original contribution of the Stimson-Hoover régime to our discomfiture in the Orient was its insistence that Japan conform its external policy to a doctrine which the more powerful nations of the West have never respected in the past and have no intention of respecting in the future, where their own self-interest is vitally affected. Colonel Stimson's obstinate refusal to recognize realities rendered a dull animosity acute and threw the issue of war or peace with Japan into delicate balance with that disciplined nation's self-control.

THE United States got off to a good start in the Far East. A century and a half ago Americans were not imperialistically minded. They had at home more land than they knew, at the time, what to do with. Consequently they sought in China neither colonies nor naval bases, as the more forward European nations were doing. They had no opium to peddle. They fought no wars. They seized no territory. All they wanted was to trade — except their missionaries, who wished to proselyte. The Chinese, another

trading people, were quick to discover that they had nothing to fear politically from ships that came only to buy and sell. The foundation of a mutually profitable relationship was thus early laid. American business flourished, American prestige was high, American advice was sought. When he resigned in 1867 as American Minister to China, Anson Burlingame was invited by the Chinese Government to head the first general mission it had ever sent to the treaty powers.

A similarly helpful relationship developed with Japan, as well as with Chosen, when those countries were reopened to the world by American enterprise. Although much has happened in the past thirty years to mar the record, Japanese statesmen and publicists still allude, with grateful acknowledgment, to the early assistance received by their country from Americans and the American Government. The United States was the first treaty power to agree formally to tariff autonomy for Japan and thus — although this provision of the treaty of 1878 was contingent upon the other interested powers taking similar action — afforded the Japanese the incentive and encouragement to work for the complete abolition of extraterritoriality.

As long as this hands-across-the-Pacific policy was pursued, Americans were regarded by their neighbors in the Far East as *sui generis*, a nation distinct from Europe, with New World aspirations instead of Old World ambitions, a coöperative member of a group of peoples surrounding a common ocean that belonged peculiarly to them. All that went by the boards when John

Hay returned from London to Washington in 1898, with the Philippines and the Open Door in his portfolio and in his brain the dream of keeping up with the Joneses of Europe in a scramble for "rights" and privileges in the Orient. Our Pacific neighbors could not be blamed for beginning to wonder if, after all, Americans and Europeans were so very different. They have since had abundant reason to change their first opinions of this country and its international ethics.

The retention of the Philippines, at Great Britain's request, was notice to the world that, while we objected to the extension of the European system to any part of the American continents, we intended to extend the American system to other parts of the globe, where we liked and when we liked. The Open Door policy in China, about which more nonsense has been talked and written than about any other factor in American foreign policy, with the single exception of the Monroe Doctrine, was American neither in conception nor in its development. Secretary Sherman had previously rejected it, when the British Government first tried to put it over on the United States. The purpose of the Open Door policy was to protect British trade supremacy in China. The effect of Secretary Hay's espousal of it was to give American recognition to the principle of European spheres of interest in China, where America had no such sphere, and to entangle this country with Europe in a politico-economic protectorate over China. The Open Door policy opened nothing that was not already open and has pre-

vented nothing from being closed, where any other country has been determined to close it. China was not saved from dismemberment by it. American trade with China has not been increased by it.

The manner in which Secretary Hay went about obtaining the adherence of other nations to the principle of the Open Door was significant of the new orientation of American policy in the Far East. The powers he first approached were Great Britain, a pardonable courtesy to the parent of his adopted child, Germany, France and Russia. Only after that did he ask Japan, whose interest in the vast potential market of China far exceeded that of any European country, to join the party. And he overlooked China, which was both the subject and object of the proposed agreement, altogether! The Chinese Minister in Washington had to go down to the State Department to find out what all the rumors of an international understanding respecting *his* country were about. The affront thus given to Asia did not pass unnoticed. A single bit of irony relieved the dull picture. The Open Door agreement confirmed, and by implication justified, Japan's claim to a sphere of interest in the Chinese province of Fukien, where Secretary Hay wished to obtain a naval station for the United States — and found his ambition thwarted.

The policy of playing with Europe against Asia, thus inaugurated, was the beginning of a series of entanglements for the United States, which has continued down to the present day. At the Washington Conference we were still more tightly sewed up with the European countries having

colonies in the Far East. The outlook for early and graceful disentanglement has not been brightened by Secretary Stimson's association of the United States with the League of Nations in an effort to influence Asiatic destinies by obstructing Japan's attempt to bring order out of chaos in a part of China in which geographical propinquity and economic necessity give the Japanese a peculiar and vital interest.

Among the mischievous consequences of this departure from early American policy has been an increasing disposition to take sides in Asia and play off one party against another, where we are not directly or immediately concerned. After the battle of Mukden and the destruction of the Russian Baltic fleet in the Sea of Japan, when it became clear that Japan had won its war with Russia, Theodore Roosevelt, who up to that time had hoped for and expected a draw in Manchuria, stepped in to prevent Japan from capitalizing its victory either in the field or at Portsmouth, where he used all his influence to prevent Japan from obtaining from Russia an indemnity to cover the cost of recovering Manchuria for China. The Taft-Knox régime followed this lead, with its "dollar diplomacy" and a specific scheme for the internationalization of the railways in Manchuria, which would have left Japan with only a minority voice in the development of a territory strategically and economically "cognate" to it. The various consortiums in which American bankers have participated still more recently, with the approval of the Government in Washington, are merely links in the chain by

which the United States has been bound to the principal European countries in a financial protectorate of China. Are the Japanese altogether without justification in interpreting Colonel Stimson's encouragement of Chinese opposition to the pacification of Manchuria, as only another manifestation of a deliberate policy on the part of this country to block their expansion in Asia — or in resenting it as deeply as we should resent a similar attempt by Japan to interfere with the process by which American paramountcy in the Caribbean is maintained?

The effect of this intimate meddling in the Far East has been to alienate the good will of Japan, without bringing about any compensatory enhancement of Chinese affection for us. The Chinese have their own reasons for not loving the United States as passionately as they once pretended to. The fact is too widely ignored by Americans generally that the real issue between the East and the West is race — and the Chinese are just as race-conscious as we are. They might have become reconciled to their exclusion from this country if Americans had refrained from interfering in China; but, as it is, they resent our aggressiveness in the Far East quite as much as the Japanese do. At the moment they are trying to use the United States as a cat's-paw against Japan. As soon as they get their nationalist machine in working order they will do more than pass toothless resolutions denouncing the "unequal treaties" upon which our "rights" within their borders rest. The Chinese are a practical people. They judge others by acts rather

than by professions. Our alliance with Europe, with respect to the Far East, was an invitation to them to boot us out of their country, when they boot Europe out. When they do that, we shall not receive as much as a "thank you" for all the cable tolls we have recently spent in their behalf.

A COURSE of action so frankly inviting reprisals by our neighbors in Asia could be justified only by results that outweighed the risks so clearly involved in it. As a matter of fact it has failed completely to achieve the objects which this country has been popularly supposed to be seeking in the Far East.

American policy in the Orient has been described as "a policy of righteousness tempered by self-interest." At times it has had that appearance. At other times it has looked more like a policy of self-interest veiled in cant and hypocrisy. As a general thing, what it has aimed to do has been to maintain peace in and about the Pacific, to promote the welfare of the Chinese people and to obtain for Americans a fair share of the commercial favors China has to distribute.

Glance at the results of this noble experiment in the field of foreign affairs.

China is still rent by the civil wars that came in with the Republic upon which the Government in Washington was the first to bestow the blessing of formal recognition. The moral encouragement given by the Stimson-Hoover régime to Chinese warlords to keep the fires of disorder burning in Manchuria has contributed to bringing China and Japan

to open hostilities, when all interests concerned would have been far better served by encouraging China to accept the pacification of that bandit-infested area by Japan, as a friendly act of vicarious enforcement. The probability is strong that if the United States and the League of Nations had minded their own business, Japan and China would long since have come to a satisfactory understanding, along lines familiar to and acceptable by Asiatic peoples. American jingoism has been excited by Washington's gestures to a point where a rupture with Japan lurks just around the corner.

Americans generally have a deep and deserved regard for the Chinese people. The existence of this feeling explains why it has been so easy for successive administrations in Washington to obtain popular applause for "dollar diplomacy" or any other adventure in the Far East, which they could advertise as a sure cure for China's political or economic ailments. The condition of the patient before taking their nostrums has been drawn for consumption in this country, with the horrible details outlined in the deepest dyes. The condition of the patient after taking them is not so widely advertised. You must go to China itself for that.

At the time of the disastrous floods of 1931, a well-informed Shanghai publication, *The Far Eastern Review*, said of conditions in that distressed and bedeviled land:

There is no money in China for famine or flood relief. Every dollar that can be squeezed from the people in taxes or through confiscation of property and wealth goes to maintain the vampire armies sucking the last drop of

the people's blood. The money that might be employed for the relief of humanity can not be diverted from the purchase of arms and ammunition. The maintenance of law and order, the first duty of organized governments, is subordinated to the perpetuation of military rule. Over 5,000,000 armed men are living upon the impoverished people. Three million men are incorporated in the 288 divisions that make up the provincial armies. Nearly one million comprise the army of Chiang K'ai-shek, the backbone of the National Government. The Manchurian armies number at least 500,000, Szechuan has over 300,000, Kwangsi and Kwangtung another 200,000. God alone knows just how many men are carrying a rifle in China. The bandits, Communists and independent armies number more than two million.

Government in China does not represent the people. At the present time it is in the hands of a half dozen or more racketeering gangs, who are making hay for themselves while the sun shines from Washington upon them. They have made of the map of their country a political jigsaw puzzle which the most ingenious champion of "administrative integrity" finds it impossible to piece together. The warlords, who have been keeping China in turmoil for more than a decade now and are still going strong, are naturally agreeable to the policy of giving China all the time they need to work out its destiny for it. *They* do not have to pay for the obstacles put in the way of the only country, Japan, which has had the courage to attempt to give Manchuria, what all China sadly needs, a respectable government, whereunder peace and order may prevail and the Chinese people may have an opportunity to translate their industry and thrift into happiness and contentment. The tragedy of American failure in the Far East is that China's teeming

millions have to pay for it — with their hard earnings and, too often, with their lives.

American commercial interests in China and the interests of the Chinese people, as distinguished from their native exploiters, are closely parallel. "A thoroughly modernized Asia will offer," says Julean H. Arnold, American Commercial Attaché in Peiping, "an opportunity in international trade probably surpassing that yet presented by any other section of the earth during all of human history." The door to that opportunity has not yet been thrown open. Chinese conservatism has had its back to it from the beginning. Since the revolution of 1911-12 civil war and anti-foreignism have taken up the work of obstruction. Wu T'ing-fang once remarked that if an inch were added to every Chinese shirt tail, all the cotton mills in the world would be kept occupied for a year supplying the increased demand for piece goods. Conditions of disorder have shortened China's shirt tail instead of lengthening it. Commerce does not thrive on chaos.

A well-ordered and progressive China would also present the most extensive field for the self-liquidating investment of foreign capital to be found anywhere in the world today. The lack of adequate transportation handicaps efforts toward unifying the country politically and takes a tremendous toll of life in times of flood and famine, when millions die in the midst of a plenty that can not be got to them. China is about one-third larger than continental United States and has 17,000 miles of railway (if Manchuria's 5,000 miles are included). The United States has

250,000 miles. The construction of an adequate railway system, the development of motor highways and the release of the country's vast mineral wealth would absorb all the surplus capital Americans are likely to have to invest abroad for some time to come. China could put \$10,000,000,000 to work tomorrow — and it can not borrow ten dollars! The political uncertainties ushered in by the revolution combine with the fact that China is already in default on bonds aggregating more than \$100,000,000 to discourage foreign investors from risking their money in Chinese Government securities.

The restoration of China to a condition that would invite foreign capital to flow freely into it would ease the burden of internal taxation that is being borne by the present generation of Chinese, would promote international trade to the profit of all concerned and would unlock the natural resources China has in abundance and which might be made the means of turning the Chinese from a race of beggars for outside aid into a wealthy, self-supporting and self-reliant people. Japan realizes that; yet, when it takes definite measures to straighten things out in China, all it gets from this country is abuse. A fear seems to be prevalent among otherwise intelligent Americans that where Japan treads, American trade will wither like grass under the hoof-beats of Attila. Consider these facts:

After having traded with China for almost a century and a half, we did with that populous country in the peak year of 1929 a total business of \$291,000,000. That works out to about sixty-five cents per capita of

450,000,000 Chinese. After having traded with Japan for about three-quarters of a century, we did with that far less populous country in the same year a business worth \$690,000,000. That was equivalent to more than ten dollars per capita of 65,000,000 Japanese. If China had been a province of Japan, if American trade with it had been subjected to the same tariffs and duties as applied to American trade with Japan itself, our trade with China's 450,000,000 in 1929 would have amounted to upwards of \$4,500,000,000, which is considerably more than the value of our entire foreign trade in 1931. Take our exports alone. The Japanese bought American goods in 1929 to the value of four dollars for every mother's son of them: if the Chinese had done as much, we should have sold them products of American labor to the total value of \$1,800,000,000. Actually, we sold them \$124,000,000 worth. The difference between our trade with Japan and that with China is the difference between dealing with an energetic, alert and orderly nation and with a nation whose development is retarded and whose buying power is dissipated by self-seeking and unscrupulous political exploiters.

Americans and Chinese would both profit by our recognizing, what is patently true, that Japan is doing more to open China's door to a more extensive intercourse with the rest of the world than all of our diplomacy from John Hay down has succeeded in doing. A rational view of the Chino-Japanese situation is this: If we want China to become united and strong, as we say we do, Japan's

aggressive action will bring that about, if anything can. If Japan can maintain a model government in Manchukuo, at least a part of what was formerly China will enjoy prosperity, while the rest of that loosely-joined aggregation of provinces will have something to emulate. If Japan bankrupts itself in the attempt, we should worry. If 450,000,000 Chinese allow 65,000,000 Japanese to dominate them or any part of them, we must conclude that it is because they prefer foreign protection to exploitation by their own political freebooters. If the Chinese absorb the Japanese, as some of their spokesmen boast they have always done with races that have conquered them in the past, a new and improved ethnic type will be produced on the Asiatic mainland. The Chinese need nothing more urgently than an injection of *bushido*.

The truth of the matter is that Japan is merely attempting to abate in territory close to it a nuisance that we would not tolerate in any country to which considerations of our national defense could even remotely be attached. The "Yankees of the East" are only borrowing a leaf from the book from which the Yankees of the West took the doctrine of Manifest Destiny. They are forced by Secretary Stimson's vehement protests to the conclusion that there is one law of growth for the Western Hemisphere and another law of growth for the Eastern Hemisphere. Why there should be is not clear to them.

THE only way out of the dangerous and unprofitable situation into which we have been led in the Far

East points directly back to the policy which, as a general rule, we followed down to the time when Secretary Hay went off on his imperialistic tangent. The essence of that policy, as General Grant stated it, was to encourage the development of a strong and independent Asia as a bulwark against European intrigues and aggressions. As recently as 1894 Secretary Gresham declared that the Chino-Japanese War "endangers no policy of the United States in Asia" and that "our attitude toward the belligerents is that of an impartial and friendly neutral desiring the welfare of both." Our troubles began when, five years later, John Hay made the United States a partisan meddler in Asiatic affairs.

As a result of the misconceived internationalism of the Stimson-Hoover Administration, we have become still more deeply involved with Europe in the Orient. A year ago Viscount Ishii, alarmed by Secretary Stimson's reckless rhetoric, warned the United States that a situation of the utmost gravity would arise if it ever "attempts to dominate the Asiatic continent and to prevent Japan from pacific and natural expansion in this part of the world." Colonel Stimson attempted that very thing. Still more recently Count Uchida has felt it necessary to declare that "any plan for erecting the edifice of peace in the Far East should be based upon the recognition that the constructive force of Japan is the mainstay of tranquillity in this part of the world." Although an American Ambassador to Japan had said exactly the same thing a decade before, a

reiteration of Japan's claim to paramountcy in its own part of the world, when made by Japan's spokesmen, was something that the Administration in Washington which had provoked it could not accept without complete loss of face.

A new Administration of a different political complexion and tradition, which entered Washington over the corpse of its predecessor's foreign, as well as domestic, policies, can return, if it will, to a rational approach to Far Eastern problems, without either losing face or placing unprecedented strain upon the doctrine of the sanctity of treaties. The Nine-Power Treaty of 1922 can not be seriously said to be appropriate to conditions in China, after the lapse of more than a decade. The Pact of Paris does not deprive Japan of its right under the law of nations to act in self-defense or to judge for itself what constitutes a threat to its national existence and what means are necessary to remove the menace. All that is necessary to brush away Secretary Stimson's sophistries and pave the way for a revival of our disinterested rôle in the Far East is to interpret those two documents as liberally, where China and Japan are concerned, as we should interpret them in this hemisphere, where our interests were vitally affected.

The reversal of the Stimson-Hoover policy of joining with Europe to meddle in Asia would be no more abrupt or radical a departure from the immediate past than was Cleveland's prompt withdrawal from the Senate of his predecessor's outrageous annexation treaty with Hawaii or Woodrow Wilson's discountenanc-

ing of his predecessor's support of American participation in an international consortium for the financial enslavement of China. Continuity of policy is a dangerous hobgoblin of small minds, where the policy involved has already led to unpleasantness and promises future disaster.

As a first step in recovering the confidence and good will of the Asiatic peoples with whom we share the North Pacific Ocean, we must recognize that they are entitled to the same freedom of action in Asia as we claim for ourselves in America and its adjacent waters. Collaterally, we must abandon the claim to privileges in their hemisphere which we deny them in ours.

The fact must be admitted in practice, as well as in theory, that the Chinese, Japanese and other advanced Asiatic peoples, whose ancestors were highly civilized when ours were still in the Bronze Age, are in no sense our inferiors. They are merely different. Admitting racial equality, which was rejected in theory at Versailles and in practice is still widely denied in Europe and America, does not mean that we invite the unrestricted immigration of peoples who do not fit into our scheme of things: all it means is that we can not fairly and logically both discriminate against other nations in our country and insist upon preferred treatment for ourselves in theirs.

The early relinquishment of extraterritorial privileges in China follows naturally from the preceding premise. Americans in China have no more moral claim to exemption from the processes of Chinese law

than Chinese in this country have to exemption from American law. The whole system of extraterritoriality is an impertinent and unnecessary demonstration that might makes rights. The Chinese nationalists resent the extraterritorial qualification of that "sovereignty" of China about which so much has been heard in Washington recently. The Nanking Government has twice denounced the treaties which sanction it. We have ignored this action, as have our principal European allies. Germany, Austria, Soviet Russia and the other countries which no longer enjoy extraterritoriality, are doing very well without it. German trade with China has staged a post-war comeback unparalleled by any growth in American commerce with the Chinese. American taxpayers are mulcted and the Chinese people irritated by a fiction of international law that injures the latter without benefiting the former. Our relations with China and the Far East generally would be vastly improved by our taking an aggressive lead for the abolition of all restrictions on Chinese sovereignty and authority — and then holding the Chinese to strict accountability for their acts, as we do other organized peoples.

The Philippines should be abandoned at once. They have always been both an economic and a strategic liability to the United States. They were taken to please Great Britain and a handful of American imperialists. They should be given up to please a nation that has had thirty-five years in which to repent of what it sanctioned in haste and hysteria. And when we get out of the Philippines, we should get out all

over. We can not afford to remain responsible for what another people may do on the other side of the world, after we have lost the power to control its acts. The supreme absurdity of our Philippine adventure is the proposal, which Congress reenacted over the Executive veto, that when and how we shall relinquish responsibility for the Islands shall be determined by a people whose capacity for self-government is still a matter of acrid debate in this country! Any joint agreement with other powers regarding the Philippines, after we withdraw from them, should be restricted to Japan, China and the Soviet Union. After driving one European country out of the Islands there is no good reason for inviting any other European country to participate in their protection. Our outright retirement from the Philippines would be proof of the sincerity of our subscription to the doctrine of Asia for the Asiatics, a gesture of confidence in our principal Pacific neighbors that would go far toward easing the tension created by the clamor of our big-navy people for a fleet strong enough to keep the Stars and Stripes floating over Corregidor.

The Soviet Union should be formally recognized. The State Department has carried on long enough the puerile pretense that it is not officially aware of the U. S. S. R.'s existence. We recognized the Soviet Union in fact in 1928, when we signed with it the Pact of Paris; we recognized it again in 1929, when Secretary Stimson communicated with it through Aristide Briand, with respect to the application of that famous pact to the squabble

over the Chinese Eastern Railway. The Government in Moscow could not conceal its surprise at receiving word from another Government that did not know it existed! The establishment of normal diplomatic relations with Moscow would in no wise prejudice our claims upon the Soviet Government for the sums owing to American citizens or the American Government, which it so far has refused to admit constitute a charge against it. American labor would not suffer from it: for all our diplomatic snootiness has not prevented the Soviet Union from doing a larger business with the United States than with any other country in the world, with the single exception of Germany.

The idea that the formal recognition of the Soviet Union would invite Communism to overthrow our cherished institutions is an insult to our national intelligence. When this nation contained only about 4,000,000 people and was badly divided into an English party and a French party, when Jacobin clubs were springing up in its cities and towns and its streets echoed the strains of the *Carmagnole*, George Washington was not afraid to recognize the French Revolutionary Government and receive its agents, although in England and on the Continent the French terror inspired far more alarm than the Russian terror has. Germany, a close neighbor of the Soviet Union, with a population about half the size of ours and with 6,000,000 Communist voters in it, survives diplomatic and commercial relations with Moscow. We, with about 60,000 Communist voters in our midst, are only encouraging

Communist propaganda by turning pale at the sight of a crossed hammer and sickle. Any effective and successful Pacific bloc can not be hoped for without the cordial coöperation of the Government controlling Siberia; and is it not rather too much to expect such coöperation, as long as we treat the Soviet Government as a bootlegger, with whom we are ready to deal in the alley but are ashamed to be seen speaking to in public? Why be so squeamish about Moscow, when we have taken to our diplomatic bosom the far less respectable Government in Nanking?

Above all the United States should be severed from the League of Nations and its provocative action in the Far East. The League of Nations is in both conception and purpose un-American. American internationalists had dreamed of a league of nations in which all nations would be equal before the law, a true parliament of man. The organization set up by the Treaty of Versailles was merely the old Concert of Europe under a new name, with the same old drivers holding the reins, a device to throw the mantle of pacifism over the enforcement of a punitive treaty. The efforts that have been made to get the United States bodily into the League have been merely a continuation of the efforts made at Versailles to involve this country in a pact guaranteeing France's security: we were thus to become coguarantor of a treaty the Senate rejected. Great Britain and France have engagements in the Far East, at variance with our interests, which shape their overt and covert policies. The smaller powers in the League are meddling in what

does not concern them in the hope of creating precedents in the Orient that later they may be able to invoke in Europe against their powerful and predatory neighbors. The United States can not too soon get its head out of the yoke Secretary Stimson thrust about it when he went into partnership with the League of Nations in connection with the Chino-Japanese misunderstanding. Our fate in the Pacific is too important to be dictated by a bunch of little countries who do less business with China and Japan in a year than we do in a week. We do not consult Japan or China when we have a bone to pick with Spain or Czechoslovakia: why should we take the latter into account when we have something to say to our neighbors across the Pacific?

THE unescapable alternative to thus recovering the good will of our neighbors in the Far East is worth examining. All Asia is in ferment. A billion people are in different stages of revolt against white dominance in their part of the world. They have a single objective: Asia for the Asiatics. A very brief excursion into history is sufficient to explain what it is all about.

When Columbus sailed from Spain in 1492 to discover a new world in America, virtually the entire white race was cooped up in the comparatively small continent of Europe. Within the short space of four and a half centuries the white race has brought the entire world under its more or less complete control. The spawn of Europe have occupied the Americas and parceled out Africa among themselves. They have

populated Australia and the islands of the sea. They have made India a footstool. They rule Siberia. They enjoyed extraterritoriality in Japan for half a century — and still do in China, whose littoral from Kwang-chouwan to Tientsin is dotted with their colonies, concessions and leased territories.

The savage aborigines of America and Africa could offer no effective resistance to this white invasion. They were annihilated or submerged. Asia was a different nut to crack: for there the white man found more than half the population of the earth, already highly civilized and frankly disposed to look down upon him as an upstart, a condescension which he has since given them little reason to alter. The one thing the Asiatics lacked and the white man possessed, which enabled him to work his will upon them, was gunpowder. All they needed to put him back in his place was to equal him in the application of modern science to the art of fighting. They have that now. The yellow race has always had a preponderance of manpower and it is rapidly overtaking the white race in the science of warfare. A day of reckoning is at hand, when the "foreign devils" that have so long disturbed the Far East will find themselves confronted with their own fire, which they have taught the Orient how to use.

America is so situated as to be able, if it will, to cushion the blow, when Asia rolls back the white invader and reasserts its right to be master in its own house. Although their stock stands today in the Far East at a low point, as the result of interference in other people's af-

fairs, Americans have a vast fund of good will, accumulated in the past, which they can fall back upon if they but have the courage and vision to approach Asia again, with the substantial evidences of sincerity already outlined. The extension of the regional principle to the Pacific can not fail to appeal to the other nations directly concerned, if it be undertaken on a basis of racial equality, as a rational means of settling Pacific questions, without the interposition of European countries that have been nibbling at the Orient for more than four centuries and still hold much of it in thrall. We owe nothing to Europe, while Europe owes us much that it will never repay. What we owe to ourselves is to escape from entanglements that will make it possible for

Europe to put us in the middle when the shooting begins.

Asia is not looking for a world war. All it is seeking to do is to solve its own problems in its own way, which in the end it will do, whether it be this year or ten years or fifty years hence. Any extension of the present Chino-Japanese conflict beyond its natural theatre will have to be invited by this country or Europe or both. Japan is merely putting into effect, while we have been talking about it, General Grant's idea of a strong and independent Asia. Whether we are to make of that Asia friend or foe will depend upon the promptness with which the Government in Washington reverses itself and again sets its face to the west, where our future still lies.



Money at Home

BY UPTON TERRELL

A Story

THE head and shoulders of a man rose up in the pit of darkness between the tender and the mail coach, and the whites of eyes shone in the moonlight. The Billings express was leaving the Great Falls yards, moving at twenty miles an hour over the switches along the main line.

He climbed up beside me in the shelter of the coal bunker and sat trembling and rubbing a knee. Presently he held out a thin cold hand and said, "Call me Siggie."

That was enough to warn me that he hadn't been long a bum. But I had known it—by his clothes and the way he spoke. He wore army breeches and spiral leggins, a leather jacket and a fedora hat, and they were not very dirty. His accent was seldom heard on the Western roads. Two thoughts had come quickly: Jews were rarely tramps. And if Siggie had had much experience riding the blinds, he wouldn't have boarded the train when it was moving so fast over a series of switches. He had been slapped against the side of the mail coach when he caught hold of the ladder rungs, and he was badly frightened, if not hurt.

He stopped rubbing his knee and

took out a package of cigarettes, lighted one and settled back against the bunker.

"I'll ask him for one later," I promised myself.

"This train is for Chicago?"

"I guess the sleepers go through," was my answer. "They hook them on a main line flyer at Billings for Minneapolis and Chicago."

"Then I will be on the ocean," he said in a tone of satisfaction.

"The what?" I laughed. He became a little excited and commenced to talk rapidly.

"Look, is it not Chicago on the ocean? I have been there and I ask a man what is the water by the train and he tells me it is the Atlantic Ocean. So I think: All this way I have come from New York and I have not yet got away from the ocean."

I asked him, then, trying not to laugh again, where he was going. He said New York.

"New York! You've got a long ride ahead of you."

He seemed unimpressed, unperturbed, only a little disappointed to learn that he could not ride the entire distance on the back of the same engine, once he got on a through train.

"Well, anyway it's better than paying a ticket." His lips turned down at the corners, he shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands and looked intently at me. "Eighty-nine dollars and seventy-six cents for a ticket! Coming out I pay it. Going back, I should pay it again when I can ride for nothing."

That made me laugh, too; but I was most amused by his manner of reasoning. "With me," I said, "it isn't a question of whether I should pay it, but whether I could pay it. I'm going only to Billings, but the fact that I can beat my way is not the reason I don't buy a ticket and ride on the cushions."

He seemed astonished. "Well, don't you have no money?"

"No," I told him sarcastically. "Do you?"

He sniffed. "Certainly. I got six hundred dollars. Maybe more. Who knows?"

"Hell." He understood that I not only did not believe him, but that I was angry. His statement constituted an insult to my experience. I knew very well that no one with six hundred dollars rode on the blinds.

He smiled a little, as if he were somewhat entertained by my incredulity, and became a little arrogant. "You think I am a liar. All right, look. Take a good look."

He held open a wallet filled with paper bills.

I only nodded and turned away so that he should not see the extent of my consternation. I was utterly confused by the very thought of so much money in the possession of a man on the back of an engine.

"Now." He returned the wallet to his pocket with a careless motion.

"Where did you get that roll?" I asked, making an effort to speak casually.

But he must have caught a note of suspicion in my voice, for he said very quickly, "No, I did not steal it. . . . Well, wouldn't you like to know? But I will tell you. I don't lie. I make it. All summer I am a bellman in Glacier Park. So, now what do you think?"

"If you really want to know," I said, "I think you're crazy."

"Yes?"

"Yes. If you show that money very much on the road, some stiff will knock you on the head and take it away from you. Why didn't you send it to New York by money order?"

He looked at me with contempt. "You wouldn't understand — a bum." Then he held up a hand quickly to check me. "Don't get mad. Maybe I am wrong, see." That expression of fathomless sorrow one may see only on the face of a Jew who bears the weight of all the centuries of tragedy his race has known appeared on his face. He was apologetic.

"It's this way. Now I have worked all summer and not a penny do I spend. So I tell mamma when I come home I bring enough money so she should not worry for a long time. Then she is willing I should go so far to work." He tapped his chest and demanded, "What is it, a money order? Only a piece of paper with numbers on it. She won't know what it is she should do with it. A piece of paper. Now when I come home and I say, 'Look, mamma, here it is! I myself come with the money! See, I bring it, so now you

should not worry.'" He drew a deep breath and looked away over the moonlit range-land. "I can hear how she will cry now, even so far away. Money brought by me, her boy. I ask you, don't a mamma like that her boy bring home the money to make her happy? Money order — ach!"

WE RODE for some time without talking. The train was flying down grade. The tender swayed. Behind us, the coaches, a long lighted line, followed like the glowing tail of a winding serpent. Red sparks passed over our heads and fell like a rain of fire on the dark tops of the cars. The engine purred smoothly, then roared through its stack, and fell again into a rhythmic purring. Red light mingled in short flashes with the moonlight as the fireman opened and closed the fire door. I watched the empty country, the low hills and flat-topped benches — trying to keep out vicious thoughts. I felt strangely tense, on edge. My own pocket-book was empty. I had eaten my last meal far back in Shelby; there would be nothing more until I reached Livingston, and then only if I could earn it scrubbing a floor or washing dishes. Unless . . .

When he tapped me on the shoulder I started.

"What town is next we stop at?"

"Helena is the next big town." I went on to explain that Helena was a division point — glad to talk. The engine would be changed. The train would be there ten or fifteen minutes. It was rather difficult to get through. A railroad detective was on duty.

"You have been there?" he inquired apprehensively.

"Yes. I know the ropes."

"You will show me?"

I promised to guide him; and I told him about Livingston. It was even harder to get through on a passenger train than was Helena. There were several detectives stationed there, for it was the entrance to Yellowstone Park.

He lighted a cigarette, apparently satisfied that he had fallen into good hands.

The fireman came over the coal. He held a lantern in our faces, and turned away to look at the water in the tank. Then he knelt down before us, shielding himself from the cinders. "I don't care if you ride. But this engineer will make you pay. I've got to tell him you're back here. If you see another light comin' over, you'll know it's him." He grinned good-naturedly and disappeared over the coal.

Siggie looked at me questioningly.

"Maybe he won't come over," I said.

But in a few minutes the engineer jumped down before us. He came so quickly that we had no time to retreat to the top of the mail coach.

"Where you going?"

"Only to Helena," I replied. "We live there."

"Who do you know there?"

I sought an answer.

"Maybe my friends you wouldn't know if I told you," Siggie said. It was as good an answer as any.

"Hell, you don't live there. Come on, pay up. A dollar apiece if you want to ride."

"A dollar . . ." Siggie appeared dumbfounded.

"We haven't any money," I said.

He turned back toward the coal. He had no time to argue. The train was moving at forty miles an hour without a pilot — only the fireman in the cab. "Pay or get off. We stop for water in a few minutes. Get off then."

When he had gone Siggie said something in Yiddish and looked at me in a queer way.

"I'll show you," I said.

The train stopped at a deserted tank station set in a vast empty moonlit prairie. We got off and walked back along the mail car.

"We'll ride the blinds. If we stay in this place we may wait for two days before another train stops."

"No, no," he said excitedly. "I can not stay."

We climbed up between two baggage coaches. I told him to take the forward wall. It was the most protected when the train was moving. We were obliged to stand on narrow ledges and hold to the hand rails. It was a dangerous way to ride. If one dozed and slipped . . . I warned him. He said he was not tired or sleepy.

"Button your coat over the bar."

"Never before have I rode in such a way."

I JUDGED that we were not more than an hour out of Helena. It was not a cold night. We would make it without suffering. He looked frightened when the train started and clung to the rail with both hands. We could not talk now, for the noise from the trucks was deafening. The wind whipped our clothes. The cinders rained down upon us.

When the train slowed down in the Helena yards we jumped off and I led the way out to a street. We had to walk half a dozen blocks to reach the south-bound yards and I thought it advisable to follow a lighted business thoroughfare. In the darker residential streets we might have come under the eyes of a suspicious policeman. I did not fear for myself. Arrest would only have delayed me; I would have spent a few hours in jail; in the morning I would have been told to beat it. But it might have gone hard with Siggie. The money would have caused him trouble. He would have had some explaining to do, and there was a good chance that he would have been charged with something or other and fined.

We passed several restaurants, but Siggie did not seem to notice them. I dismissed the thought of a cup of coffee. There would be plenty of time in Livingston, and I felt certain he would buy us both a square meal. A man with six hundred dollars . . .

He followed doggedly behind me as we made our way through the lines of freight cars in the south yards, stopping finally in the shadow of a freight shed.

"This is where she comes out," I told him. "Keep out of the headlight. As soon as the engine passes, we can get on. You'll have to be quick, because she'll pick up speed fast. I'll take the mail coach and you get on the tender. We don't want any mistakes."

He nodded that he understood. "I would not have found the way here without you. Lost I would have got."

He seemed grateful. I asked him if he had ever beaten his way before.

He shook his head. "You can tell that?"

"Well, you don't know much about it."

He stood looking off down the track toward the switch lights which dotted the yards like scattered jewels. Then he spoke deliberately. "A friend I meet tells me I can do it easy. On the blinds he comes himself to Glacier Park. Can not I do that, too, and have the money with mamma at home?"

"It's not as easy as it looks, is it?"

He answered me slowly, wearily. "It's very hard. Almost I wish sometimes I did not come."

We drew back against the freight house wall when the train came out of the yards. The forward blinds were empty. When the engine had passed, I told him to go ahead. He ran toward the tender. I stepped out and swung on to the mail coach. He reached for the hand rail and stumbled. But he kept his footing and ran on. The train was gathering speed. He caught hold on his second attempt, but instead of pulling himself up, he let the train lift him. He was slapped against the side of the car.

When I had climbed up on the tender, I found him rubbing his knee. His face had a pained look on it. I started to instruct him on how to flip a train, but he shook his head, appearing unappreciative, and I stopped. He took out his cigarettes again, and this time I asked him for one. For a moment he was silent. Then he broke a cigarette in two.

"I divide with you. See, I give you half of mine."

We had no more trouble from the trainmen on the trip to Livingston. The train stopped seldom. When the fireman came back, he ignored us. It was growing light by the time we reached Bozeman. The eastern sky was a pale gray; the moon had set leaving the high hills in dark shadow pierced with only the fading light of stars. The Bozeman Tunnel, a mile and a quarter long, was ahead. I showed him how to fix his handkerchief over his face after dipping it in the tank water. He seemed terrified and crawled to the side of the tender to look ahead.

"The train it stops in the tunnel?" he asked fearfully as he crawled back beside me.

"It won't stop. But don't forget where you are and stand up."

When we went into the dark entrance I stretched out. He lay beside me. Once as we roared on in the complete blackness he reached out and touched my arm. Near the end the smoke was suffocating; the heat from the engine was sickening. Then we shot out into the gray dawn again. I sat up and looked at him. His face was drawn and he was shaking.

The train traveled down into the valley of the Yellowstone at tremendous speed. It passed through the Livingston yards too fast for us to leave it. I told him to climb down on the step of the tender, and myself crossed to the mail coach. I knew of a level place just west of the depot, and when we reached it, I let go. I landed on my feet, and with my legs stiff before me I skidded along the cinders to a stop. He jumped a moment later, struck the ground on one foot and turned over. He fell

hard, face downward, and rolled several feet. I helped him up.

"You'll kill yourself . . ." In that moment I felt a strong compassion for him. He was a fool. I pitied him. I believe he had a constant vision of his mamma's delighted and thankful face. He could hear her crying with joy, even so far away.

"I think I am killed," he gasped. "This bumming I can not do." He stood cringing, shaking, but apparently not seriously hurt.

"We've got some time here," I said when we had got off the railroad right of way. "They go over the train. But if I were you, I wouldn't try to make the same train out. Detectives ride on the tender to the end of the yards. I'm going to wait for a freight. They go fast down to Billings."

"When does the freight go?" He was trembling again, as if the mention of riding another train upset his nerves.

"There'll be one out some time this morning."

"I wait. There is a restaurant here?"

"Sure. Lots of them."

"I mean a good one."

"Several."

"You will show me?"

I took him along a street running from the depot to the main thoroughfare. When we turned the corner we came in front of the Yellowstone Café. "Good as any."

He gazed up at the sign. "I can get a good steak here?"

"I should think you could. Good enough when a man's so hungry."

"All right. Thank you. Good-bye." He turned abruptly in the door.

I stood still for a minute. Then I went back along the street to Railroad Avenue. A row of cheap cafés, hotels and saloons faced the tracks. I turned into the American Café.

When I had finished mopping the floor, the waiter served me with a bowl of oatmeal, a stack of wheat cakes and coffee. After I had eaten, I asked him for a cigarette. He gave me three.

I went outside. The first rays of the sun had touched the Bridger Range west of town. In the east the Crazy Mountains stood up as a purple barrier to the advancing golden light. I walked along Railroad Avenue until I had passed the east-bound yards, then I cut across to the tracks and sat down beside a pile of ties. Soon I fell asleep. When I awakened the sun was high. It was mid-morning.

I HEARD a road engine whistle. A freight was pulling out of the yards. When it came along I swung on to a ladder. The engineer opened the throttle, and the long line of refrigerator cars jerked and plunged ahead. I turned to climb to the top of the car when I saw Siggie running toward the train. He came out of a culvert and ran along the ballast. I waved frantically at him to stop, to go back. The train was going too fast to be caught by any one but an expert, and an expert would not have tried.

Either he did not see me or he paid no attention to my signals. Suddenly he jumped and clutched at a ladder. He caught it with one hand and was slapped against the side of the car with terrific force. His hand was torn loose and he went down between the

cars. Then as if he had been belched from the mouth of a cannon, he shot out. He rolled along the ballast, finally stopped and remained motionless in a crumpled heap.

I climbed down to the step below the ladder, crouched and jumped. When I hit the ground I did not try to stop myself. I kept my head down and my arms folded over my face. I turned over several times. When I sat up the earth was spinning. The train roared on; the caboose was far down the track by the time I had gathered my senses and started back to him.

He was conscious, but he could not move. He looked up at me pitifully, color gone from his eyes. His face was like chalk where it was not blood. I knelt down beside him, and then I saw that both his legs were mashed. I think he was too numb to

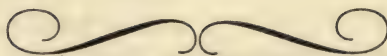
feel pain, if such a thing is possible. But the look in his eyes was not one of pain. It was a look of fearful tragedy.

I needed only to call an undertaker. "I'll get a doctor," I said.

His lips stirred. I bent close to him. "Listen," I said, "what about your money? I'll do what you say with it."

I put my ear almost to his mouth to catch his words, but he died while trying to speak. I opened his coat and took out his wallet. There was only five dollars in it.

I examined it carefully, looking among some odd papers, two letters and a faded photograph of a stout girl. Then I came to a small slip of blue paper. It was a money order receipt for six hundred and fifty dollars. The stamp of the Livingston post-office was on the back of it.



Frenchmen Look at America

BY ALICE STORMS

Puzzled by the closer view of us they gained during and since the War, they are less able to understand our attitude toward debts and disarmament than we are theirs

JUST outside my window a chestnut tree is straining every branch to burst into blossom before any of his less favored Paris relations. And why shouldn't he? Alone perhaps of all his fellows, he is safely shut away from the maelstrom of city streets; from smothering asphalt and strangling obnoxious gases. In his delicious unexpected oasis the sun turns round him from morning till it sets; cold winds never touch him. The most unreasonable chestnut tree could ask no more. Human requirements, too, are more than satisfied. What traveler would have the temerity to ask more of a great city than a chestnut tree, a diminutive garden, bounded on one side by a perfectly satisfactory Eighteenth Century façade, carved escutcheons, tawny lions with benignly folded paws, the delicate tracery of wrought iron at its best and tinted crinkly window panes in high windows? Nor is this all, for in the *grand salon* on the other side of that sun-baked façade the Marquis de La Fayette married the daughter of the Duke de Noailles, and there

he lived — if indeed the intrepid young adventurer can be said to have lived anywhere in the hectic years when a Monarchy was dying, when two Republics were being born.

From somewhere out in the world — as much perhaps as a block away — the muffled trill of a traffic policeman's whistle recalls my reluctant attention to reality and four great piles of books and clippings and notes before me:

1. As others see us
2. Twentieth century applications of the Monroe Doctrine
3. Debts and reparations
4. Disarmament

It is a mystery to me why so many people have had so much to say on those subjects, and a greater mystery still why I of all people ever collected what they wrote and went out of my way to listen to a score of average Frenchmen besides.

As long as the countless millions of the earth — though they wear similar gloves and hats and shoes and use the same brand of soap and gasoline and sewing machines and ride in the same kind of automobiles

— can watch each other doing things differently, they will not understand each other. And they seem determined to get along without understanding, except under the stress of some great cause.

Though I have no hope of finding that cause, here I am about to defy my principles, because one of the four hundred-odd delegates to an international Astrologers' Congress now sitting over in the Latin Quarter has announced that all the late unpleasantnesses — "acts of God" and man alike — are as nothing to the approaching cataclysm which is to swallow up most of what we call the world — and bring back the fabled Atlantis to fulfil its destiny. So it is of the future astrologers, political economists and historians that I am thinking as I summarize just before the great engulfment the opinions of a part of the Twentieth Century world about its problems and its neighbors.

SINCE the days of Ulysses — Homer's not James Joyce's — travelers have more or less faithfully recounted their travels for the delectation of the stay-at-homes who have gloried in tales of one-eyed men and three-legged beasts inhabiting countries where trees wave their roots in the air. In the old days, stay-at-homes believed all the tales they were told; in 1933 they select from the avalanche of conflicting reports the one that fits in best with their own pet theory, and defend it from then on against all evidence as the one and only inalienable truth.

Fifty years ago, Irving, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Chateau-

briand, de Toqueville and Sardou gave the French boy a glorious idea of an incredible America. Today, moving pictures and newspapers, travelers and Sinclair Lewis and the host of French discoverers of the United States offer to 40,000,000 Frenchmen a hodgepodge of impressions and explanations and apparently authentic information of a no less incredible America where Indians have given way before gangsters, and stern pioneers before scarcely admirable bankers.

"Until 1917," said a resentful voice, "you were a fabulously wealthy, utterly kind fairy godfather, who in every self-respecting play carried the key to happiness for everybody in his heart and in his wallet. *L'Oncle d'Amérique* smilingly saved widows and orphans from unspeakably cruel landlords on whom he would have wreaked mighty vengeance if he hadn't reformed them. He outwitted villains, beamed his blessing on reunited sweethearts, reconciled irate husbands and wives, protected budding geniuses — to be brief he waved a wand, commanded everybody to be happy and gave them the means to obey. He was always good-natured, kind, amusing, bad-mannered and altogether charming. We loved him.

"And now look at you! You fling in our faces your racketeers, your bank scandals, your universal speculation, your defiance of Prohibition, your implicit obedience to the dictum of red and green lights in a deserted street at midnight, your hardness toward the Negro you liberated in the name of humanity, your machines, your easy divorces, your slapstick comedies and your

Presidential elections. Your prominent men disport themselves in our cities with actresses — we don't question their right to do as they please; in fact, kings, on duty and off, princes and our own prominent men have always done the same — but you *were* different and you have always scorned us for our 'lightness.' Do you wonder that we are puzzled and disillusioned and resentful? We long for the days when it was easy to understand cowboys and Indians and 'typical' Americans. Your 'drug stores' and skyscrapers and women's clubs; your religious fanatics, your Technocracy and your canned goods are too far beyond our ken. The length of your rivers, the size of your lakes and farms, the immensity of your country and of your conceptions, the height of your prosperity and the tragic depths of your despair are more incomprehensible than the dizzying figures of War debts, or lands where pygmies live."

"All your grievances are justifiable," interrupted another voice, "but you must surely admit that *our* 'typical American' has survived. He came across the ocean and raced into battle with a laugh and high reckless courage; he gave his money and his thought and his strength to relieve our suffering thousands; to rebuild our shattered towns and restore our ruined cathedrals and neglected castles. Unfortunately, beside these supermen and superwomen were smaller men and women whom we saw after the first rush of joy and gratitude was over. We grew curious about them; we wanted to know what they thought and how they lived — and the first thing we knew we realized that they weren't so

different from ordinary mortals. In our great disappointment, we went to the other extreme — deliberately forgot the very real 'typical' American, and in a spirit of vengeance for lost illusions we lumped all Americans in one great unlovely mass. So sincere were we that we were often ridiculously surprised to come across our typical American — just as numerous as ever, but no longer alone. You must admit that your great influx of tourists when our poor franc was at its worst was not calculated to set us right, nor have your moving pictures and Sinclair Lewis been of much assistance. The few of us who have seen you at home know how charming and hospitable you are, and we regret that more often than we like to admit you are noisy and intolerant and bad-tempered as soon as you cross the Atlantic. There is no use talking, you don't put your best foot foremost in Europe."

"Some of us, too, who have gone over to see you live at home," chimed in another voice, "have failed to find your supermen. One of us went crusading like the knights of old in righteous indignation against the Machine. Like any well-behaved crusader, he refused to see the good beside the bad, and found no extenuating circumstances anywhere. Others of us have disapproved of your food, your drinks and your children. To ourselves we may admit that if we followed in your path, our children would be healthier, though their manners and their education might suffer. Others of us just can't reconcile your moral laws and puritanical principles with variety shows that make our poor Folies Bergère look like a child's picture book; with

yards and yards of moving picture kisses; with your stopped automobiles; your 'Kiss-Proof Rouge'; your young girls' freedom; your everlasting 'sex appeal,' for which there is no word in French. Such trivial things as fire axes and fire hoses and fire escapes in your 'absolutely fire-proof' hotels take on undue importance. We wonder why so many of your women gazing upon Europe from autocars have such longing in their eyes; wherein has your system failed to satisfy them? Everything and everybody, you see, have to be explained — and there are explanations for all tastes. Men like André Siegfried, Bernard Faÿ, André Maurois, Paul Morand, Firmin Roz, Henry Bérenger, Raymond Recouly, Henri de Kéris, Philippe Soupault, General Taufflieb, René Puaux and Marcel Achard have brought to their explanations their own lucidity and experience and sense of justice — the true critical sense which points out the good and the bad and draws from each lessons that we would do well to learn. But countries and people and books and vital problems are like those ancient Spanish inns where the traveler found only what he had brought in his own knapsack — and I must say that many of us carried strange spectacles and lanterns across the sea. Some did not expect to be taken seriously when they set down distorted views of you: no one took them seriously when they mirrored French people in convex, concave or wavy mirrors! Others set out deliberately to prove some absurd contention, others to astonish and amuse their readers with tales of a madman's paradise, others still seem to have been patri-

otically bent on proving that Frenchmen aren't the only people in the world addicted to wine, women and song, though your wine was replaced by more potent concoctions. Whatever their motives, the results are amazing. Christopher Columbus never made any more startling discoveries than Georges Duhamel, Luc Durtain, Maurice Dekobra and Ferri Pisani. Even Baron Munchausen will have to look to his laurels.

"Had the old idea of you not been shattered already their tales would have amused and made no impression. As it is, their discoveries are a bonanza to the popular mind — particularly in the provinces. They replace very satisfactorily the land of one-eyed men, and bring the necessary breath of the marvelous into the tedium of stern, narrow, provincial existence. You smile? Caesar's appreciation of the Gauls still sticks after 2,000 years, doesn't it? Try living in a prudish, puritanical, provincial town for a while — among the people of the town, not in a foreign student colony. You will admit after a fortnight that you never imagined anything so devoid of physical, mental and moral relaxation. Be it in Grenoble or Toulouse or Bordeaux or Quimper or Nantes or Nancy, if the Frenchman is 'light' it is because he creates a fictitious world to make it possible to live in stark reality. True, he meets everything with a smile; he laughs at everything, himself, his great men, his state monopolies, his decorated gentlemen, his institutions, muddy trenches and death itself — not because of 'lightness' but only because, as one of your journalists (Sisley

Huddleston, who is not 'ours') has said, of a certain 'imponderability of mind upon which physical discomfort and misfortune have no hold.' So when the United States is pictured as a terrific land of drunkenness and gangsters and divorce and riotous living, our 'light' Frenchman can be glad to live in Dijon or Bourges. As I said before, you have given him some excuse for believing these marvelous tales for your travelers and students don't always behave well, and your newspapers do bring us incredible reports. Moreover, just as we were getting used to your dizzy prosperity you favor us with a stupendous financial collapse which has dragged with it names we have learned to see written in gold across skyscrapers and banks. These sensational passing phases rise up and hide the constancy of your schools and universities, your health and hygiene, your loyalty and enthusiasm and business integrity, and your tremendous youth. And you expect us to understand you!"

"I HAVE been trying for an hour to make myself heard," said a grave voice. "Such insistence on trivial 'differences' annoys me. Who cares about drug stores and canned desserts and absurd moving pictures, except as they may cast a certain light on vital problems? In 1917 when you entered the War, you saved us, first by your financial aid when our funds were exhausted, then by your splendid army — the Twentieth Century counterpart of Roman gladiators and discus-throwers — and by your wonderful relief organizations. Your army, treating the War like a great football game

to be won, fell heir to Uncle Sam's magic wand, as did those who brought relief to starving civilians and pitiable wounded men — they wielded the wand as well as any of our 'typical' Americans had ever done. Now that America was with us, all would come out right. It did, or so we thought then. Your visionary President arrived with all the accoutrement of our legendary godfather and the robes of a prince of peace in the bargain. *We* were weary of war, *we* wanted to believe that this was the *last* — and *he* was stubbornly determined to impose his ideas on a Europe he avowedly did not know. None of us doubted for a second that he represented American opinion — till you refused to ratify the Peace Treaty and enter into the League of Nations, which your President had cut out of whole cloth. Then the man in the street began to have his doubts not only about you, but about his own statesmen and their wisdom: if the United States had not signed the Treaty and the League of Nations Covenant then there must be something wrong with them. Then he remembered that they had been suggested by you and he grew puzzled. Since that day you have been the 'Unknown Quantity in the European Equation,' and in my opinion, until that unknown quantity becomes a negative or positive quantity there is little hope of solving the European problem.

"Look back over the last fifteen years. Your influence in Europe has been tremendous — politically, I mean, for I am in no way qualified to estimate your economical and commercial influence, which, judging from certain evidences, including

the number of American automobiles, electric refrigerators and moving pictures, is not to be despised. Without you we should probably have lost the War, and that we never forget, though we may think that you have also helped us to lose the peace. The peace treaty, the League of Nations, the Young Plan, the Dawes Plan and the Hoover Moratorium are yours in name and more or less in basic idea and application. These things every one knows. But there are others. You asked England to share her hereditary empire of the seas with you; she did it. You suggested that she change her Japanese policy; she changed it. Your President in 1918 did not wish Czechoslovakian troops used against the Bolsheviks; they were left to perish. You will not consent to boycott the aggressor in any future European struggle, so what power has the League of Nations? When a question arises in Geneva, everybody looks toward Washington; if Washington says nothing, the League, too, maintains a dignified silence. Of course it is not your fault if Europe interprets your interventions as she wants them to be, not as they are. She wanted to believe that the traditional American had returned, with peace and happiness for all in his trunks. Therein lies her folly, and the secret of her resentment. Justice impels me to add that she has some reason for her misinterpretation, for there is some magic in the air of Paris that makes your diplomats and statesmen loath to state cold facts. Instead, they assure us that all will come out all right; that America doesn't want to mortgage her future nor to enter into any

European entanglements, but that she'll find a way. Again we believe them because we *want* to believe them, because we don't *want* to worry, because one of our besetting sins is fooling ourselves into believing that everything *is* all right.

"As you see, for all the consistency there is in your European policy you might be a mischievous imp blowing substantial-looking bubbles and pricking them and giggling in a corner at the consternation he has caused!

"You say your one object is to avoid entanglements that might hamper you—but how can you avoid them when you have lent money here, sent machines there? Can you be indifferent to your neighbor's acts when you hold a mortgage on his house and furniture? You have so developed your industry that you must have foreign markets if your industry is to survive, yet you put up tariff barriers in a spirit of adamant protectionism. You too are afflicted with congenital optimism—you hope that Russia will behave, that Germany has reformed, that South America, China and Japan are 'solid.' Suddenly you realize that you are mistaken; you appeal to your Government in a panic. Did you ever realize that the most modern of nations in economic, commercial, hygienic and educational development is as strangely sentimental and traditionalist as any country of Europe? Your Monroe Doctrine was formulated when European entanglements would have endangered the life of the nation, when there were no radios nor transatlantic telephones, when it took a month or so to cross the

ocean, when American manufacturing was negligible, when transportation and exploitation were difficult, when your consumption and production were approximately equal, when you had not long been freed of the chains of a hampering entanglement with Europe. In 1933 there is no possibility of isolation; all nations of the earth are caught in the meshes of the net: every time one moves the others feel it, and may have to move out of the way.

"It is not possible, either, to forget at times your Monroe Doctrine and then suddenly call it into play. Intervention without responsibility, refusal to help administer European law as you helped to write it can not stand, if you would have peace in Europe. That peace has been in your hands for fifteen years. If you had followed a consistent policy you would have ruled the world, for no nation has your enthusiasm, your 'vision,' your imagination, your daring and your power of idealizing business. It looks as though the opportunity is gone, for you have lost your faith in your invulnerability — no great leader ever survived his confidence in himself — and we have come to doubt you too: you have surprised us so many times."

"**Y**OU, too, are forever going back to motives and philosophizing and explaining. Let's get down to facts like debts and Moratorium and the December 15 default. And the Moratorium certainly furnishes the key to the situation. Thanks to it, there is no limit to the possibilities of the future. I for one" — this with a deprecating laugh from the new, decided voice — "wish it had been

granted in a generous, unpremeditated response to a desperate appeal for help. Then there would have been a justification for not consulting us before granting a moratorium of all intergovernmental debts. As it is, I am obliged to sympathize with the man in the street who feels that partiality has been shown where it seemed uncalled for. Is it fair to have declared that moratorium less than a week after France had made her June payment, and less than a month before Germany's July payment was due — which in theory covered that June French instalment? Is it fair to have killed — or put to sleep, if you prefer — the Young Plan, which had automatically superseded the Dawes Plan, which had as automatically modified the Treaty? All of those modifications had seemed necessary and had been accepted in all of Europe without too much protest, as I remember. But the man in the street knew only too well that sooner or later he would be called upon to make up the deficit resulting from that French payment and the German non-payment. He could not reconcile helping an erstwhile enemy at the expense of a friend. He admitted in principle that it was to everybody's interest to keep Germany alive and fairly healthy — but he had his doubts about the gravity of the malady and the efficacy of the remedy. Moreover, what rankled was that he just couldn't make that high-handed way of acting fit in with the character of a noble philanthropic American, still dear to his heart. He also remembered that the Young Plan had been hailed as 'final,' and that a certain part of the

reparations was not on any account to be postponed, and that France was entitled to a large percentage of that.

"He must have some ground for complaint when such serious, impartial journalists as your Walter Lippmann agree that France should have been consulted before the proposition was made. It would have been so easy to ask all creditors of Germany if they were willing to grant her a moratorium of a year — to say that the United States would then be willing to do the same. It strikes me that most of our misunderstandings and resentment come from being afraid to enter upon frank discussions before taking any step. If this policy had been followed, post-mortem recriminations would have been diminished. But this secret diplomacy, this mania for talking with this or that representative of this or that country and then springing a plan upon an unsuspecting world and demanding instant action are bound to come to grief. Had all nations been consulted France could have voiced her objections before, and perhaps some arrangement could have been reached which would have satisfied every one. Certainly some one would have suggested that there should be some guarantee of a return to the Young Plan at the end of the Moratorium; it might have occurred to some one else that a year would scarcely suffice to set the world straight. Some very good mathematician might even have calculated that since France had already paid her June instalment, it was only fair for her and others who had done likewise to be relieved of their December payment.

"However, after much discussion into which, as usual, political party jealousies entered and had little effect on the outcome, the Hoover Moratorium was accepted everywhere. And, strangely enough, the former Allies were more inclined to be pleased than Germany, who complained bitterly because now the world would think her bankrupt! The rest of us saw a ray of hope for the future, for after ten years, the United States had officially recognized a connection between debts and reparations. This was a step in the right direction in the eyes of most of us. For as you know, one of the things we have never been able to understand (what a lot of them there are, to be sure!) is that you should refuse to see what was so evident to us. We knew that the hundreds of billions of francs necessary for reconstructing our devastated towns, reclaiming fields that had for four and a half years been battlefields, paying pensions to millions of widows and orphans and a million wounded men had been raised by bond issues in 1919 and 1920 — just as your various Liberty Loans had provided funds for carrying the War on to a successful end. That restoration and those pensions could not wait while statesmen talked and calculated and differed.

"You may not remember either that those bonds were bought when the purchasing value of the franc was four times what it is now. That is, a bond for which the "man in the street" paid 500 francs is still worth 500 francs, but according to market calculations the cost of living in paper francs is from five to six times what it was then; so that if he sells

his bond, instead of the eighty dollars he paid for it, he will get twenty dollars' worth of food or clothing. Of course this same situation exists as far as all bonds are concerned — in fact, all income from investments has diminished in the same proportion. Perhaps you do not realize either that about one-half of the present French Government resources go to pay the interest on these bonds. No wonder the average Frenchman feels the injustice of excessive taxation when the unconditional German payments which should have covered this expenditure suddenly vanish and show little sign of reappearing. Moreover, he can't help contrasting what happened in 1872 in France with Germany's evident determination not to pay. Do you know that to meet the German demands at that time and to free us of the presence of the enemy's army, we raised by a bond issue ten and a half times what was necessary? Naturally the thinking man knows that conditions are very different, but there aren't enough thinking men in any country to make much impression on the mass.

"As for the debts themselves, no one disputes their existence, nor the fact that they should be paid. There was a time when all the expenses of the War could have been pooled and divided equally among the belligerents — that time is past.

"Lausanne, you will admit, bears witness to Europe's conviction that the Moratorium opened the way to the discussion of a final debt and reparation settlement. For there Germany's debt was reduced by ninety per cent, and the payment of inter-European debts was sus-

pending until such time as the creditors should have reached an agreement with their own creditors. Thus it was that Europe interpreted your suggestion that she take the initiative and settle her own affairs. But when in November, 1932, France asked a postponement of her December 15 payment until such time as the whole debt situation could be discussed, that postponement was refused, though the United States — or rather, its Administration (and we in France are as likely from afar to confuse the one with the other as you are when you look at us) had approved of the European way of setting its house in order at Lausanne. It had even admitted that some readjustment might be necessary during the economic depression, while stipulating that there would be no cancelation or reduction of debts. It is easy to say now that instead of asking for a postponement, France should have paid with reservations and a definite refusal to pay any more until some arrangement had been made. But feeling ran too high at the moment, parties lined up against parties or against individuals and the murmur of the crowd mulling about outside the Chamber of Deputies was not reassuring."

"I DON'T agree with that — we should not have paid then. But we should pay now. Paying under protest is only another way of going on paying, and making requests that aren't granted. Now, every one knows that we are in earnest; a good many have realized that the fabulous sums of gold in the Banque de France (which in spite of its name is not a Government institution) do not

belong to the French Government nor yet to the Banque de France. Some have learned that the loan we made to Austria just after our famous default — which is likely to take its place beside the 14th of July as a national holiday — was suggested to it by the Bank of International Settlements. (The Banque de France could not do otherwise than accept the incoming stream of gold which represents private or Government deposits and the gold guarantee of the money in circulation.)

"No, we should have paid in December — though the Hoover Moratorium has cost us some \$80,000,000, though when we were asked to collaborate we yielded to the very arguments which you refuse to listen to, though by your refusal to discuss our debts you annul the effect of Lausanne, which is to become operative only when Germany's creditors have reached an agreement with their own creditors, so that we seem headed back to the Young Plan. In spite of everything, however, we should have made that December payment, because we want the friendship of the United States. December 15, 1932, was not the time to strike a blow to the friendly feeling of America for France: America was suffering as she had never suffered before; moreover, practically speaking, she had neither Congress nor President and no decision was possible. Therefore the default was worse than useless — and not exactly *chic*." (In the moral sense "*chic*" is the very highest praise that can be meted out.)

"Well, the American Government hasn't always been *chic* toward us. In

any event, the Hoover Moratorium upset the whole plan of international relations and freed us from any responsibility. Had you listened to us, as we had been led to hope you would and as we had listened to you, there would have been no question about that payment. So there is no reason to be so squeamish. We did not refuse to honor our signature, we only refused to be the goat. Moreover in the Treaty reparations are given precedence over other debts.

"However, though I wish we had paid on December 15, and though I hope, along with most Frenchmen, including the man in the street, that we shall pay without more ado, I must say that your journalistic tales are as extraordinary as ours. I am told on good American authority that the Frenchman pays no taxes, yet I am under the impression that before the crashes and depressions upset us all, say in 1926, the Frenchman paid twice as much in taxes as the American, though our per capita wealth was only one-sixth of yours, and our national revenue one-tenth. Moreover, we are militaristic — on that you are all agreed, though our military budget was higher before the War than it is now and though our effectives have been reduced from 850,000 to 535,000, of whom only 190,000 are stationed in France, and only 420,000 trained.

"Before you get off on another tirade against misunderstandings I should like to make one or two practical suggestions. Germany's European creditors reduced her debt by ninety per cent at Lausanne, subject to satisfactory arrangement with their own creditors. The remaining ten per cent of the German debt is

to be paid into the International Bank in German Government bonds at five per cent, negotiable in 1935. It seems to me that here is a working basis in accordance with the admonition we received to settle our European affairs before asking for any further consideration of our debts to you. If our original debt were reduced by ninety per cent we should owe the United States — deduction made of sums already paid — some \$170,000,000 to be paid by French Government bonds, deposited in the Bank of International Settlements, with interest at five per cent and negotiable in 1935. The difference between that sum and what we should receive from Germany would go toward reparations not yet paid; all slates would thus be clean, all scores settled and the world could turn to its economic recovery.

“Or there is another possibility. If the United States wanted integral payment of the money due her, she should not have permitted the debtors of her debtors to default by granting a moratorium to the party of the third part. Perhaps, therefore, in order to simplify the question, the United States might free all the Allies of their debts, which would be assumed by Germany. In this way reparations would be at an end and the United States could, without jeopardizing other budgets than her own, grant moratoriums and other concessions to her heart’s content.”

“**Y**ou have all talked a lot, and I don’t see that you have added anything to what everybody already knew. Now it just happens that there is one thing you Americans are all wrong about. I can see that it

isn’t fair to add taxes to Americans’ taxes because we don’t pay as we promised. I can also understand, without straining my intelligence, that when enormous amounts of capital are in danger, you have to do something to save them and do it quickly. Months afterward everybody has suggestions, which he would not have made at the time because he wouldn’t have thought of them. And I am grateful to the United States, not only for its help when we were at the end of our physical and financial resources, but also for giving our authors something to write about, and our lecturers somewhere to lecture. After all, your opinion and mine about my most intimate friend are so different that no one would recognize him from our description, yet we are both right and both wrong, and it makes no difference to either of us. Why should our opinions of you, or yours of us interfere with our friendship and coöperation?

“But what I started to say was this. France has no protection on her northeast border, over which three invasions have poured in 100 years, devastating the region that produces seventy per cent of her coal, ninety-one per cent of her cast iron, eighty-seven per cent of her raw steel, three-fourths of her cotton spinning industry and one-half of her wool. She can scarcely be called militaristic for arranging to protect that frontier, and certainly recent events in no way prove that she is unduly fearful. The mailed fist brings even Communists and Socialists into line. Certainly if treaties do not guarantee her security she must have an army, and although no one seems to know it, her military

service has been reduced from three years to one, and since 1921 her effectives have been reduced, as some one has already said, by forty-two per cent. More than that, our colonies are a long way off — and their area is twenty-three times that of France, who owes to them protection from their neighbors and from internal disorder. It is all very well to outlaw war, but there must be a definite assurance that the country making trouble will be outlawed — to her sorrow. Till that time we must provide for our own security, and at the same time, as many of our British friends are saying, maintain peace in Europe. Disarmament talk is nonsense. The army of any country is not in the men under arms but in the male population between twenty and forty-five. You can't regulate that; if you did the women would take its place. Give me that male population, and the possibility of arming and equipping them and a few officers, and the country will be defended."

"I agree with you, General, and again I repeat that half of our misunderstandings come from not speaking our minds frankly, however useless it may seem in the face of preconceived ideas and determination. But the unforgettable hours we have spent with our American friends in the past must lead to others — for American cemeteries in France with their rows of white crosses, the Marne monument, tablets in Saint Roch expressing American gratitude to Rochambeau and DeGrasse, in

Saint Louis de l'Île paying tribute of the city of Saint Louis to the French King, the Lafayette Squadron memorial, the Blérancourt museum, the American flag floating over Lafayette's grave and countless other evidences of a long friendship fill me with hope for the future. True, the common ground of the present and the future has not the glamor of valiant battles in a great cause; it will appeal to common sense, and to the reestablishment of prosperity in the world. That prosperity will be founded on hard work and its reward, not on the chimeras of 'friendly arrangements' and Utopian dreams and dizzy speculations — confidence between peoples and credit between nations will grow as markets are opened, as receipts increase, as budgets balance themselves, as factories begin to hum again. And who knows? The excitement of mighty accomplishment may run as high as the excitement of battle, and certainly the honor and profit will reward the nations concerned. This one thing is sure: out of the chaos must come an intercontinentalism; it is the economic and scientific necessity of the Twentieth Century. And here war ends."

The wastebasket is full, the floor is strewn with crumpled notes and clippings. The glorified blackbird has come into his own; his song rises from the silent garden into the twilight sky. Like Henry Bérenger, he seems to say, "And here war ends."

German Realities

BY GEORGE GERHARD

*Beneath the flamboyant nationalistic flubdubbery of Hitler
and his Nazis there are stubborn economic facts which
will change his course*

SINCE the Hitlerites have been in power, their deeds have dealt almost exclusively with domestic affairs. They have fought, with the most reckless display of brutality and partisan fervor of modern times, every influence and activity which showed any trace of "internationalism." Communists, Socialists, Democrats, Liberals, Pacifists and Jews are persecuted for the sake of purging the German race. Tariffs, already sky-high, are pyramided even higher to protect the agricultural interests of the nation. Franco-German coöperation, initiated by Dr. Stresemann and cautiously continued by Dr. Heinrich Brüning, received a shock when Herr Hitler's delegates to the League of Nations stood up and demanded the former colonies.

The incessant propaganda for an armed nation has been taken out of the realm of political reasoning, or perhaps of bargaining, and brought into actual, if only partial realization by the addition of some 60,000 Fascists to Germany's *Reichswehr* of 100,000 men. The three most powerful leaders, Hitler, Hugenberg and

Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, agree that the interest which Germany pays annually to her creditors, amounting to over \$250,000,000 (or about one billion marks), should be reduced, along with the principal. The wages of the German worker, already at a lowebb, are to be further reduced so that industry may produce more cheaply.

All these — and there are many more instances of the "national endeavor" — are steps designed to achieve what has for long years been preached by Hitler to the impatient masses: the rebirth of the nation. It is true that the actions of the Hitler régime do not always conform with party promises. Some of them are even the opposite of what his gospel had announced for the "day of reckoning." The wage cuts, for instance, are a hard blow for the labor wing of the *National-Sozialistische Deutsche Arbeiter-Partei* (National-Socialist German Workmen's party). The agitation for a reduction of interest as well as of principal of the foreign debt is in sharp contrast to the pledge of fulfilment given by the former Reichsbank president, Dr.

Hans Luther. But then, Dr. Luther is not now at the helm of the Reichsbank, and Herr Hitler does not have to rely any longer upon the support of the workingmen, especially at a time when he is proceeding vigorously against German labor in general. He is not only in power but is equipped with dictatorial authority. He does not have to consider public opinion, not even party promises, but can concentrate on the realities.

WHAT, then, *are* the realities of the German situation? Hitler says: "The nation is the only source of strength upon which the German people can rely." In accordance with this doctrine he proceeds to "nationalize" the people in the Fascist conception. It is of no importance for this discussion that the Fascist conception amounts essentially to the same sort of dictatorial régime of a political minority which the post-War years witnessed first in Russia and later in Italy. The significant thing is that Hitler and his programme consider self-sufficiency of the nation as the real demand of the moment. "Reality," to the Hitlerites, is concentration upon the national interests, and necessarily at the expense of non-national factors.

This seems a far cry from German realities as the neutral observer would see them. Not even before the War was German agriculture self-sufficient; it produced only about three-quarters of the country's needs. German industry in the pre-War years was responsible for German prosperity through a tremendous export trade which it built up in European as well as overseas

countries. In 1913 German foreign trade amounted to about five billion dollars, which compared with four and a quarter billion dollars for the United States, though Germany had then little more than half the population of this country. Germany's share of world foreign trade was, before the War, 13.5 per cent, that of the United States 11.5 per cent.

These figures show clearly enough how dependent Germany, the most powerful, most prosperous and most highly industrialized nation of pre-War Europe, was upon the world market even before her armies marched to defeat. Yet there is no sign of recognition of these grim economic realities in the political programme of Adolf Hitler. The defeat that was sealed in the Treaty of Versailles emphasized even more strongly the international dependence of the nation, which, with the Fascists in the saddle, is driven ruthlessly into exactly an opposite course — national isolation. How confused a situation must arise from such an irrational and unrealistic policy, may be shown at a glance:

The National-Socialists together with their allies, the Hugenberg Nationalists, put the racial problem of a pure, Teutonic Germany above any other consideration. There are about sixty million people of the prescribed Teutonic blood now living within German borders. But there are nearly six million, or ten per cent, living outside these same borders. Some of them are in Alsace-Lorraine, which was returned to France; others in the Danzig-Corridor; in Upper Silesia, which now belongs to Poland; in Eupen and Malmedy, ceded to Belgium; in the former German col-

onies in Africa; in Schleswig, now in Danish hands; in Tyrol, now part of Italy. The return of these minorities has been a burning problem ever since the Armistice was signed: it has yet to be solved. From the German point of view it might be a purely domestic affair. But how can a problem be fairly treated so when the legitimate rights of so many other nations are plainly documented? Obviously, the minorities are an international question, and unless they are viewed as such, they soon may be the cause of another war.

The debt service, as was indicated above, must be amended speedily if the "stand-still agreement" which is now in force, is not to be continued indefinitely. Once more, it lies with the foreign creditors to decide this pressing issue for Germany. Or take the export trade, whose revival is of supreme importance for an improved German economy. In past years, Germany had an export surplus sufficient to take care of the interest on her foreign debt service. But the surplus is rapidly melting away. In January the favorable balance of Germany's foreign trade amounted to approximately six million; in February it was only four million dollars. With the boycott movement against German goods augmenting it may be assumed that there will be no export surplus at all in the near future. The stringent tariff measures, especially on agricultural products, are bound to provoke retaliatory measures in foreign countries.

It takes no great imagination to see how much the Hitler régime neglects and ignores this sort of "realities." Many others could be added, such as the need for foreign

loans (in view of the scarcity of German capital), the question of an army and navy brought back to full pre-War strength (in this regard the French may insist on having their say), the return of the African colonies (which may go against the interests of the mandatory powers and possibly of the League of Nations), not to mention the document of Versailles which can not be changed peaceably without the concurrence of France.

If Hitler overlooks conveniently the "international" aspects of the German fate, such absurd behavior in face of definite realities is, of course, due to political strategy. During the decade when he fought the various German governments as bitterly as he denounced the Communists, he could not very well base his arguments on the realities of the German situation; for this would have forced him into the same course Stresemann, Brüning, von Papen and von Schleicher were steering. Logically and politically enough, he shifted to the other end of the national bench, with radical, extremist, nationalist propaganda. He promised liberation from hostile, *i.e.*, foreign chains. He would build not only upon the national, but upon racial consciousness. And like the phoenix from the ashes, so would Germany rise over the hatred and envy and suppression of a world which has had no greater purpose than the prisoning in a bottle of that homunculus: the *furor Teutonicus*.

EVEN if the Fascists of Germany recognize the realities of economic dependence upon the world and merely adhere for the time being

to a propaganda-cult which they built up in ten years and can not destroy nor overcome in ten weeks, there is consolation in the fact that these realities are working by themselves. This international trend, which must not be mentioned in Fascist circles and which, nevertheless, will soon enough confront them, is nowhere more obvious than in German industry. And, strangely enough, it is nowhere more clearly seen than in its relation with Germany's traditional enemy, France.

The peace treaty deprived Germany of valuable iron-ore resources. She lost seventy-five per cent of the Upper Silesia output. The Saar Basin is forfeited to France for nearly fifteen years more; the Lorraine fields are definitely lost to France; the Aix-la-Chapelle mines belong to Belgium. What the German iron and steel industry lost through these cessions, it has tried to make up through cartel agreements. As a result, we find powerful syndicates embracing not only the steel and the coal industries but also the all-dominating German dye trust, the textile and machinery branches, zinc, railroad, chemical and many other industries.

The idea of cartelization is nothing new to Germany, which — taking the American example — saw in large-scale organization a step to quick industrial recovery. The number of the more important German industrial formations runs to about 1,000; and the total number of commercial and industrial combines reaches about 3,000, of which 2,500 belong to production and the remaining 500 to distribution, wholesale and retail.

The important thing to remember is that France has found it to her advantage to offer a friendly hand across the Rhine. As a predominantly agricultural country she has not found it an easy task to absorb the tremendous industrial gains which she inherited from a victorious war. The mines and smelters, large manufacturing plants and a great number of laboratories, machines and technical equipment required a certain amount of industrial preparation and tradition which France did not possess. She found both among the steel barons of the Rhine and Ruhr valleys, as well as an enthusiastic readiness to coöperate. Germany and France were helped equally by the coöperative enterprise which was launched soon after the War. Germany gets her coal and iron ore, and France can operate her mines at full capacity; they both reap profits.

This coöperation did not stop with trade agreements. It was soon found that, while Germany had the ability to manufacture, France had more than her share of the world's gold. In due time, French investments poured into German industry. Herr Stinnes, famous baron of German heavy industry and a spectacular inflationist who pocketed tremendous profits while the mark was utterly collapsing, was one of the recipients. Many German industrialists followed his example, except for his speculations. Some of the French funds flew directly into the lap of the ever-hungry manufacturers of the Fatherland; more found their way to Essen and Duisburg through London.

When, in the summer of 1931, the

German financial crisis precipitated the Hoover Moratorium, the German Reichsbank was forced to pay out \$230,000,000 in gold in the first three weeks of June. A short time later, that is, in the four weeks ending August 14, the Bank of England gave up some \$155,000,000 in gold. In both cases, French investments (in Germany) were involved to a very large extent. This shows how far French financial coöperation with German manufacturing interests had gone. On the other hand, it is common knowledge that German funds have not hesitated to enter France, and not only because of fear. Herr von Papen, who is Vice-Chancellor at the time I am writing, is reported to have invested large funds in French concerns. Incidentally, he is married to the niece of a French marquis and speaks nearly perfect French. His example (in investment, not marriage) has been duplicated by many a German aristocrat and financier.

In a description of Franco-German commercial relations belongs also the fact that quota systems have been established in the textile (especially rayon) industries; that a new commercial treaty has just been signed more nearly equalizing import figures (Germany heretofore exported to France about twice as much as France shipped to Germany); that tariff negotiations have been launched looking toward mutual concessions; that preliminary agreements were reached (before the rise of the Hitlerites) for a common procedure on the world market; and that, last but by no means least, the idea of a Franco-German economic entente has been

actively propagated in German as well as in French industrial circles, both reacting favorably. When Premier Laval visited Chancellor Bruening in Berlin, he was reported to have ready a vast scheme for the participation of French capital in German industry in return for those political guarantees which France considers so vital for her "security." While the present German Government is far from granting any political concessions, it is well to remember that German industry is looking with favor upon such or a similar scheme. And it may also be remembered that in the past the Hitler movement has been financed principally by this same industry.

THESE international "ties" will continue in one form or the other regardless of what Herr Hitler prescribes for the German nation. Without them, Germany can not live, let alone improve, and the Fascist Government would do well to recognize Germany's dependence upon foreign factors—the sooner the better. Present signs indicate that in spite of their unremitting racial drive at home the National-Socialists are well aware of the outside forces upon which depends a peaceable development of the German nation.

If they really had lived up to the logic of their Teutonic thesis, they would have taken over the Polish Corridor; they would have introduced compulsory military service, and declared the Austro-German union an established fact; they would have united all Germans, including those living in the "minority-territories"; they would have

abrogated the peace treaties of Versailles and St. Germain; they would have occupied the colonies; they would have abolished unearned and effortless income, overthrown interest servitude, confiscated all War profits and shared in the profits of all large establishments; they would have socialized the large department stores, enforced the death penalty of all criminals, usurers and profiteers, and, finally, granted freedom of worship for all creeds and denominations.

Instead, the Hitlerites have proceeded very cautiously in regard to Poland; they have, so far, taken no steps toward the realization of a "nation in arms"; the Austro-German union has not even been discussed; the minority problem has not yet been given any attention; there is no talk of the socialization of the large department stores; cancelation of the peace treaties is not their especial cause, but has, on the contrary, been propagated incessantly during the last fifteen years; interest payment is still functioning; the War profits are still intact. The ambassador to the United States is not a hot-headed Fascist but Dr. Hans Luther, a man of principles and of common sense. The foreign element has been granted special protection and privilege within German borders. And far from secluding itself, the German Government has gone to great lengths to establish some sort of a united front with Italy.

The confusing aspect of the German situation between the Scylla of heated Fascism on one side, and the Charybdis of a definite dependence on the world of the national economy

is explained by the fact that, unlike Mussolini, Hitler has not been able to check the radical enthusiasm of the masses. He promised them a free rein of their narrow appetites; now that the dam is broken, ecstasy and fanaticism are coming down with a rush. The radical wing of the Fascist party has held the upper hand for the first ten weeks of the Hitler régime. As long as it reigns supreme, it will seek its outlet, not in the broad channels of foreign affairs, but within the domestic realm where "patriotic" desires can be most easily satisfied.

There is, for this reason, little justification in viewing the first ten weeks of a German Fascist Government from the viewpoint of permanent action and legislation. What has been done so far, has been forced through very much against the "moderate" leaders of the Government, namely Hitler and Hugenberg, by the extremist leaders of the Fascist movement: Goering and Goebbels. But even Soviet Russia and Italy considered it wise to modify their original policies, though they were much more independent from foreign forces and factors than a defeated Germany.

Assuming that the Hitler Government will last for some time to come, it may fairly be expected that if peace is to prevail, "moderation" will be the next phase of its policy. As a modified Fascism will try to bring back the nation's prosperity, the non-German factors which have been discussed above will ensure that Germany is brought back to international coöperation so that Europe may go to work again constructively.

The Spoils

BY HENRY CARTER

The patronage problem, on which President Roosevelt's success so much depends, is more difficult this year than ever before

FOR a century past the watchword, "To the victors belong the spoils," has stood for a fundamental axiom in American political life; and the philosophy of the Spoils System created by Andrew Jackson has been the commonplace of practical politics. While it has always been polite to decry that philosophy and to point to the virtues of a non-political and all-inclusive Civil Service as the ideal of government, it becomes apparent as fresh and vigorous hordes of political office-seekers emerge at each change of administration that political human nature will not down and that it can not be ignored with any degree of political safety. The operation of the so-called Spoils System has of course been vastly affected and circumscribed by the extension of the scope of the historic Civil Service Act of 1883. It has been further affected by the expansion of the Federal Government into countless undertakings which are essentially non-political — such matters as its scientific and technical services and its increasing excursions into commercial fields, to mention two principal types — which require for successful preservation a

continuity of administration and operation not consonant with the maintenance of a Spoils System.

None the less, in spite of the extension of the original Civil Service Act to a point where it covers over 450,000 Federal jobs, nearly eighty per cent of the sum total — excluding of course the army and navy from these figures — there still remain and must perhaps always remain a certain number of so-called political positions which are by both custom and political necessity filled from the ranks of an administration's adherents, be they Deserving Democrats or Respectable Republicans. To determine what these positions are and to award them appropriately constitutes the patronage problem which confronts each incoming administration, and each administration must depend to a surprising extent for its political survival upon the skill and address it brings to the solution of the myriad and often infinitesimal complications of its own particular patronage problem. To this the new Administration of Mr. Roosevelt is no exception.

With the overwhelming success of the Democratic party last November

it speedily became apparent that the pressure for patronage, for political posts of all sorts, would reach unparalleled proportions. This would be true in the case of any political party which had spent twelve years in the wilderness. To this normal factor has been added the enormous impetus given by the unheard of spread of unemployment in all classes of American society. Furthermore the sweeping nature of the Democratic victory and the exceptionally large Democratic majority in Congress could only mean that from the patronage point of view there would be that many more deserving Democrats for whom claims would be advanced.

Almost immediately after the election Mr. Roosevelt let it be known that all patronage matters would be handled through Mr. James A. ("Big Jim") Farley who was slated to be his Postmaster General and National Chairman of the Democratic party. Mr. Farley was known throughout the country as a thoroughly practical if lamentably honest politician and the hopes of the faithful ran correspondingly high, while Mr. Roosevelt was left free to devote himself to a deep and painstaking consideration of the major economic and social problems which it was apparent would confront his Administration.

In December Congress met in short session, and the victorious Democrats, following the precedent set in 1912 and in 1920, called on the Civil Service Commission for a list of all Government positions not under Civil Service protection. To the considerable surprise and delight of Congress and of local party leaders, the Commission's report, published early in the year, showed some 110,-

000 positions, including those of 15,000 postmasters, as not subject to Civil Service requirements, and hence, by inference, as available for distribution as political plums. At least this was the interpretation placed on the report by Congress and by the public in general. Mr. Farley's office began to resemble the rush hour of the New York subway as office-seekers, Congressmen and politicians rushed to stake their claims on this or that job listed in the Commission's report.

The unfortunate part about it was that the report had been misunderstood and that only a fractional portion of the jobs it had listed were actually available for political distribution in the usual sense. The fact is that the vast bulk of the 110,000 positions listed are, while not technically under Civil Service rules, at the same time subject to restrictions and qualifications which quite as effectually remove them from consideration as patronage plums. For example the Alaska Railway was shown as having 345 non-Civil Service employes, the Panama Canal Zone Administration as having 9,000, and the District of Columbia about 10,000 municipal employes, but all of these are under specially established local regulations and authority with which the Federal Government does not seek to interfere. There were also listed the 1,500 diplomatic and consular officers of the American Foreign Service, and the 381 officers of the United States Public Health Service, all of whom are appointed only after special examination and upon a merit basis. The report likewise included 15,000 positions for unskilled casual labor. Besides these

the report's total included a large number, perhaps 50,000, of positions, mainly of a technical or scientific nature, under the various departments of the Government which, while unprotected by the Civil Service Act, are still subject to requirements that remove them from the sphere of practical politics; and in this connection it might be observed that even postmasters, traditionally beneficiaries of the "Spoils System" are required to demonstrate their fitness for appointment to office by passing a Civil Service examination with better than creditable marks.

Thus scrutinized, the imposing total of 110,000 indicated by the Civil Service Commission's report shrinks with a disconcerting rapidity until it reaches a point where it can only be a source of acute anxiety to the political office-seeker and a cause of extreme chagrin to his over-optimistic political backer. While exact figures are not available, the best estimates indicate that of the 110,000 non-Civil Service positions of the Federal Government not more and probably less than 25,000 are available for patronage purposes, which figure includes the faithful army of 15,000 postmasters. Aside from the postmasters, the amended list boils down approximately to the following positions, which may fairly be considered as falling under the head of political appointments:

Ambassadors and Ministers.
Members of the Cabinet.
Assistant secretaries and under-secretaries of Government Departments.
The Governors of Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Philippine Islands and Canal Zone.
Heads of independent commissions and boards.
Bureau chiefs.

United States attorneys.
United States marshals.
Collectors of Customs.
Collectors of Internal Revenue.
Registers, receivers and surveyor general of the Land Office.
Surveyors, special examiners, appraisers and naval officers in the Customs Service.
Superintendents of mints.
Assayers in mints.
Supervising inspectors of the Steamboat Inspection Service.
Commissioners of immigration and naturalization.
Solicitors under the Department of Justice.
In the District of Columbia, the District Commissioners, the recorder of deeds and register of wills.
Also about 4,800 deputy United States marshals, and deputy collectors of customs and internal revenue.

ALL in all, the number of positions actually at the disposal of the new Administration is a surprisingly small one, and not calculated to bring much nourishment or comfort to the hungry office-seeker. To add to the latter's discomforts the Administration through its economy measures is cutting down on Government positions, and upon Government salaries. Yet it is not easy, in the face of the report, for a Congressman or a local political leader to explain such things to disappointed constituents: his political prestige rests too largely on his ability to obtain for his supporters Government jobs, Government contracts, Government appropriations; and failure to obtain them, regardless of the cause, may well mean political defeat. As Postmaster General Burleson put it to President Wilson in 1913: "These little jobs mean nothing to you or me but they may mean political life and death to a Congressman who is slighted."

It would however be gross error to

consider the problem of patronage and political appointments exclusively in terms of political supply and demand, a supply that is very small and a demand which is unusually great. Likewise it would be a mistake to regard it as one of the regrettable if unavoidable evidences of the depravity of human nature. The fact is that patronage serves two highly important purposes in American political life: it affords the President and his administration an indirect means of controlling individual members of Congress and of thus ensuring support for administration policies and programmes without which governmental action and authority can reel, as we have recently seen, dangerously close to anarchy; and, too, it is one of the principal means of building up party morale and unity to a point where the party can become an effective and coördinated instrument of government. Its effect on Congress, whence proceeds by far the greater part of the demand for Federal jobs, has already been noted and the argument need not here be stressed. The second consideration is of a more subtle and far-reaching importance. Mr. James Truslow Adams has pointed out in a recent article that the future of the Democratic party rests upon Mr. Roosevelt's ability to unite about a common rallying point and a common political faith the discordant and disglomerate political groups which coalesced to put him in the White House and upon his ability to attract the imagination and the support of the younger men to the standard of this New Democracy. With this judgment no intelligent politician, much less Mr. Roosevelt, would be

disposed to disagree. To accomplish this result he must give political recognition to the groups he wishes to attract and whose support he wishes to consolidate—the traditional method is through the discriminating use of his power of appointment. That he has some such purpose in mind seems only too apparent from even a cursory examination of his appointments to date—the inclusion in his Cabinet of an ex-Bull Mooser, an Insurgent Republican from the Northwest and a distinguished woman Liberal are indications of his hope to develop a truly national Democratic party, perhaps one “a little to the left of the Centre,” as contrasted with a mere collection of local organizations, imposing though the sum total of these latter might be in numbers.

IT WOULD seem fair to infer that these considerations have impressed themselves on Mr. Roosevelt and would account in large measure for the close personal attention he has been giving to the whole question of appointments and patronage in spite of the other pressing and vital demands being made upon his time. This is not to imply that Mr. Roosevelt may be expected to go personally into each one of the twenty-odd thousand political appointments to be made. On the contrary his policy seems to be to confine his personal attention to the few hundred key positions, the positions which will set the tone of his Administration and which will to a large extent make it or break it, and to leave to the capable if heavily burdened hands of Mr. Farley and his assistants in the Government and in the Democratic

National Committee the task of selecting appointees who will advance the purposes he has set for his Administration and for the Democratic party. His close political advisers include such persons as Mr. Farley, Raymond Moley and Louis Howe, his private secretary of twenty years' standing, men in whose political gifts and judgment he has confidence. But while it is apparent that he has played political ball with his party and has shown an exceptionally open mind to political advice from all sources, it seems equally plain from the calibre and character of his key appointments to date that in all cases they have in the last analysis been based on *his* judgment and *his* decision. If one may be permitted to speculate a little further about Mr. Roosevelt's policies and intentions in the matter of appointments, it might be said that he is determined to have about him in the chief responsible Government positions, particularly those in Washington, a harmonious group of advisers and assistants of whose loyalty and ability he is personally assured, men and women on whom he will have a personal as well as a party claim. This may indeed be "personal government," but Mr. Roosevelt seems to be that kind of a man.

As to the rank and file of appointments which must be filled primarily with an eye to the demands and needs of the party organization — and this number includes a good nine-tenths of the 25,000 available — one may look to see him continue to leave all such matters to his political chief of staff, Mr. Farley. Obviously this devolves a great burden and responsibility upon Mr. Farley, par-

ticularly in view of his reported determination to appoint only men of better than reasonable ability and men whose party service is unquestioned. Just how he will go about it is known only to Mr. Farley and the unknown goddess of political fate. In one respect the depression has lightened his burden by making available for public office men of higher quality and ability than has probably ever before been the case. By the same token the pressure for political appointments and the inclusive nature of the task he has assumed as general dispenser of patronage have resulted in such inroads on his time that it has been almost impossible for him to proceed even to the task of filling routine vacancies in his own Department. This delay has occasioned more than a little political complaint, and it has been repeatedly charged that he and through him the Administration have deliberately refrained from making appointments in order that Congress might be held in line for the Administration programme during the present special session. The suggestion is plausible and ingenious, and perhaps the Administration would have acted on it if it had been in a position to do so. However, the question has not arisen, for the simple fact is that neither the Administration nor Mr. Farley has to date had the time to give to the countless necessary details involved in the distribution of patronage, either as a whole or in part.

Political appointments are too delicate matters for haste, and while Congress may howl with aggrievance, considerations are involved, as I have attempted to indicate, which often transcend the special interest of

Congressmen with needy and deserving constituents on their backs. Against the demands of Congressmen, particularly of Senators who have, after all, the opportunity of confirming or rejecting nominations to Federal positions, are the demands made by local Democratic organizations and leaders, by special organizations and lobbies, by community sentiment and by public opinion. These demands must be examined and weighed in each case, together with the essential requirements of the position in question, a general balance must be struck, and certain political amenities must be observed if even outward harmony is to be attained. Obviously the Administration can not and is not going to please every one, and with each appointment there will be created certain enmities and certain party defections — the dictum of Louis XIV that with each appointment he made twenty enemies and one ingrate is not without its bearing on American politics.

The task of making political ap-

pointments is a thankless and perhaps a hopeless one. However, if in its performance Mr. Roosevelt and his political lieutenants can avoid making too many serious political mistakes — some, perhaps many, there are bound to be, even in Utopia; if he can bind together and consolidate the political organizations and influences which carried him and his party into power, which will include a generous recognition of elements new to the Democratic party of the past, elements such as the Progressives of the Northwest and the so-called Liberals of the country; if he can bring forward the younger men on whom some day a fuller measure of political responsibility will fall, he will have done much of what can be done toward creating out of political confusion the new and revitalized Democratic party which it is Mr. Roosevelt's clear hope and ambition to bequeath to the country which put him in office. And in this endeavor one can but wish him every measure of success.



Racketeering on Parnassus

BY H. W. WHICKER

What have we received for our annual three and a half billions spent on education?

HAVING passed from the heart and mind of the teacher into the hands of the pedagogue, the pedant and the quack psychologist, education is "on the spot." Failing tax returns have forced Federal, State and local units of government to adopt for education the same policy of retrenchment now regulating expenditure in other departments whose cost seems out of proportion to their contribution to public welfare.

Caught in the same net of salary adjustment and unemployment enmeshing representatives of all professions, the educator is attempting to extricate himself by such catchword appeals to sentimentality as, "Must America balance her budget with the ignorance of her youth?" The educator also points to graft in government, the dishonesty of business and banking, public extravagances in anything from prize-fighting to cigarettes and cosmetics, and a general failure of moral and ethical concepts from the close of the World War to the Dawn of Our Great Awakening.

There is truth in what they say; but such arguments have a fatal

repercussion: all day and all night come from the same sky; and if all good comes from education, all evil has its origin in the same womb. It is more than probable that every grafter in government, every swindler in business and banking, every fool parting with his money and every transgressor of the decalogue is in some measure a product of our all-inclusive mass educational system. If so, if their number and variety were sufficient to precipitate a national catastrophe, this would indicate a breakdown in education, or at least a deterioration serious enough to undermine its usefulness. To appreciate fully what has happened in education it is necessary to glance briefly at the modern history of the movement.

THESE United States are a comparatively young nation; and the frontier and the pioneer are still in our blood, particularly in the West. By 1900 the public resigned itself to the fact that strife with Nature in her mountains and wildernesses was near its end, and that a new adjustment to circumstances of a new day made imperative for

youth a training different from that of the pioneer child. The men who had power and influence were no longer Kit Carsons, Jim Bridgers and Buffalo Bills: they were businessmen, industrial organizers and promoters; they wore white collars; they were physically soft and flabby; they boasted about their money; and barring certain Malapropian tendencies, they talked the language of books.

As the economic tide began its inflow after the panic of Cleveland's Administration, and the urge for money-making mounted to its normal rage, such men stood out, all at once, as the popular conception of success. The public demanded that its youth be trained for their success, regarding the white collar and the bank-book as the sole objectives of learning: so many years in school, so many years in college, and the individual would rise automatically to the realm of big salaries and big positions. Shrewdly appraising this trend, the educator repudiated Cardinal Newman's theory that the purpose of education is the refinement of the public mind; he compiled statistics, over periods of years, to show the salary differences between men who were college graduates and men who were not college graduates, and he shouted such statistics at youth in every commencement oration. The educator next turned promoter, embracing modern high-power advertising, erecting imposing plants and adopting any expedient of the sensational to stimulate the movement toward his new educational mills. There was a stampede for public schools and colleges—a stampede which may not yet have reached its height.

Public intention was good, though misguided; and the public purse-strings were loosed, nationally, with a liberality that taxes our powers of credulity: billions for State educational institutions, systems and equipment; millions for teaching staffs and faculties; and more millions for the training of these teaching staffs and faculties. In 1900 national high school enrolment was 519,251; by 1928, with an increase of only about fifty per cent in population it had increased to 3,911,279; and during the same period college enrolment jumped from about 168,000 to about 868,000. By 1930 approximately seventy per cent of the population between five and twenty years of age were attending school or college when the census was taken.

The stock market crash of 1929 and its subsequent panic had little influence on the movement. During the past year, according to statistics from the United States Office of Education, there were 26,500,000 persons attending public and private schools. Of the \$3,459,375,539 derived from all sources for the maintenance of all types of institutions, \$2,822,914,120 went to public institutions, and \$636,461,419 to private institutions. The bulk of income for publicly supported institutions, a total of \$2,469,311,376, went directly to elementary and secondary education. When the entire cost of public schools, amounting to more than \$2,656,420,316 is considered, the annual per capita cost to 72,943,624 persons of voting age is \$36.42 a year. The total cost of Federal, State, county and local government runs slightly in excess of \$14,000,-

ooo,ooo annually, indicating that nearly one-fourth of the American tax dollar goes into education. Naturally governors, State legislators and other officials who have seen the homes of their constituents go under the sheriff's hammer, and who at last accept the inevitable in the economic axiom that tax income must ultimately limit tax expenditure, are of necessity paring what they can from educational budgets — hence the lament of the educator who, human in his desire for gain, found the temptation toward racketeering irresistible.

THE first racketeer on Parnassus was the psychologist. Sensing opportunity in the billions invested by the nation in education, he appeared upon the scene armed with the most astounding psychiatric theories, tests and measurements, expressed in a new and bewildering terminology. I mention this for much of the hocus-pocus upon which modern psychology rests first appeared in the pamphlets which went with remedial purchases at the medicine-show stand, and which contained the "Colonel's" own secrets of success, keys to personality and weighty treatises on such mysteries as phrenology, palmistry and the psychic. Educationally, the psychologist had merely to enlarge his vocabulary to include such vagaries as "behaviorism," "determinism," and "intelligence quotient." On the strength of these and other coinages, he claimed infallibility in all matters relating to the human mind.

In reality, it is doubtful if modern psychology can lay claim to a single workable principle that was not

more intelligently expressed in the *Philebus* and others of Plato's *Dialogues*. The mind may be a machine — we do not know and can not know for a long, long time. When a physiologist as deeply learned and sane in his utterances as Sir Arthur Keith tells us that the mind is composed of at least 1,800 million parts, we naturally conclude that there must be some semblance of order and system in its make-up, mechanical or otherwise; but when a psychologist like Dr. Watson sets his "behavioristic" sawdust doll up in our midst, and makes it to blink its sightless eyes and whistle from its pneumatic belly like a marmot, and assures us that every mental reaction is positively explainable as an "electrical phenomenon," we get nowhere in the problem, for "electricity" is itself a mystery, and no one, as a consequence, knows what an "electrical phenomenon" is.

We could not take such quackery seriously until it invaded education, where it established itself as "The Department of Education." Immediately it started in working miracles with mental cripples and hypochondriacs. It had the further audacity to fix grades of mentality and classify youth accordingly, arbitrarily branding some morons and others genii. It judged police dogs and guinea pigs by the same standards, and it got precisely the same results. Its findings were sufficient to win the support of an unreasoning public, by then drugged with sensation and absorbed in getting rich. It acquired enough momentum to jam through legislation compelling prospective teachers to take specified numbers of hours in its courses as requirements for

"Normal Degrees," without which, regardless of learning or ability, they could not legally teach in the public schools. Such laws, requiring from ten to as many as thirty hours, are now in force in more than forty States. In effect the educational psychologist said to the teacher:

"It is no longer necessary for you to go deeply into your subject, or to have broad and varied contact with life. Dabble here and there. Pick up enough terminology to appear intelligent before your classes. All you really need is our methods of testing and grading. Henceforth, you are not a teacher; you are a laborer in an educational factory, veneering the human raw product which passes through your department. You are neither an artist nor a craftsman. Your tools are a watch and an adding machine. Your business is volume production.

Profit by any means was the end of living during the golden era of Coolidge prosperity, the sunset of a bad epoch; it saw the educational psychologist "muscle" himself in as a "big shot" on Parnassus, dominating State universities, colleges and normal schools, his ability to increase his salary limited only by his originality and daring in mental magic. When his theories proved untenable in practice, as they did from time to time, he evolved new ones and worse ones, and he was perfectly safe for no one knew what he was talking about anyway. Fortified by legislative enactment, he reigned supreme. He could sense the ultimate trend of mass education; he was intelligent enough to know that a bell-sheep must be taken from the herd for personal instruction in the elements

of leadership, and that the mass system was forcing the individual youth deeper into the herd, blighting personality, dulling intellectual curiosity and failing in the fundamentals for which education was intended. In the masses chuting through higher institutions of learning he saw spinster ladies lacking the sex appeal to attract mates, and countless hosts of the opposite gender lacking the courage and initiative to face life beyond college walls, and he knew that they would welcome the opportunity for a livelihood in peddling his mental moonshine to elementary and secondary schools. He had founded a lucrative racket by which to prey upon a national educational budget of nearly four billion dollars a year.

BEWILDERED by the tumult and din of educational industrialization, his temples of learning crashing about his ears, and Apollo and his muses fled, the scholar bowed to the inevitable. There was no longer room for a priest. Parnassus was now a populous manufacturing centre, and its life a routine business of volume production, in which one was either employed or unemployed. The turnstile of a gridiron clicked to a roaring crowd where once the Temple of Delphi had stood. College administrators and politicians were panning gold in the Castalian Spring. There was nothing left for the scholar to do but find him a place in the system and make that place as secure as possible.

This he proceeded to do by forming a closed labor corporation, in which the Doctorate of Philosophy served as a union card for instructor-

ships and professorships in colleges and universities. His selection of the Doctorate for this purpose was quite logical, and economically sound. The law of supply and demand had already rendered the Bachelor of Arts degree a valueless tag. The Master of Arts degree was losing its lustre for the same reason. When, as the scholar surmised, the Doctorate offered some guarantee of salary increases in excess of those to be had from the lower degrees in high schools of the first class, pedagogues flocked by thousands from the testing and grading shops of the educational psychologist to the graduate school, there to spend the time and make the false gestures required for what had been education's highest and most honorable achievement. Graduate schools were then drying sheds for the maturing of scholasticism and pedantry. When June comes, the output of these sheds will be approximately 140,000 Masters and Doctors, and the Doctorate will carry less distinction than the Bachelor of Arts degree had in 1900.

When scholarship had passed through this metagenesis, its administrators began talking to candidates for advanced degrees in terms of wage-scales; in effect, they said:

"You are no longer concerned with philosophy. You do not have the time to delve into original sources. The 'constituted authorities,' who have already investigated these fields, and whose books you must read, will tell you all you need to know. You must skip from period to period, like a flea around an apple. Our stock in trade is Old English, old lace and old bones. We capitalize upon dullness. You will find that there's profit in it."

The routine of such a plan may be appreciated only by one who has personally observed its workings. Some years ago, when I first worshipped at the shrine of Boethius, I visited a graduate seminar to hear a term paper on Chaucer's translation of *The Consolations of Philosophy*, a speculation as nearly divine as any from a mortal pen. The scholar, a candidate for his Doctorate that spring, admitted, during his introductory remarks, that he had not read *The Consolations of Philosophy*, but had devoted his entire research to Jefferson's book-length treatise on its structure, content and possible sources of material. For two hours I listened to senseless drivel, amazed that such a procedure would be tolerated in a hall of learning; but to my despair the report passed as a highly creditable performance.

Some weeks later, this same scholar collaborated with another of his kind in drawing up thirteen hard and fast rules of comma punctuation for adoption by a composition staff in which I was teaching — a code by which, for one violation, regardless of the thought content of his paper, a freshman composition student would be compelled to rewrite his entire paper in red ink and receive the penalty of a failing grade for his efforts. As I listened to the debate over this inhuman proposal, knowing that such masters of literature as Robert Louis Stevenson could never have met or submitted to such requirements, I suddenly realized why the study of the language they speak is more universally hated by undergraduates than any other subject in college curricula.

But to return to my first scholar:

if he chooses to enter the field of "creative scholarship," he may become a "constituted authority" by publication of treatises, compilations, editings and text-books of composition. If he blossoms forth in print with a manual of grammar, he may be reasonably confident that enough English composition departmental heads will force it upon their unsophisticated freshmen and sophomores to assure him a sale in excess of that of a best-seller novel. It is not unlikely that administrative advancement in his own institution will come not from his influence upon the students under his charge, but from the prestige gained in scholastic circles by the volume of his publication. His students, in the meantime, will be the least of his worries; he will give his time more and more to "creative scholarship."

Ultimately, for examples of this sort are by no means rare these days, his Doctorate union card and his "creative scholarship" may win him the deanship of the graduate school in some State university. Two secretaries will look after the administrative details of his post. By continuing with "creative scholarship" based upon some Sixteenth Century poet who has been forgotten, and for whom the modern world is neither worse nor better off, he should be able to draw from the State at least \$10,000 a year for instructing a seminar two hours a week in his subject. This is racketeering on Parnassus.

He will then be a racketeer among racketeers. The vast majority of college students are by nature too intelligent to take such farce seriously. They realize that all they can

hope to gain from four years in such a system is a label; that for such a label they must pay a total in credit currency of 128 hours graded according to the educational psychologist. Bored to death — were it not for intercollegiate athletic spectacles and other campus activities — and herded along like sheep, they have enough healthy contempt for grades, and enough scorn for the pedagogues and pedants over them, to bluff, crib and slip by through any expedient. Their racketeering for academic credit and degrees is really quite harmless and sometimes amusing, for the credit and the degrees in question are of value neither to themselves nor to the world at large.

THE problem of education and what education should be troubled the ancients as well as the moderns. More than four hundred years before Christ, Crito, a reputable Athenian, said to Socrates:

"I have often told you, Socrates, that I am in constant difficulty about my two sons. What am I to do about them? There is no hurry about the younger one, who is only a child; but the other, Critobulus, is getting on and needs some one who will improve him. I can not help thinking, when I hear you talk, that there is a sort of madness in many of our anxieties about our children; in the first place about marrying a wife of good family to be the mother of them, and then about heaping up money for them — and yet taking no care for their education. But then again, when I contemplate any of those who pretend to educate others, I am amazed. They all seem to me to be such outrageous beings, if I am to confess

the truth; so that I do not know how I can advise the youth to study philosophy."

To which Socrates replied:

"Dear Crito, do you not know that in every profession the inferior sort are numerous and good for nothing, and the good are few and beyond all price?"

Again, arguing with Protagoras over the question of whether or not virtue can be taught, Socrates said:

"The Athenians are an understanding people, as indeed they are esteemed by the other Hellenes. Now I observe that when men are met together in the assembly, and the matter in hand relates to building, the builders are summoned as advisers; when the question is one of ship-building, then the ship-builders; and the like of other arts which they think capable of being taught and learned. And if some person offers to give them advice who is not supposed by them to have any skill in the art, even though he be good-looking, and rich, and noble, they don't listen to him, but laugh at him, and hoot him, until either he is clamored down and retires of himself; or if he persists, he is dragged away or put out by the constables at the command of the prytanes. This is their way of behaving about the arts which have professors."

Unfortunately, this is not our way of behaving about the arts which have professors. Crito and Socrates were speaking in a day when *teaching system*, as we understand the term, was unknown; a day when only the sons of the rich and powerful availed themselves of the symposia of Plato, the sophistries of Protagoras, or turned to the loosely organized

private institutions in the city for training in the more technical arts and crafts not embraced by philosophy in the abstract; a day, moreover, when a teacher might move with dignity among generals, statesmen, capitalists and pancratiasts. And a fruitful tree of learning the Athenians had: the Golden Age ripened in its crown branches; it gave civilization the system of logical investigation which led, through the ages, to modern science; it gave civilization fundamental principles of government, sound theories of human relationship and workable concepts of morals and ethics; it gave civilization the formalized symposium of question and answer before judge and jury in every court of justice; it fired the imagination of the world wherever its undying embers spread, profoundly influencing religion, and the arts and literature; and it gave us a long and honorable list of true teachers and thinkers which began with Plato and ranged down through the centuries to John Ruskin and Charles William Eliot.

EDUCATION in the true, not the professional, sense of the word must advance. Four billion dollars annually are but a pittance for a nation such as this to invest in the institutions and processes which are needed to fit youth for their social and economic adjustment to the years ahead. When teaching is revived as an art, when stern measures are taken against the eunuchism of pedagogy and when the racketeers of educational psychology and scholasticism are driven from Parnassus, it is more than possible that our

schools, colleges and universities will justify their claim to one-fourth of every American tax dollar.

With this in mind, let us, in the words of Socrates, call in our *builders* and hoot down our *professors*. This we have already done in athletics. If leadership, practical experience and personality are prime requisites in a football coach, are they not still more essential to the teacher of those cultural processes which unfold the mind? If the novice and the weakling have nothing to offer in a game so simple, so rudimentary, and so relatively insignificant as football, what hope of any positive contribution from the novice and the weakling in a subject so vastly more important — such as the language we speak, the history and philosophy of our race, the purely cultural arts and those technical crafts and sciences which have to do with the development, the acquisition and the control of the material necessities of life and living?

There are literally thousands of skilled writers in America who, because they are artists and craftsmen, are competent to instruct in composition and impart to students a critical appreciation of the literary masterpieces of past and present. In their rightful places, however, are the racketeers of educational psychology and union card scholasticism, who have miserably stuffed

their dead skins with facts which are chaff or given themselves over to the spiritless routine and regimen of pedagogical method for passing out to others what they themselves do not have. We have thinkers who are changing, through their thinking, the course of civilization itself, but they are not teaching philosophy in the classroom — and such a scientist as Albert Einstein could not legally hold a position in the high schools of at least forty of the forty-eight States. We have statesmen, artists, lawyers, doctors, engineers, industrial organizers, business leaders and others who have the wisdom which comes alone from practical experience, but they are out in the storm and tempest while the racketeers of Parnassus husband weed and bloom alike for profit in the gardens they have left behind, and for which their voyaging is done. If the education of youth is one of society's highest obligations to itself, it is high time that we were hearing the voices of our *builders* in school and college classrooms. In any case, we can reconcile ourselves to the certainty that the system of mass education which reached its height during the boom days of the Coolidge Administration is going, and possibly has gone, the way of all other superstructures of promotion and inflation erected for purposes other than public welfare.



John Galsworthy

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

"His very excellences may be his undoing"

IN THE course of his review of *The Silver Box*, when it was first given at the Court Theatre, in London, Desmond MacCarthy commented on John Galsworthy's precision of design, his well-poised estimate of human nature, his cool, well-considered satire, and his strong interest in social questions. As the years passed, his power and distinction came largely from the intensification of these very qualities: his sincerity, his fairness, his unperturbed contemplation, his orderly way of thinking, his neat, compact statement and arrangement of facts, were the marks of his distinctive genius — were at once both his making and his future undoing; for by these very qualities he will be judged and measured for his eventual place in English letters.

Already, since his recent death, the leveling process of estimation has started. It is unfortunate that John Galsworthy had, in recent years, to cope with the raucous demands of a changing taste, and of frayed and tattered nerves. The speed of life, the noise of life, the artificial stimulation of life are what we might call anti-Galsworthian. The sensitiveness of his nature, the gentility of his

breeding, the selective reticence of his observation, served in his later years to place him in an era which was closed by the War. He could not change the pattern of his plays to suit the new fashion of the stage; he could not alter his own way of analyzing character to meet the demands of the new psychology of complexes and inhibitions; he could not beat the drum of propaganda instead of exercising the reflective weighing of the evidence; he could not desert his interest in class for a full sympathy with the mob; he could not be lurid in his handling of emotion; he could not forsake a mystical belief in certain universal principles for narrow parochialisms, however much he might picture the parochial mind. Yet, despite his interest in the broad aspects of life and of art and of philosophy, John Galsworthy was essentially English. His claim to whatever permanence he is destined to have rests upon his acute realization of English tradition in character. Who are the Forsytes but the English people of the upper middle class? It is significant that the manuscripts of *The Forsyte Saga* should be preserved as a gift to the English nation.

There was a beneficent spirit to John Galsworthy which added to the loveliness of his own nature, but which detracted from the effectiveness of his observation; he possessed a passionate sympathy for human nature on a certain level; below that level he was more concerned with the condition of society which imposed itself upon the other half, than he was with the unfortunate types themselves. It was a purely conventional view we were given of the toilers in *Strife*; the scrubwoman in *The Silver Box* was a mere sketch in his mind beside the ethical and social problem of the double standard of justice; and in the play, *Justice*, Falder, the errant clerk, was killed in the end because, on Galsworthy's own confession, he really was not worth saving. So, artificially, Galsworthy did away with him. Such an inclination of mind could not be shaken by the white heat of indignation. Yet one might ask of Hauptmann's *The Weavers* and of Gorki's *The Lower Depths*, whether they — with all their propaganda spirit — were as effective upon the moral sense of the public as was *Justice*, which so moved Winston Churchill as to bring about an almost instantaneous change in the prison policies of England.

Because his spirit was not aggressive, because it was not militant, because his statement was tempered by wisdom, the irony of his observation was dulled and weakened — dulled merely by the kindness with which he removed the mask from the face of human frailty. And may we not believe that it was because he desired to keep his facts and fancies within his own control, that he rarely

allowed his characters to become introspective without his being close enough to have that introspection carried on in the Galsworthian manner? All through the pages of *The Man of Property*, one longed for some outburst from Irene Forsythe to make us feel the heat of her own emotional indignation and to see the cast of her own mind as she struggled against the possessive unresponsiveness of her husband, Soames. To say that what Galsworthy wrote was never allowed to be so external as to have a life of its own after it was created, is to say that his habit of mind, his meticulousness of observation were too closely identified with the characters he invented. He once declared:

As a man lives and thinks, so will he write. But it is certain that to the makings of good drama as to the practise of every other art there must be brought an almost passionate love of discipline, a white-heat of self-respect, a desire to make the truest, fairest, best thing in one's power; and that to this must be added an eye that does not flinch.

Such was Galsworthy the artist and Galsworthy the man. From early youth he was what his friends described as earnest, sure and sound. They also asserted that in his studies at Harrow and at New College, Oxford, while he was not brilliant, whatever subject he learned he weighed deeply and pondered long. The judicial quality of his mind was further developed by his legal studies, which were encouraged by his father who was in the profession. With such a steadied mental habit, it does not take much comment to understand what he himself meant when he autobiographically declared that between the time when he pub-

lished *Jocelyn*, his first novel, in 1899, and 1906, when he made his first essay at drama, "I acquired some first-hand knowledge of the conditions of Capital and Labor."

ANY writer who holds serious ideas concerning art and life expresses them definitely and concretely. Galsworthy's essays, the best of which have recently been brought together in a volume called *Candelabra*, are the expressions of his credo. But, also, there is not a page in his novels that does not contain running commentary on economic and social conditions, bearing upon types of people who have either gained his sympathy or else have roused his irony. Pinero, the English playwright, rarely committed himself in statement as to the art of the dramatist. But, in a paper on Stevenson, he at one time admitted that there were a feverish toil and a mental tension to the dramatist's work, about which the novelist knew nothing. It is very evident to any reader of Galsworthy that he knew little about that feverish tension. In the writing, the fervor may have moved him, but, on the written page, there was a fixedness that presented the picture in logical movement but not in passionate tumult. It was his habit of high thinking which called at all times for Galsworthy to show quiet compassion; it was this compassion which endowed his irony with none of the hard, crass sting of Shaw about it. Its strength lay in its gentleness.

There is a terrible meekness to Galsworthy's social criticism. And, logical though he may seem, judicial though he may appear, his writing

comes from the sympathetic temperament of the man. He could never have written such a play as Granville-Barker's *The Madras House*, for the simple reason that his realism was always tinctured by his kindness. His intensity of interest was untheatrical. It was superior to any subterfuge. In fact, there are some of Galsworthy's critics who have claimed that he was too superior a person: that his mental approach to a human problem was almost inhuman. When *Justice* was first given, one of the reproaches hurled against it was that Galsworthy himself was to blame for Falder's death: that the tragic theme underlying the play was imposed by the artist rather than created by society. But Galsworthy was not attempting to write an agreeable play. In his treatment of themes he always came near the tragic consequences, but he did not have the tragic manner. His killing of Falder was a beneficent act. In that distinctive sea poem of Masfield's, called *Dauber*, you will remember that all through the perilous sea adventure, the amateur sailor faced the sternest circumstances, and found his rest and pleasure in painting mediocre pictures. But, just as he was nearing home, he slipped on the icy ropes and was snuffed out ruthlessly. "Why did you destroy him so uselessly?" I once asked the poet. And laconically, the reply came: "To save the world from a bad artist."

There is irony in the writer's craft. There is an irony in all things. It is the irony of life that constitutes the comedy of life. In that gentle social document of organized char-

ity, which Galsworthy called *The Pigeon*, the alien, Ferrand, says:

Believe me, Monsieur, you have here the greatest comedy of life! How anxious are the tame birds to do the wild birds good. . . . For the wild birds it is not funny. There is, in some human souls, Monsieur, what cannot be made tame.

And then comes the characteristic pathos in Galsworthy's approach to life. This same play analyzes the inconsistency of charity which puts the poor in institutions when they would wish to die. Ferrand says:

But they would not let me die on the roads of their parishes. They took me to an institution. . . . I saw more clear than the blue heaven that they thought it best that I should die, although they would not let me.

And then, departing from the serious charges of his theme, Galsworthy makes Ferrand speak for him, the artist, with the sensitive poetic nature. He says:

Those sirs, with their theories, they can clean our skins and chain our 'abits — that soothes for them the æsthetic sense; it gives them too their good importance. But our spirits they cannot touch, for they nevere understand. Without that, Monsieur, all is dry as a parched skin of orange. . . . We wild ones — we know a thousand times more of life than ever will those sirs. . . . Be kind to us, if you will, or let us alone . . . but do not try to change our skins.

Here then is a characteristic example of the irony which Galsworthy wielded: gentle, poetic, true, touching, creating a twinge of sympathy, but in no way shaking the soul. Yet does the soul need to be shaken in violence that the impression may take effect? How about *Justice* and the prison law! This lack of violence, this quiescent sincerity, this gentleness impregnated with the social conscience, will, in the future, be one of

the detrimental forces to lose John Galsworthy to newer generations of readers. Every comment he ever made on the theatre has a seasoned wisdom and a rightness about it. Yet, a kindly drama has never been a lasting one; a static gentleness has never created a moving play. And this characteristic of the nature of John Galsworthy was one of the reasons why he had few successes in the theatre. He made concessions sometimes to the outward play: *Loyalties* is an instance. But, fundamentally, in its theme *Loyalties* is a story. *Old English* is another instance, but, fundamentally, its theme is one of character, a chip off the fervor of the novelist.

IT WAS an irony connected with the theatre career of John Galsworthy that with his social conscience he should have been an invigorating figure in the changing drama of his period, and yet have been instrumental in changing so little. His technique was of the older generation. Even his panorama, *Escape* — after the manner of the slice-of-life school — was a succession of little plays, cameos such as one finds throughout his novels. In fact, examine the novels closely, and you will conclude that each chapter, though logical in its place as part of the whole, is in itself a cameo. There would be little confusion in reading the chapter as a lone episode. This episodic, yet complete, manner in Galsworthy is nowhere better seen than in his volume of collected short stories called *Caravan*. This method brought under his observation many of the little ironies of things. He spun these into *genre* pictures of

vivid worth. Thus he went about London finding sermons in stone. He once wrote:

If men were not disharmonic there would be no irony of things. We jut out everywhere, and fail to see how we are jutting out. We seek solutions, raise our flags, work our arms and legs loyally in the isolated fields that come within our vision, but have no feeling for the whole; the work we do is departmental. The war of the departments is the game we understand; we spend our lives keeping up the ball and taking down the score. The race of men is a race of partisans feeding their pigeon-holes with contradictory reports of life, and when a fellow comes and lays a summary on the desk, they look at him askance; but the future pays attention, for the impartial is all that it has time for.

It was this scoring of departmentalism in *Justice* — the circumscribed limits of vision in the judge, the warden, the doctor, the chaplain; it was the later scoring of this same departmentalism in *Escape* — the convict, the warder, the excursionists, the lady, the parson, that the dramatist held up to gentle ridicule. There is not so much the signs of pessimism in Galsworthy as of infinite pity that marks his commentary. In fact, he never looked for the flare of originality. The wisest words ever written on his contemporary theatre are contained in his oft-quoted essay, *Some Platitudes Concerning Drama*. I find constantly in his statements a self-estimation of his own worth to the future, which might now be well taken into account. He is not dogmatic; he merely is setting down what he believes is the rightful attitude toward his craft. He says:

Matters change and morals change; men remain — and to set men, and the facts about them, down faithfully so that they draw for us the moral of their natural actions, may also possibly be of benefit to the community.

Even in his attitude toward art, Galsworthy never looked for the flamboyant. Outward excitement of visible action did not deceive him as art. It might result in a momentary excitement of interest. But art has never continued to live because of that excitement; Galsworthy, in all his approaches, whether as dramatist, as essayist, or as novelist, always looked for what he called the inner vibration. The essential quality of art is rhythm; the essential continuance of life is rhythm. Disharmony is the breaking of this rhythm. Art is a form of human energy which results in the everlasting refreshment of the soul. It is a renewal of rhythm from age to age. Has *The Forsyte Saga* that power of renewal? Only, I believe, as it has value of a documentary nature for the historian. It is a wonderful panorama of interlaced relationships; a concerto of minute revelations of minor characteristics, with an insistent, tenacious hold on the main theme of property by which the upper classes reach values. How insistent the theme of property is, is best seen if one reads the story with a pencil, checking how often the line of movement of each character reaches back to the criterion, the standard by which the Forsytes or the English people formulated their judgments of life and people.

The marks of family life in *The Man of Property* are made with an indelible stamp which the warmth of character brings out in acts and attitudes. Galsworthy depicts the Forsytes in full plumage: a civilized herd bound to the symbols of class, regardful of appearances; the family soul is passed in trust to each one of

them. Galsworthy watches minutely for traits; of one of his characters, he wrote: "It was his business to notice things and embalm them afterwards in ink." Whether or not that embalming process is a preservative one is an argument which belongs to the subject of realism itself. But Galsworthy's moral sense is obstinate: if he elects to deal with a family, he will not let go his firm hold on their weaknesses or on their virtues. The slightest provocation for comment has its value. When Swithin gives a dinner, the saddle of mutton on the table has its import. Galsworthy puts it in a colander and strains it of every bit of its human significance. He says:

To anyone interested psychologically in Forsytes, this great saddle-of-mutton trait is of prime importance; not only does it illustrate their tenacity, both collectively and as individuals, but it marks them as belonging in fibre and instincts to that great class which believes in nourishment and flavour, and yields to no sentimental craving of beauty.

Every one who ran counter to the Forsyte passion for a return on an investment — whether it be material or spiritual — was not of the Forsyte 'Change; he was immediately discounted. Galsworthy's sole purpose in *The Man of Property*, and the other novels which deal with the Forsytes, is to reveal the web and woof of such family life. He saw the value of his own work when he wrote in a preface to the one-volume edition of the entire *Forsyte Saga*:

If the upper-middle class, with other classes, is destined to "move on" into amor-phism, here, pickled in these pages, it lies under glass for strollers in the wide and ill-arranged museum of Letters. Here it rests, preserved in its own juice: The Sense of Property.

So, as a novelist, John Galsworthy created a pattern, neat, dapper — through clipped hedges of sophistication, through paths of English tradition, straight and withstanding the pressure of change, distrusting change. There are no broad sweeps of passionate reaction in Galsworthy; there are no characters of pagan nakedness. He deals with little souls, inbred and clothed in outward fashion. He uses sparingly the incidents of violence; by the time he has turned human motives around on a spiral, viewing the many-sidedness of their effects upon many persons, the moving quality of their meaning has faded, if it has not entirely spent itself. In calm detachment, that which has been the cause of action has become only the logical cause of the effect. He exclaims of the Forsytes, "God forbid that they should know about the forces of nature." He is not of the earthy school of fictionists; yet, when he does make use of the emotional, without the incentive of character, he is inclined to be excessive, to overemphasize. This defect mars the pages of an otherwise sensitive story in *The Dark Flower*. Yet, dealing as he nearly always did with the little-nesses of the well-to-do class — for fundamentally Galsworthy despised the rich — he had a fervor of his own which, if it did not show itself in his characters, did make itself felt in his comments, the breathing of sermons from a text bearing on living life, no matter how small the life: his observation created afresh *the little thing*, a triumph in its own smallness, even though the triumph might be worthy only of contempt. Through the subtlety of Fate's selec-

tion, he could make you feel the perfection of nonentity in the well-to-do. Many years ago, he was asked if he was a Socialist, so bitterly did he attack the upper classes who shirked the risks of living and were the blindest creatures in the world. He answered directly, unequivocally:

I am neither a Socialist nor an Individualist. The true path most obviously lies in the middle. The English and American communities have undoubtedly become extravagantly individualistic, and are only now beginning, almost too late, to try and pull their horns in. By one who is not a politician either by profession or nature, but simply an indifferent writer who generally sees both sides of things and tries to see them as they are, and to achieve true proportion in his pictures, extravagances and excrescences naturally tend to get pilloried. Cruelty, meanness and injustice, conscious or unconscious, are the extravagances and abuses of the sense of property, and to hate them is the extent of my Socialism.

This may explain his attitude in such novels as *The Man of Property*, *The Country House*, *Fraternity* and *The Patrician*. But in no sense did Galsworthy attempt to reflect a complete social doctrine in any of his work. He was not a writer of a thesis in the sense that Wells and Shaw interpret a thesis. He never looked for solutions nor stated them. In his play, *The Silver Box*, the law that applies to the rich and the law that crushes the poor may result in dramatic interest, but the one law which should be fair alike to all was his real concern; Justice and its exercise over one poor mortal may present the theatre with some outward appeal to human sympathy, but the monstrous machine which Justice has created to steam-roll over the human equation was what staggered Galsworthy's compassionate

mind. Always he had an interest in character over and above the social problem, and this prompted him to reply to the charge made against his drama *Strife*, that it was not a deliberate plan to deal with the problem of capital and labor. He said:

That was not the case. There were two types of men that I had observed. Both were over strong willed, and when they met there was necessarily violence. It happened that in the case I observed, these types represented Capital and Labor. The play might just as well have been political.

And so, as a judge, he sat in judgment of his own drama, he became so disinterested in his theme that it was difficult to hold the interest and sympathy of the audience. He seemed to say: "Behold, you can not stop a strike by law; watch the failure here because of the lack of coöperation." Which is all very well for argument as a thesis, but not enough for the moving quality of the drama.

In truth his attitude as novelist always tugged at the sleeve of the dramatist. In the mood of the novelist, he always saw character, he always stated the situation, he always showed the law of man working, he always exerted the virtue of solicitude. He has written enough on these problems to indicate his own attitude, however impersonal his position may seem to be. And the main motives in his plays were based on those disharmonies or ironies that keep men apart in understanding—the ironies of uncharitable charities, of disloyal loyalties, of the godless in the formal worship of God. Again and again he returned to the same themes. His passion was always changed into compassion. And so of him may be

written the same thing that he wrote of the six great novelists he sketched in profile during an address in 1923:

The foodstuff for their powers has in each case been gathered from the wayward currents of human feeling, the varying pulses of the human heart, the countless ironic realities of human existence. Whatever formal creeds (if any) they may have endorsed, their real creed is summed up in the dwarf's saying: "Something human is dearer to me than the wealth of all the world."

Thus he wrote of Dickens, of Turgenev, of de Maupassant, of Tolstoi, of Conrad and of Anatole France. Thus he might have written of himself.

AND because of that love of humanity, there breathes through all the work of John Galsworthy a fine hope, a great faith in the eventual goal of inner happiness. He believed in change — even the Forsyte stronghold was threatened in his various novels. The novelist's sole purposes, the only things worth seeking by him are the revelations of truth and beauty. To step aside from these paths is to be thrown away æsthetically. Therefore, the novelist has only to follow the straight path of non-exploitation. An overemphasis of sex is improper exploitation, an excess of preachment defeats its own ends. So we hear Galsworthy's summation of the novelist's duty: "When he has so selected and arranged his material as to drive home the essential significance of his theme, and pressed out from human nature the last ounce of its resistance to Fate, he has done his job."

The gentle humanitarian has dropped his pen; his last book is written, the critics are now edging

him into his proper place on the shelves of time. It may be that the future will be unkind in its rigorous demands; it may be that he was too contemporary to last; it may be that his style is too discursive — however neat — his content too little, and too dependent on the evanescent displays of minute social custom; it may be that the themes he discussed were too slight as text for his long novels; it may be that his intricate meanderings were too distracting; it may be that his writings have served their purpose and have not, after the condition is passed, enough strength and vitality of character left in them to bridge the chasm leading to another age. Even so, I have a suspicion that *The Forsyte Saga* will remain a very vivid human document for the historian of the future. That may be a sad fate for the novelist. Yet that may also be the penalty for being the gentle man, for being the compassionate citizen.

The main current, I fear, is stronger than Galsworthy. Yet of his contemporaries, who any worthier than he? Who any more zealous of his craft? Who with a keener eye on his own civilization? He was not always the artist: his sense of American character was deplorable; he was not always the dramatist: his plays were often murky and weak; he was fragmentary, too casual in his essays for force. But, when he sang the saga of English family middle-class life, he was supreme. Hugh Walpole, in *Fortitude*, in *The Duchess of Wrexhe*, in *Maradick at Forty*, has, without such a social sense, modeled himself on the Galsworthy tradition of character in English life. But Walpole is not so much the artist in his

handling of material. His sense of character is of the Dickens tradition. Though not of the same stature, Galsworthy's sense of irony relates him to Thackeray. Yet, where has Galsworthy a character to remain in mind as Colonel Newcomb remains; where the modern counterpart in

Galsworthy of a Becky Sharp? *The Forsyte Saga* is a portrait gallery of finely etched faces that are so dependent on their era that they can not be long remembered apart from it. Thus Galsworthy's very excellences may turn out to be his undoing.

Grace Before Thought

BY FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

SAVE me from peace. Do not let me fall
 Into the quiet reaches of the mind,
 Sheltered from the wind
 Of doubt. Build me no wall
 That question can not scale,
 That issue can not vault.
 Admit inside the pale
 Error and schism. They have a way
 Of bearing witness to the truth.
 Lay on no roof to thought
 Which will not let me climb
 To that which may be sought
 In chartless space.
 Lay no stone base
 Which will not let me dig
 Into the sinews of the earth,
 Into primordial slime,
 Where theory goes to school to time.
 Let the urge to know without end, without cease,
 Give me no rest, give me no peace.

Middle Western Growing Pains

BY F. B. NICHOLS

Largely because of economic immaturity, the prairie lands suffer worse from depression than other agricultural regions

A LARGE truck filled with fat cattle moved slowly into the industrial district of Kansas City. The owner of these animals sat beside the driver. For nearly two hundred miles he had been watching farmers at work on their spring tasks in the fields. An endless panorama of growing gardens, busy poultry flocks, contented dairy cows and fattening hogs had unfolded around the rural homes. It had been a trail of great activity and abundant promise for the harvests of 1933.

Then the picture changed abruptly to the desolation of Middle Western commercial life in a time of depression. Few employes were in sight around the factories. Even the switch engines were still. Production was at a low ebb. Many of the plants had been closed. Smokeless chimneys throughout the area registered their dots on the mirror of woe.

Presently the vehicle turned into a street which led to the stock-yards. It soon came to a stop before an unloading platform. The stockman stepped to the ground and stretched tired muscles, cramped by the long ride from his feed lots. "It seems to me," he remarked to the truckman,

"that the manufacturers aren't doing much business these days. The Middle West evidently still depends mostly on the money made by countrymen. And that means this region has a big task ahead in building itself up. Conditions will be unstable for a long time."

The livestock producer was stating an old but little understood attribute of a land in its callow days. Few explanations of the unrest in the prairie States outline the problem so frankly. It usually is ignored by champions of the great open spaces. They give little heed to records of violent swings in commodity values and urban effort over this huge area. Sometimes the omission is due to ignorance. But frequently it is a deliberate policy, especially among Senators and Congressmen from the Middle West when they are delivering addresses for home consumption. Many of the classical examples of "talking all around Robin Hood's barn" — borrowing an expression from the language of the Middle West — on its commercial problems are embalmed in the Congressional Record.

And yet the Middle West is a

noted example of an economically youthful land. No better illustration from the United States is available to professors of economics for use in lectures on the hardships inherent in such regions. But even some executives of financial institutions, and especially mortgage bankers, have failed to grasp the plain implications of grief during a period of depression. The oversight has brought both an overexpansion and excessive deflation of the area in the last decade.

This general inability to see its limitations has been due partly to skillful propaganda by chambers of commerce in the territory west of Chicago. For years they laid great stress on the budding industrial development. Their theme was that the prairies had grown out of the agricultural epoch. Especially did the secretaries bear down hard on the magnitude of city pay-rolls. And before 1930 they were able to juggle income figures in an impressive manner.

But an analysis of their exercises in arithmetic shows that this region is merely in the first stages of erecting an urban civilization on the farm foundation. A large share of the salaries and wages over which commercial leaders in Omaha and Kansas City delight to gloat, for example, comes from meat-packing plants and flour mills. Such establishments simply prepare agricultural products for sale to consumers. Another considerable part of the income goes to employes of vast distributing companies that obtain their business directly or indirectly from rural people. Transportation units which serve countrymen contribute another big slice of the funds. And most manufacturers produce equipment for

farm and ranch use, like stock tanks and feed grinders. Here and there, however, is an industrial organization which does not look to agriculture for any broad share of its profits. But in many instances the larger concerns of this type are oil refineries and coal mines, and they also are thoroughly depressed.

Speaking generally, therefore, the Middle West depends for income on the raw or partly processed farm products it sells to surplus food consuming regions, usually in the Eastern United States or Europe. And this vast area buys the larger part of the non-agricultural commodities it requires from manufacturers located in the East. A great deal of the capital investment, in both town and country, has been borrowed. The prairies thus reflect an almost perfect picture of economic immaturity. A better understanding of this set-up, with all it conveys in the operation of the business cycle at various stages, will aid in building a sounder financial structure.

ESPECIALLY would it help if the people remembered records of extensive swings in commodity prices. These are an almost constant plague to farmers in this region. At infrequent intervals they have been remarkably severe. Unusually destructive price debacles, for instance, occurred throughout the Middle West in the 1870's, 1893 and 1932. In every case these were followed by important political reactions, like the one registered at the last general election. Such unrest always has occurred in economically young farming countries following abrupt and deep declines in the markets. It

exists generally now in Western Canada, South America, Australia and New Zealand.

But it is not so common in the older agricultural areas. While these localities also suffer greatly from price typhoons, they are aided during lean years by the power of accumulated capital, and in most cases through active markets nearby in large cities and industrial communities. There is far less discontent today among rural people in Ohio and Pennsylvania than among farmers in the Middle West. The producers in the East are obtaining higher prices, inasmuch as they pay a lower toll in selling and transportation costs.

Agricultural prices in the United States have declined 55.8 per cent from the average levels of 1929. In August of that year they stood at 143 per cent of the pre-War index figure. But the changes in values of commodities on my farm (near Buffalo, Kansas) have been far greater than the national averages. The low market levels of this spring, when compared to the higher prices elsewhere, illustrate the handicap that countrymen in the Middle West must be prepared to face. Wheat, for example, is selling at our local elevator for thirty-eight cents a bushel, while forty-eight to fifty-five cents is being paid east of the Mississippi River. I received eight cents a dozen this week for my eggs, about half the price paid to poultrymen in New Jersey. And the difference in butter-fat markets is almost as great. Hogs are worth \$2.85 a hundredweight here, although about \$3.50 is being offered at most local markets in the East. These quotations represent quite accurately the normal varia-

tions between my markets and those nearer the thickly populated centres with most other farm products.

The current commodity values in the prairie States are absurd and distressful. They have brought poverty to rural people and chaos in urban homes. In many cases their broad social effects have been far more destructive in the cities of the Middle West than on the farms, for countrymen normally have plenty of food to eat. The situation is deplorable. But it is not new! Once more we are experiencing a major market avalanche. And if economic history offers any indication of future trends it follows logically that the business cycle again will bring a period of general collapse in the prices of crops and livestock. Will it leave the usual wreckage in the Middle West?

A PART of the losses which are so common during an agricultural depression easily could be avoided by an application of more conservative policies during prosperous times. And before 1929 the American people gave much attention to plans for exerting at least a partial control over the business curve. Perhaps they will renew their interest in this instructive avocation. In any event it seems that the people should have a desire to conduct their affairs in a manner which will aid in avoiding some of the terrific deflation that is certain to accompany the next period of hard times.

Problems which arise from indebtedness are much in the foreground of interest these days. In view of the various types of moratoriums (farm mortgage and otherwise) that are in effect over the

Middle West, it is evident that one much-needed improvement in the financial scheme is for people to get out of debt — and then stay out! This will not be easy. The project will require years of effort. And it will call for a further development in the art of sales resistance. But if it can be achieved the farmers will secure more restful slumber. For “when you run in debt,” as Benjamin Franklin said in the long ago, “you give another power over your liberty.”

Fortunately the prairie region contains many individuals who have an accurate perspective on the dangers inherent in borrowed money. They should be a source of inspiration to their fellows who are all but filled with the blackness of despair as they ponder on the current financial woe. In Kansas, as an illustration, fifty-six per cent of the farms managed by owner-operators are free of mortgages. Such men, who may be found in considerable numbers in all States, occupy the most secure position these days of any large group in the nation. They can not be removed from their home or job so long as taxes on the property are paid.

Incidentally, these debtless rural people have done the soundest thinking during the last decade that was registered by the various big classes of American citizens. They had little or no confidence, for example, in the stability of the United States during the three years preceding 1929. Such individuals were talking about the “hard times of the 'Seventies” when economists were wondering if the secondary depression following the World War would arrive on the normal schedule for similar events —

as it did! And they constitutionally are unable to see any virtue in Wall Street and its works. So these far-seeing farm owners kept buildings painted, stayed free of debt, accumulated a little ready cash and otherwise prepared for the avalanche. If more people in the Middle West had followed their example this region would be on a firmer foundation.

Fate apparently has decreed, by the way, that the business plans of conservative and debt-fearing farmers always should run against the drift of popular thought. Even early this year, when many people could “see no way out of the mess,” this group was far less pessimistic than in 1928. Its members ventured frequently to forecast upward trends in prices during 1934 and 1935. And if they dealt in cattle these men usually were buying steer calves, which will be ready for market in those years.

If rural people make a determined effort to avoid debt during the next boom it will help in preventing land prices from being elevated to absurd heights. This restraint is necessary in any project which aims to cushion the violence of the succeeding financial crash. Its importance is illustrated today by the dark debris in Iowa, where an overcapitalization of the soil reached its most dizzy pinnacle. Farms in that State sold for \$500 an acre or more in many instances from 1918 to 1920; these prices were not justified by even war-time market levels. And it was evident at the time that such conditions could not endure.

The farmers of Iowa have no logical excuse for becoming involved in their absurd speculations. But all classes participated in the bubble.

And rural people were encouraged in their blind optimism by agents of mortgage companies, paid as a rule by commissions on the business placed, who gave approval to loans at fantastic figures. The executives of these concerns apparently were unable to understand the nature of the unstable pyramid they were erecting. Many of those swollen mortgages have been foreclosed in the last year, after the time allowed for payment had been extended once or twice. In most instances such investments will be liquidated at a serious loss to the creditors. In the meantime the debtors have lost all their savings.

BUT the bankers ran true to form during those foggy years. They generally have lacked an historical perspective on farm prices. Especially do these financial leaders commonly fail to understand the relationship between land values and earning power. For this is a highly involved problem that sometimes is difficult to grasp by men trained in agricultural economics. It will vary from farm to farm in the same locality. Even the technique of measuring earning ability is difficult to state. But in the pasture country it exists in the most simple form. This year, as an illustration, I am pasturing mature steers, with four acres allowed to the animal, on part of my land to sell for six dollars a head. Such grassland would bring fifteen dollars an acre; sixty dollars' worth of property is being used for every steer. If six per cent is a fair return on the investment, \$3.60 must be charged to interest. Taxes for 1933 may amount to twenty-five cents an acre; one dollar will be required in

meeting this overhead item. My total outlay on these costs, which are the main ones, therefore will be \$4.60. And I shall have \$1.40 left for maintaining the fences, to pay the small cost of the salt an animal eats and for profit.

In many instances, however, cattle are being pastured in this section of Kansas for a five-dollar price. Forty cents perhaps would pay for repairing fences and the salt, but it certainly would give little or no profit. And if the land valuation were increased to twenty dollars an acre (in many cases before 1929 similar bluestem areas sold for twice that sum), the transaction obviously would result in a loss.

Land valuations and pasture rentals do their dizzy dance up and down the scale almost every season, depending largely on the prices paid for beef in great central markets like Kansas City and Chicago. But despite these variations it is much easier to measure the earnings of pastures than of more fertile areas that are planted to cultivated crops. The overhead and production costs on such fields change from season to season. Yields also are certain to vary greatly from year to year, due to the influence of climatic conditions and methods of cultivation. And it is impossible to forecast the price trends of crops accurately.

In other words, the commercial structure of agriculture and its earning power have refused to "stay put" at any level. But all classes in the United States, including consumers of food in the cities, agree that it would be helpful to the nation if the prices of farm products would remain more nearly stable. And Congress

has been tinkering for years with economic forces in an effort to avoid extreme fluctuations. This was the object of the stabilization activities of the Federal Farm Board, for example, which have been compared to the performance of a bull in a China shop.

No economists of my acquaintance are prepared to forecast that the stabilizing theories of politically minded ladies and gentlemen in Congress always will result in failure. And they generally reserve judgment on the agricultural ideas of President Roosevelt and Secretary Wallace, who are respected for their broad interest in rural problems. Some countrymen are quite hopeful about the new national policies. But students of political economy have not been impressed with former Government projects for increasing the farm income. And neither am I, especially while observing the eighteen-cent corn and thirty-four-cent wheat in my bins.

But both the learned professors and rural people agree that it would be helpful if the base of farm products markets could be broadened. This might be accomplished through a growth in foreign sales. These formerly were quite large, especially

for wheat and pork. They have declined now to tiny proportions. The producers commonly believe that much of this loss was caused by high tariff walls and ill will in other lands which resulted from an ineffective foreign policy of the United States Government. They think it can be improved. And most thinking farmers realize that a revision of the War debts is essential in this project.

If a better international position under the present Administration should bring a recapture of the large outlets abroad for American farm products it would aid in maintaining prices during the next depression. For it is evident that most of the markets have been pounded down to their current levels by surplus production which in the past was sold to other lands.

Farmers also would be glad to see more industrial activity in the Middle West. It could increase the local demand for food and thus aid in holding prices more nearly stable. But the growth in manufacturing is not likely to come very rapidly. Agriculture is certain to be the dominant industry in the prairie region during this generation. Economic maturity will be achieved slowly.



American Novelists vs. the Nation

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

Does Jones sometimes exaggerate, or is he a damned liar?

NATIONS are known by their novelists. Known, not only to other nations, but to different sections of their own. Aided and abetted by the motion pictures so often made from them, as well as by direct translation, books are little if at all impeded by frontiers. The word pictures they convey of a nationality are only too frequently accepted as photographically accurate studies of that nationality, and as such become impressed upon the minds of people belonging to other races and other nations, impressed more clearly, more deeply, than is often quite realized. And if those pictures are false or distorted, misunderstandings may and sometimes do result, misunderstandings too firmly engraved to be erased by any number of Peace Conferences.

For while it is true that the intelligent of every nation measure every other by standards far broader, far more comprehensive than those established by its fiction, the intelligent of any nation constitute an extremely small minority of its population. The effect of the written word, moreover, even upon the comparatively intelligent, is frequently very great and very lasting. Because

their enemies, the Hebrews, wrote them down as cruel, the fact that the Egyptians were the most humane of all the ancient peoples is one even the fairly well educated ignore, or are slow to accept. French fictionists convinced the rest of the world that the triangle situation was the only one in which France was vitally interested; it was years before a goodly portion of our own Northerners ceased to regard the South as inhabited principally by Legrees and Uncle Toms. Those English novelists who sneered at England had their share in bringing about the World War.

But while the evil of fomenting misunderstandings between nations is readily seen and as readily acknowledged, the peril involved in misinterpreting one section of a nation to another seems quite unrealized. We Americans are inclined to preen ourselves on the vastness of our country, with its borders stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We are proud that we have every type of climate, that settlers have come to us from every quarter of the globe, representing every race, tradition and form of culture. But on account of these very conditions

on which we so pride ourselves we, more perhaps than any other people in the world, must depend largely upon our writers for our knowledge of one another. Only a few of us have wealth enough and leisure enough to be able to travel from end to end of this huge country of ours, while in order to live in each section long enough to become really acquainted with its inhabitants, their customs and point of view, it would be necessary to emulate Methuselah. Interests, aims, temperament and way of looking at life are totally unlike. What is a matter of course in New York may be anathema in Tennessee.

While these diversities could and often do enrich the nation, they also make a general, sympathetic understanding of one another's customs, ideas and problems extremely difficult. The possibilities are magnificent; the actualities often deplorable. Differences that might make for enlargement often make only for jealousy, contempt or dislike. Various sections, prevented by the very size of the country from coming into really close contact with one another, only too frequently have either an exaggerated estimate of one another's deficiencies and idiosyncrasies or a completely distorted view of them. And for these exaggerations and distortions American novelists are largely, though by no means solely, to blame. They are the portrayers, the interpreters of the sections they know or at any rate choose to write about, not only to those foreign lands in which their books may or may not circulate but to every portion of their own. How many of us, for instance, knew any-

thing at all about the lives, customs and habits of thought of the dwellers on the frontier of the Florida scrub before we read Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's sympathetic and interpretive *South Moon Under*, one of those all too rare books which promote understanding instead of misunderstanding?

A majority of the inhabitants of each and every one of our many sovereign States unavoidably acquire their ideas and opinions of all the others from what they may happen to read about them. The accounts novelists give, the motives they assign are often accepted in their entirety, not only by stay-at-homes but even by those who, although able to travel and see the country for themselves, unconsciously don the blue or rose-colored glasses provided by their favorite fictionists, look for what they have been told they will find, and invariably, or almost invariably, discover it. For the fictional interpretation is seldom completely false; it is simply over-emphasized and distorted.

The reason is of course all but self-evident. If you quietly remark that Jones sometimes exaggerates, your statement is quite likely to pass unnoticed, but if you go out into the middle of the street and shout at the top of your lungs that Jones is a damned liar, it is more than probable that you will attract somebody's attention. Possibly the attention of a large number of somebodies. And there, you see, is the very essence of the trouble; Jones, the occasional exaggerator, has been repeatedly and vociferously denounced as a damned liar.

The American people as a whole,

moreover, are apparently afflicted with an inferiority complex which makes them positively delight in being abused. An ailment out of which certain astute persons like George Bernard Shaw have made abundant profit. As a nation we are, it would seem, best pleased when presented in the worst possible light. And not by foreigners only. Many of the most popular among our own best-sellers have won their enviable position by a portrayal of some phase or other of American life which was as scathing an indictment as their abilities would permit.

CONSIDER the fiction which professes to reveal the truth concerning the Middle West. Not a few of our present-day novelists have emigrated from its small towns and villages with, it would seem, rancor in their souls. Rancor enhanced, it may be, if not engendered, by the fact that neighbors everywhere are prone to believe that Smith's boy can't possibly develop into anything very wonderful. Didn't they know him when he was in knickers? The result is that the Middle Western small town and even city has been presented to the world as unendurably dull and unutterably dreary, inhabited almost if not quite exclusively by mean, malicious, self-satisfied people without a spark of independence or originality, with no interest in books, art, music or drama, wallowing contentedly in a mire of banalities. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* was among the most extreme of these presentations; it was also among the most popular. And because other nations as well as other communities very naturally

like to feel that whatever their faults and shortcomings may be, they can't possibly be as bad as all that, the novel has been accepted all over the world, as well as over a large portion of the United States, as an accurate picture, so accurate a one indeed that its title has become a synonym for the small town. No wonder its author is popular abroad, since he shows the United States as other nations like to believe it is; but only interstate jealousies and our national inferiority complex can explain his large audience on this side of the Atlantic.

After the great success of *Main Street*, the logical next step was to present the Middle Western business man, making him the flesh and blood embodiment of many of the small town's most objectionable characteristics, but endowed with an added blatancy supposedly typical of the Middle Western city, a creature of rubber stamp opinions, rubber stamp ideas. Meanwhile, Louis Bromfield created the "Town" in which the action of so many of his very notable novels has been laid, from *The Green Bay Tree* to *A Modern Hero*, portraying its inhabitants as the sort of people who inevitably would admire *A Good Woman* of the type he so ably presents. Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather and others too numerous to mention emphasized the same points of meanness, dullness and dreariness.

The fashion thus firmly established by some of the few capable of writing about dreariness without being dreary, the degree of a Middle Western novel's dullness presently began to be taken as the measure of its truthfulness. Novelist after

novelist, whether writing of town or country, prairie farm or village, drew some form, but slightly varied, of unmitigated dreariness, appalling ignorance and yet more appalling stupidity. The intelligent young man or woman, thwarted and condemned by the chuckle-headed bigots of his or her home town and struggling to escape therefrom, became one of the most tediously familiar figures in fiction; possibly because it was in this guise that more than a few of our fictionists saw themselves.

Occasionally, of course, some voice is raised in protest. A few years ago, Booth Tarkington came forward as the champion of the American business man, whom he likened to an ancient Roman. Unfortunately, the boorish, illiterate, prodigal *Plutocrat* he drew was but the more objectionable because of a tacit demand for the reader's admiration. Yet even this unconvincing attempt to show that the leopard, though spotted, is not without good qualities was welcomed with a warmth which would seem to indicate a faint suspicion on the part of the reading public that all that glitters is not necessarily composed entirely of brass. Despite such rare protests, however, a great section of the country has been all but consistently held up to the derision and scorn, not only of the rest, but of all other nationalities as well. Jones, the occasional prevaricator, has been denounced, not once but very many times, as a damned liar.

The Far West, on the other hand, has suffered from an overemphasis, not of the sordid, but of the romantic. The Spanish tradition depicted by such novelists as Gertrude Atherton

has thrown a glamor over one section; the figure of the cowboy, usually described as a modern Sir Galahad whose character is as admirable as his grammar is deplorable, has flung its picturesque shadow across another. This cowboy-dominated Far West of fiction is a kind of Wonderland where dashing youths perform miracles of gallantry as well as of horsemanship, and gold mines are the frequent, though not invariable rewards of noble deeds. Which is one reason why "West-erns" are so popular on the screen. Long ago Bret Harte sentimentalized the professional gambler into the regular heart-of-gold bad man of fiction and melodrama; the pioneers have succeeded the dethroned Pilgrim Fathers as models of all the more rugged virtues. That marvel of stanchness and courage who is the heroine of Rose Wilder Lane's tense and dramatic tale of early settlers, *Let The Hurricane Roar*, is a typical heroine of that fiction of pioneer days which still retains the lure and glamor of romance.

In fact, many of the tales of America's past draw a picture which compares more than favorably with its present. Janet Ayer Fairbank's *The Bright Land*, for instance, is a pre-Civil War chronicle of likable people living for the most part very easy, comfortable lives until the on-rushing tides of war threaten to drown them in blood and tears. Yet even when telling of America's past, the colors used are sometimes dark enough. *The Sea Witch* of Alexander Laing contains numerous accounts of brutality both afloat and ashore. The Indians of David Garnett's careful and conscientious story of

Pocahontas, despite their unpleasant habit of torturing their captive enemies, seem on the whole more agreeable as well as more intelligent than the white invaders.

THE South, so soon as the Civil War bitterness had begun to die away, was depicted as a land of romance, where flowering jasmine, beautiful, idle, languid ladies, white-porticoed mansions, comic but devoted Negroes and elderly gentlemen endowed with snow-white hair and a passion for mint juleps blended into an effective background for one Romeo and Juliet tale after another. Usually a Union hero adored a proud Southern heroine, the lady's brother not infrequently taking Tybalt's place as a maker of complications. But recently, and somewhat violently, the fashion has changed. Ellen Glasgow, to my mind the outstanding American woman novelist, has implied if not precisely expressed an opinion that the much-exploited Southern chivalry was largely composed of apple-sauce, and other writers have been almost equally iconoclastic. Present-day portrayals of the Southern Negro emphasize his difficulties and the squalor of his surroundings a good deal more than they do his loyalty or his humor. Stribling's *Birchbright* is but one of many Southern novels which are grim, rather than romantic. William Faulkner's much-belauded *Light In August*, as well as many of his other tales, goes further than most of these, showing a South inhabited by men and women stunted mentally and spiritually, a region of drunkenness, insanity, lust, perversions of an utterly hideous kind.

Yet it is perhaps New York City which on the whole has suffered the most and in the greatest number of ways at the hands of the novelists. Look at the accounts of that section of it known as "Society"! Even the comparatively few fiction writers who really do know something about that particular portion of the community have for the most part been unable to resist the temptation to do the dramatic thing, and shout aloud that Jones is a damned liar. It is, moreover, always more conducive to popularity to describe this envied class as frivolous, empty-headed and empty-hearted, vain, unmoral rather than immoral, marrying for convenience and divorcing for amusement, breathing as their native air an atmosphere thick with moral miasma, than it is to show them as they really are, endowed with at least an average share of the commonplace virtues. The Wall Street "magnate," the corporation lawyer, the New York business man are portrayed as being, if possible, rather worse than their Middle Western brethren; quite as stupid, quite as convention-ridden and even more ruthless. The female of any of these species, should she take to charity, does so either to curry favor with her social superiors, to give herself the pleasure of harrying the poor, or to obtain newspaper publicity, after the fashion of the wealthy female philanthropist of Sinclair Lewis's latest novel, *Ann Vickers*, never from an honest desire to help those less fortunate than herself.

As for the literary and artistic set, their lives, according to many of our novelists, resemble those of the socially eminent in being just one

cocktail party after another, one illicit love affair after another. The principal difference lies in the luxurious surroundings and physical cleanliness of the one, and the dirt and disorder fictionists have insisted upon presenting as an integral part of the lives of all their characters who chance to be painters, poets or musicians, these being portrayed as able to work only in a chaos of filth and discomfort, finding, it would seem, inspiration in unmade beds and ecstasy in unwashed dishes; a presentation for which many authors lack even the excuse of ignorance.

Nowhere, it would seem, is the inferiority complex already mentioned more prevalent than in New York, which apparently likes nothing so much as being told that it is absolutely and completely despicable; an opinion which has been firmly impressed upon the rest of the country. Not until she wrote *The House of Mirth*, which pictured New York society as being composed almost entirely of fools and rotters, did Mrs. Wharton become a really popular novelist. One of our most gifted writers, whose fine artistry has been extolled so often there can be little excuse for dwelling upon it here, her pen-pictures of America and the Americans, take them altogether, can scarcely be described as flattering. *The Age of Innocence* pictures a society hidebound, complacent, with little real culture; the semi-social, semi-literary group by which the hero of *Hudson River Bracketed* presently found himself surrounded had little distinction and less honesty; the heroine of the recently published *Her Son* is a

woman of almost incredible stupidity, and though the narrator is a kindly soul he hasn't wit enough to see the truth until it has long been apparent to even the dullest of readers. Mrs. Wharton's innumerable imitators, being quite unable to paint the many delicate shades of gray she so deftly blends, darken her pastel tints into crimson and black, with results occasionally ludicrous and frequently repellent.

Startlingly unlike the wealthy, leisured New York of Mrs. Wharton and her followers is the city sketched by some of our younger novelists. Few of them present it so charmingly as does Robert Nathan in his wistful half-satire, half-fantasy, *One More Spring*, a book whose incidents are sometimes unreal as those of any fairy-tale (for the heroes and heroines of fairy-tales, you must remember, usually have plenty of troubles of their own before the happy ending is reached) yet which in atmosphere and spirit is pathetically true to this period of the depression. More often is New York drawn in the fashion so vigorously used by Albert Halper for his interesting *Union Square*. Here we have a New York in no way admirable, a place of stupidity and squalor and intellectual pretense mingled with debauchery and brutality. The police of Mr. Halper's New York delight in clubbing and in riding down those poor half-baked fools, the Communists, and even the members of the Fire Department, men whose devotion and courage scarcely a single New Yorker has ever refused to admit and to praise, are shown as arriving at the fire too late to be of much use and far more

prompt at playing the hose on the morons the police have incited to riot. The majority of the characters have few if any brains, and the man supposed to be abundantly endowed therewith takes care to drown them in drink. It is of course quite true that there are plenty of fools, drunkards, poseurs and prostitutes in and around Union Square, but there are a good many decent and even fairly intelligent people as well. Jones exaggerates; of this fact there is "no possible, probable shadow of doubt"; but why insist that he is an unmitigated liar?

AS FOR the extreme East, its experience with the novelists has been very like that of the Middle West, save that it began so long ago and has become so deeply embedded in our minds that we are inclined to take it more or less as a matter of course. The priggish, chilly, ancestor-worshipping city-dwellers, the back-biting, narrow-minded villagers, alike permeated through and through with all the unpleasant traits we sum up in the word puritanical; the taciturn, hard-fisted, hard-hearted, penurious and frequently hypocritical male, the thin-lipped, narrow-minded, narrow-chested and acidulous female, living in the smallest of mental and moral ruts, practically impervious to anything like pity, tenderness or beauty, are types which have become so thoroughly established that the very mention of New England brings them to mind. Historians and biographers, or at any rate a good many of them, have made some effort to soften the popular impression and convince readers that though Jones

may have been an exaggerator and even a bit of a falsifier, he didn't lie all the time and about everything. But the effects these have been able to produce are but weak when compared with those achieved by novelists, from the days of *The Scarlet Letter* down to the present time, when it has become the fashion to depict and more or less deplore the fact that the once sturdy and in many ways quite admirable native New England stock is being ousted by foreigners. Even the Dr. George Bull of James Gould Cozzens's excellent novel, *The Last Adam*, laments the changes which have come over the little town of New Winton, and declares that Connecticut is rapidly going down to destruction.

This same Dr. Bull also deplores the lack of "real men" in New Winton, an affliction in which, to judge from recent fiction, it is by no means singular. Save for those novels which deal with America's past, it is difficult to find in present-day American fiction a single man you would be willing to have for a friend. As for the typical American woman she is, Heaven help us! avowedly presented in Sinclair Lewis's *Ann Vickers*. And what sort of person is she? Well, to begin with, she wants to be sexually free, so while still fairly young, though quite old enough to know her way about, she lives with an obviously poor specimen of a man. There is no apparent reason why the two shouldn't marry, save that this would not suit the author's plans. Presently, Ann learns that she is to have a child, and a little later discovers that its father, from whom the War had temporarily separated her, has no intention of

marrying her. However, he declares that he supposes he must when he is told of her condition. But Ann, having enjoyed her "freedom," is unwilling to pay the price, either by taking a reluctant husband she now despises, or by caring for her child herself and enduring social opprobrium. She reveals her plight to an accommodating female physician, who releases her by means of an illegal operation. Later, Ann again falls in love, as she calls it, and when she discovers she can't get the man she wants, promptly marries the man she can get; a man she, now a woman in the late thirties or more, has known for years. He is a fool; no more of a fool after marriage than before, but Ann now finds his silliness exasperating. So she becomes the mistress, immediately after their first meeting, of the only man who shows any willingness to have her. As this individual is already married, she induces her husband to father her illegitimate child, only to take the boy away as soon as the poor wretch has had time to become fond of him and to try to convince himself that the baby is his own son, a thing physically quite possible. Ann is one of those who manage to eat their cake and have it, no matter who does the paying for it. She is acclaimed as "a great woman." Among the other women characters in the book we find wantons and Lesbians, the most admirable of Ann's friends being murderesses of one kind or another. Two "society" women are introduced, one the ostensibly philanthropic lady already mentioned, whose real interest is in publicity, the other "frigid"; Mr. Lewis apparently shares the not

uncommon delusion that no woman can at one and the same time have her name in the *Social Register* and be quite human.

In fact, if we are to take his word for it, all America's really worth while people, her best and most praise-worthy, are locked up in her wicked and inhuman jails. So far as the women of the United States are concerned they, as represented by Ann and her friends, are about on a par with the doctors portrayed in *Arrowsmith*, and the clergy who appear in *Elmer Gantry*. Yet *Ann Vickers* is a "best-seller" all over this country, and has been warmly welcomed in others. Decidedly, we Americans are the victims of the worst sort of an inferiority complex. That other nations should enjoy a tacit acknowledgment of their own superiority over Uncle Sam, is readily understandable.

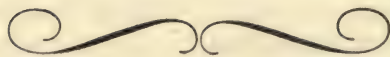
MODERN biography has passed through a period of disillusionment, in which the main effort has been to draw attention to the feet of clay supporting certain popular idols, often at the cost of disregarding all the rest of their anatomy. It is greatly to be wished that disillusionment of a very different kind might become, for a while at least, fashionable in American fiction. That this is by no means an impossible hope is indicated by the foreshadowing in a few of our recent novels of a new, more genuine type of realism. *One More Spring*, if often fantastic in incident, is nevertheless true in spirit to the New York we have learned to know during these days of the depression, a New York in which there is much of kindness and

honesty and simplicity, despite certain financial iniquities. *The Last Adam* shows men and women who, New Englanders though they are, are none the less genuine human beings, neither saints nor fiends. Dr. Bull's negligence helped to bring about the epidemic, but it was negligence of a kind of which most of us are guilty at one time or another, and when the illness came, he did not spare himself. Mrs. Banning, his enemy, was in the main a just and kindly and charitable woman, who honestly believed she was doing well to fight him. *The Sheltered Life*, as drawn by the always well-balanced Ellen Glasgow, is another in which real people have their being. *South Moon Under* leaves its reader with understanding, admiration and sympathy for those people of the Florida scrub whose difficult lives it so graphically portrays.

Some one of these days, it may be that the conventions of business

banality, Middle Western dreariness, New York rhinestonitis and others of the trite, exaggerated acceptances which are helping, not only to justify foreign nations in a conviction of their own intellectual superiority, but to alienate the different sections of the United States from one another through mistaken beliefs and misunderstandings will be, if not entirely destroyed, at least shown for the misinterpretations, the overemphasized and distorted portrayals they really are. No section of the country is perfect; far from it. Each has its faults as well as its virtues. But why dwell continually on the one, while all but ignoring the other?

Nobody can or will deny for a moment that Jones exaggerates, sometimes even prevaricates. He isn't a model of perfect truthfulness, not by any manner of means; but neither, when all is said, is he a damned liar!



The Red Light Turns to Green

BY HENRY F. WOODS, JR.

An almost forgotten problem solves itself

IN THOSE remote days of the boom our jaded populace looked upon an automobile ride as a bit of a bore. To the driver it was at times almost terrifying. Everywhere he went it seemed as if the entire output of the Ford and General Motors plants for the years 1926 to 1929 were parading in front of him. Roads were neither wide enough nor numerous enough. Traffic cops had forgotten what politeness, if any, they had learned in their youth. Motorists themselves were apt to curse a fellow motorist for doing no more than keeping to his own side of the road and traveling along at a moderate pace.

But things are different now: driving is a pleasure. The motorist is human once more. Gasoline is cheap, and so are tires. Automobiles last longer and run more smoothly than ever before.

And the traffic! It seems to have disappeared into thin air. Gone are the long, long lines of motor cars. Absent are the honking maniacs of the highway. Departed are the stern policemen bent on holding back the progress of traffic. Automobiles are moving as they were meant to move. The dreaded and nerve-racking

bottle-neck has become a plaza or a clover-leaf. The narrow road has grown up into a wide highway. The dangerous intersection is now either below or above the point it used to be. For the first time in the history of the automobile we have caught up with our traffic problem.

For twenty-five years automobile registrations in this country mounted in numbers each year without a single interruption. Registrations of motor vehicles multiplied from 78,000 in 1905 to more than 26,500,000 in 1929. While this tremendous growth was taking place, every city, village, county and State, as well as the Federal Government itself, was making a Herculean effort to provide facilities for the automobile.

When the first automobiles made their appearance our roads were famous principally for the scenic splendor of the country they traversed in the West; for their adhesive qualities in the South and for the quaint covered bridges they brought one to in old New England. They were admirably suited to travel by horseback and in certain localities scattered here and there were sufficiently well-constructed to permit a man in a surrey to drive five miles in

one afternoon, provided the surrey was drawn by a fast horse. But by no stretch of the imagination were these roads adapted to the motor car. They were an outgrowth of old Indian trails, followed by the furrows of wagon trains or the routes of stages. They were not in any sense a planned system of highways.

Had this country been a little principality in the Balkans or a cluster of islands in the Caribbean, providing roads for the automobile would not have been much of a job. But here we were up against a different problem. We had mountains to overcome. We had lowlands. We had some tropic States where the summer was made bearable by rain-falls of diluvial proportions. In other sections we had great swamps to bridge, mighty rivers to cross. Up north our roads had to be built in a land where snow covered the ground for a good part of the year. Due to climate, topography and various physical factors, building a network of highways in the United States was a Gargantuan task.

For years all we could possibly do was to attempt to keep up with the terrific pace the automobile set. Considering the obstacles in the way, we did well. Our first job was to surface as many thousands of miles of roads as possible. We concentrated on that, in cities and in the rural sections. Every time we patted ourselves on the back in the belief that we were catching up with the automobile, the number in use would take a mighty jump upward.

IT WAS a seemingly hopeless task. As the number of automobiles grew, so did the temper of the motor-

ist. The automobile became faster and more powerful. The mania for speed followed the mechanical development of the motor car and the post-War urge to go somewhere and go there fast animated the man behind the wheel. On the other side of the fence were the non-motorists and the police and traffic authorities. The motorist wanted to go his way without interruption and with as much rapidity as possible. The traffic authorities, in the manner of all persons to whom policing powers are delegated, took a decidedly negative viewpoint of motor cars. They thought that it was their job to stop the automobile, to put in its way as many obstructions as possible, to make it give way to pedestrians at any and all times. Their attitude toward the movement of motor vehicles was essentially inhibitory.

This served to multiply congestion. First we had fast cars manned by persons who desired to drive these cars rapidly. To this was added the difficulties imposed by narrow roads, unpaved roads, poorly paved roads, awkward turns, narrow bridges, intersections, railway grade crossings and a number of physical hindrances, such as parked cars, slow-moving trucks and trolleys which stopped at every block.

By 1929 the traffic problem was at its worst. Almost 25,000,000 motor cars were registered and in use. Every one was in a hurry in keeping with the tempo of the times. Drivers were high-strung, excited and excitable. Traffic authorities burned the midnight oil in efforts to devise new routes, to do anything to make traffic more fluid. In the meantime, construction of highways and roads

was being rushed, streets were being widened, parking restrictions were being placed in effect.

Traffic was a problem not alone because it inconvenienced individual motorists. That was the least of it. It was an economic problem. Congestion delayed the transportation of merchandise. The trucking and haulage costs of industries were mounting, because of delays encountered along streets and highways. Congestion was causing accidents, which are always costly. It was having a psychological and even a physiological effect on our people. It was making us a nation of neurasthenics and neurotics, according to some of our more easily worried authorities on the state of the public health. Fifth Avenue in New York and Michigan Avenue in Chicago on a hot summer's afternoon were covered by poison-laden palls of exhaust gases raised by automobiles caught in traffic jams. And every time we provided facilities for three extra cars, four additional automobiles were placed in use.

Automobile production had mounted until in 1929 our factories turned out 5,621,715 motor cars, where ten years previously they had rejoiced at the prosperity which a production of slightly less than two million units had brought the industry. In one year more than five and a half million additional motor cars were placed on our highways and streets to add to a congested condition which was already appalling. Worse still, cars were being so well made they lasted longer. Consequently, the old cars were not being junked as rapidly as in days gone by.

At this point the situation looked,

if not hopeless, at least decidedly gloomy. Driving on a Sunday afternoon was no longer a pleasure. Touring was satisfactory only if one left at dawn on Saturday morning and made sure to arrive home early Sunday afternoon. Sunday evenings were a nightmare to millions of motorists who were caught in long lines of slowly moving cars — lines which often moved only a mile an hour. The automobile people were afraid that people might stop buying cars because the congestion prevented them from using them freely. But all they could do was hope that we would sooner or later catch up with and pass the problem. Our road-building programmes were already enormous. In the Government's fiscal year 1929, it paid to the States \$80,000,000 for road aid. In 1929, 54,895 miles of rural roads were surfaced and almost a billion and a half dollars were expended on rural road improvement projects alone.

AND then one autumn day there was a crash of security values in that narrow canyon that extends from Broadway to the East River. It reverberated around the world. Unknown to motordom, it was the silver lining of the traffic cloud, the beginning of the end of our traffic troubles. It marked the onset of a depression which, however calamitous in other respects, was to give us a breathing spell, a much-needed chance to get abreast of our traffic problem. At last we had the opportunity to pierce the gloom which confronted a nation of motoring enthusiasts whose enthusiasm was being rapidly dissipated by their

own great numbers and by their own inability to use to the fullest extent the motor cars they had purchased.

Almost four years have passed since the frenzied days of the market collapse. The automobile industry has not been spared difficulties, but, in a sense the depression has been a blessing to it, even though it might be difficult to convince a motor magnate of the truth of this statement.

Let's look again at the statistics. In 1929 we saw that the country had more than 26,500,000 motor vehicles registered. At the end of 1930 this number had been increased by only .16 per cent, or 43,838, and the number of passenger cars in use actually decreased by 62,327, the first decrease since the automobile was introduced in this country. By 1931, the number of motor cars had decreased from the 1929 peak to 25,814,103 and at the end of last year had decreased still further to 24,373,979.

Significant as are the statistics, they tell but a fraction of the story. They point, first, to a substantial decrease in the number of motor cars in use, and second to a continuation of the road-building and road-improvement programmes carried on in various sections of the country. For example, in the current fiscal year (1932) which ends on June 30, the Federal Government will have made available to the States the sum of \$226,000,000 for road aid, as compared with \$133,340,910 in 1931 and \$75,880,863 for 1930. In 1932 sufficient road-building was done to bring the total of surfaced roads in this country to 868,000 miles from the 730,000 miles in use at the end of

1931. At the beginning of the year our total highway mileage was 3,055,000, compared to 3,024,083 at the start of 1932.

SINCE the halcyon days of plenty, we have developed not only greater physical facilities for the automobile, but, what some traffic authorities consider even more important, we have awakened to a new consciousness of traffic. We have adopted a radically different philosophy of traffic control. We are more charitably inclined in our opinion of the motorist and of his modern Juggernaut.

We have seen — and most of us have occasion to recall examples of it — that the regulation of traffic was primarily negative. Make the motorist stop. Keep his speed down. Restrict his movements. Put the entire burden on him. That was the underlying thought behind the control of traffic in the old days. But not so today.

The symbol of the new order is the traffic cop at a busy intersection, motioning the stream of automobiles on, just as this same autocrat of the highway once symbolized the old order of things when he stood majestically at his crossing with upraised hand and with the power of the law behind him ordered traffic to stop. On every hand we see evidence of this thought. We have passed almost completely out of the red light, restrictive era of traffic control. The green light has flashed.

We have only to look at what a few of our large cities have done in recent years to obtain satisfactory proof of this. New York's case is probably the most outstanding. Sev-

eral years ago the dandified Grover Whalen, once New York's official host to celebrities, assumed the position of Commissioner of Police. The city was suffering from a chronic crime wave against which the press and the various civic bodies and the more intelligent citizens were up in arms. Whalen proceeded at once to drag a red herring across the trail by pushing crime off the front pages. He did this by substituting an interest in traffic for interest in crime.

An honest endeavor to control crime might possibly have had political repercussions. But traffic control was a safe subject. Not even a Tammany politician could object to any plan that would better traffic conditions. Whalen, a showman, was able to dramatize traffic, to make its control spectacular, interesting. He started with the theatrical district. He abolished parking in a specified area, prohibited all turns, made pedestrians obey the lights and made it clear to his officers that their job was to keep traffic moving as rapidly as it could move consistently with safety. Where taxicab and pleasure cars once made their way through the theatrical district at a snail-like pace, under Whalen's plan they zoomed along. They couldn't go too fast for the police. They were there to see to it that automobiles moved. The Commissioner himself said so. Not only that, but the debonair Mr. Whalen stationed himself at Times Square in a police booth and took personal charge of the area night after night. It was good politics.

But it was more than that. Whalen's action signalized the approach of the new deal in traffic control. It

marked the first time a police department in a major city had seriously attempted the acceleration of traffic. Whalen focused the attention of civic authorities, police officials, traffic experts and the press on the possibilities of expediting the flow of traffic. He led the way. He sowed the seeds and they fell on fertile soil.

As a result there has been a gradual and consistent change in the philosophy underlying the average police authority's conception of vehicular traffic. Under Commissioner Mulrooney, New York's police have nurtured Whalen's seeds. They have retimed the city's traffic lights. Police traffic engineers are at work at hundreds of different points studying traffic frequency and making observations that will help them to determine in various areas the light cycles which will most efficiently move vehicles on their way.

Similar moves have been made in other cities. Philadelphia has worked out a system of progressive traffic lights which permit the motorist to travel uninterruptedly on signalized streets so long as he maintains a fixed speed. Where much of Philadelphia's traffic was formerly half-paralyzed, it now flows with a pleasing freedom. In Chicago, police are working on a synchronized signal system to provide for an uninterrupted flow of traffic on the principal streets. The smaller communities have taken their cue from the larger cities. The crossroads traffic light, which was installed in many cases for political reasons or because of the convincing talk of a clever traffic-light salesman, has been removed, except in those rare cases where the stream of traffic was sufficiently

heavy to merit its continuance. The "speed-trap" once used so successfully to lure victims to pay money into the town coffers is also a relic of a by-gone motoring age. Even the detour is passing from the scene.

THE small communities have learned much about traffic, its virtues and its disadvantages. In the early days of road-building, the village fathers usually insisted that the new highway go through the heart of their community. This was the price of their support for road-building projects. They believed that good roads would bring trade; that new business, new population and boom times followed after new highways. It was considered an honor and a civic and economic advantage for Bumpkintown to be on the main highway. In the early days, such highways did have a beneficial economic effect upon the communities through which they passed.

The current habits of motorists have wrought a change. Today motor cars seldom tarry any longer than necessary in the towns through which their journey takes them. But they do pass through in sufficient numbers to cause or add to local traffic congestion. Instead of bringing trade, they frequently bar it. Motorists who live in the surrounding country often pick the towns off the main highways for their shopping, because of their decreased congestion and inconvenience.

So today we witness the small communities urging highways which skirt their town. These by-pass roads, as they are called, have become popular. They usually parallel the communities along their routes

with small "feeder" roads or streets leading directly to the town. This permits the free movement of traffic. It is now possible for motorists on many stretches of excellent highway in various parts of the country to travel at high speed for twenty or thirty miles without going through a single town or community. Yet if they do desire to stop at any town along these routes, they have only to turn off and drive a mile or less to the right or left.

Roads are no longer built in a slipshod way, employing the shortest distance between two points or passing through communities or sections of counties to please politicians, influential landowners or local civic or commercial bodies. Today the finest engineering brains in the country go into the planning of many of our road-building projects. Modern highways are constructed with a view to their practicability and safety. They are laid out to avoid congested areas. They are built in such a manner as to prevent sharp curves and, where possible, dangerous grades. And they are built for speed, with curves banked, intersections bridged or tunneled and with every consideration of the motorist's comfort, safety and convenience.

The past few years have also witnessed as an adjunct of the highway a new development — the vehicular tunnel. New York and New Jersey are now connected by the famous Holland Tunnel which is used by millions of motorists every year. It permits an automobile to cover the distance between the two States in a fraction of the time required when ferries were the only means of

crossing the Hudson at New York City. Detroit now has a new vehicular tunnel to connect it with Windsor, Ontario.

But the bridge is not yet a thing of the past. New bridges rear themselves majestically over many of our most important rivers. They help to shorten distance and to expedite traffic. New York and New Jersey are now connected by the famous George Washington Bridge. Memphis has a new bridge across the Mississippi. The Father of Waters is also crossed by new bridges at New Orleans and at St. Paul and Minneapolis. On the West Coast San Francisco Bay will be bridged in a few years. In thousands of counties new wide bridges are being or have been built to accommodate the vehicular traffic across various bodies of water. They have replaced the picturesque but deterring wooden bridges whose flooring still carries the dents of millions of horse-shoes as a memento of the age of the horse and buggy.

Our traffic relief has not come entirely from gigantic and impressive highway-building projects. They serve only to speed traffic over large distances. They are important and spectacular. They have made driving a real pleasure and have helped immensely to bring the pleasures of the country to the city dweller and to promote cross-country motoring. But the very purpose of these roads would have been defeated had not our urban communities taken steps to provide more adequate city traffic facilities.

THE cities, too, have awakened to their responsibilities. They have become conscious of the fact that a

wide State highway should be complemented by wide and adequate city streets, if it is to reach its maximum efficiency. On every hand the motorist may see for himself evidences of the city's attempts to provide modern and comprehensive traffic facilities for him.

Philadelphia, Detroit, New York, St. Louis and Chicago — to mention only a few of our larger cities — have completed impressive street widening programmes in the past few years. In one year alone Chicago widened forty miles of streets from two lanes to four lanes.

As the new era for motorists dawns, we find that many sections already have such splendid systems of primary highways built and in use that they can now afford to start work on their secondary system of roads. This is true in Illinois, for instance. In California the State has embarked on a programme which calls for realigning and reconstructing existing roads. Ultimately it is planned to remove dangerous turns and the various physical factors which tend to slow up the movement of traffic. Sharp curves, bottle-necks, and dangerous grades throughout the State are yielding to the skill and persistence of the highway engineer.

In New York State, Long Island, with its popular crowd-attracting beach resorts on either shore and its proximity to populous metropolitan New York, is undergoing a highway metamorphosis. The Southern State Parkway and the road to Jones Beach on the south shore have already acquired more than a mere local fame among motorists. Both roads permit of the free and rapid

movement of thousands of automobiles each hour. Both are free of dangerous or busy intersections and both skirt villages and towns. The entire island is now being benefited by widened roads and by numerous new highway projects. In a few years it should be as easy and pleasant to drive on this island as it is to drive in the remote and uncongested areas of the Far West. But for many years the mere mention of Long Island traffic sent chills up and down the spines of even the more venturesome automobile enthusiasts.

The importance of this tremendous freeing of pent-up streams of motor cars is more than might seem apparent at first glance. It has several significances. First, it promotes convenience, it makes motor travel more comfortable, more rapid and more enjoyable. Then it has an economic significance, in that the more enjoyable and the more pleasant motoring is, the better the market for automobiles. Moreover, the greater mileage of good roads assures a more fre-

quent use of the motor car, the consumption of additional oil and gasoline and the more rapid wear and replacement of the automobile. Social changes are also bound to follow on the heels of traffic relief. The automobile has moved the suburbs nearer to the city. The relief of congestion will do much to build up suburban population. It may even have a pronounced effect on decentralizing our population.

Traffic relief has not come to us suddenly, though it may seem so. We have been working toward that end for years. It may have been only a coincidence that the depression came along just as many of our major highway and traffic improvement projects were about to crystallize. In any event, we may hail the new era. We may be assured that today, when we have one automobile for every six persons, traffic will never again grow to the stage at which the motor car multiplies faster than our ability to provide it facilities. The red light has changed to green.



THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



erection of a court house at a cost of \$200,000, and the paving of the entire town.

The Debt Remains

THE souvenirs of this period of free spending remain in the form of taxes so high that thousands of acres of land have passed

PERHAPS the most obvious fact about the Great Depression is that people whose lives are lived close to the eternal realities are better off than people who have been caught up in the false values of what passed for civilization during the dead and gone boom period. Farm and village folk felt the effects of the Ford Era, and spent money they did not have and could not make, for automobiles, electric refrigerators, radios and whatever other products of the Industrial Age they saw and were sold, but when the crash came they swung back to pioneer conditions with an ease that could not be matched by the city dweller, a helpless cog in a machine over which he had no control. The Landscaper has just had a stay of several weeks in one of the many small towns of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, that fabulously rich territory of generous living and free spending, where cotton has always ruled supreme, and never failed in the long run to break the people who gambled with its fascinating and desperately uncertain gyrations. It was once a rich village, bursting with business and civic pride, the latter leading in the boom period to the

into the possession of the State, and this year with the added handicap of another flood, property owners are in many cases not even attempting to pay their taxes. They have three years in which to redeem property sold under the hammer — in most cases there are no purchasers, anyway — and more than one said to the Landscaper: "Certainly we are letting our property be sold for taxes. If we can reclaim it in three years, well and good; if not, we are no worse off, and for the present at least we have the use of what small amount of money is left to us." What kind of situation this creates for the county can easily be imagined, but nobody has found any other solution. Economies have been put into effect right and left, but the bonded indebtedness remains unchanged, and land taxed for three dollars an acre could not be sold for fifteen cents, could not, indeed, be sold for any price.

The Brighter Side

THIS is the darker side of the picture. The brighter side lies in the ability of village folk to get their living from the land whenever it becomes necessary. The usual Delta system of farming has been based upon cotton production to the exclusion of everything else, and year after year Delta farmers have fed their mules on corn shipped in from the Middle West, paying out cash for foodstuffs of every variety. But when the pinch comes, as it has come since the great flood of 1927, the way to subsistence farming is wide open. There is plenty of land in the town, for building lots are of a generous size, ample for cows and chickens, an orchard, a garden, and whatever else that is needed to supply the table. Money quickly disappears from the picture; the Landscaper talked to one young fellow who had always had, and deserved, good jobs before the depression, who said his earnings at present frequently ran as low as two dollars a week, but he added that he and his family of a wife and two children had yet to miss a meal. In addition to the appurtenances mentioned above, he has fourteen hives of bees, bought for five dollars. His business allows him to barter, and so his pantry is filled with home-cured hams and shoulders, home-ground meal, preserves and canned vegetables.

Back to Kerosene Lamps

IN COMMON with many other residents of the town, he has not been able to pay his electric light bill for several months, and so has gone back to kerosene lamps. In front of

his house last week, a bayou was filling rapidly with flood waters, so he paused one morning long enough to say: "Well, they tell me my city water will be cut off this week, but if the river keeps on rising it won't bother me at all, because I can dip all I need off the front gallery." This man, and there are many more like him, feels more keenly than anything else the lack of books and magazines to read; a few years ago he averaged \$100 a year or more for the purchase of new books alone, and now he would have to work hard a week to buy a current novel. But his family is well fed and in no danger of suffering, and even if the water comes into his house, as it did last year, he has enough initiative and ingenuity to beat the game somehow. In fact, he is already thinking of selling fish, but not very seriously, because everybody else will be in as good a position as he is in respect of the raw material. . . .

And No More Fords

HE is one of hundreds of thousands of small-town and rural Americans who are close enough to the pioneer tradition to be able to adapt themselves readily to any conditions; neither their courage nor their ability to take care of themselves has been sapped by years of working for other people and depending upon pay envelopes. His wealthy neighbor is following the same course, having lost what he had in real estate or banks or investments, and this, of course, eases the social pressure. Clothes are no longer a consideration, and the possession of an automobile is looked upon as rank extravagance; with few exceptions the cars that

remain are used only for business purposes, and the riding for the sake of riding that went on a few years ago has almost disappeared. There are, for example, fifteen filling stations in the town, all of which were once doing some business, whereas today it is doubtful if one of the lot is making anything.

Saturdays the streets of the town are crowded with Negroes from the near-by plantations, as always. Most of them come to look and to see each other; their slender "furnish" for the making of crops leaves them little to spend except for the barest necessities, although they still manage to find money for phonograph records. And, it should be added, for beauty preparations. There is no such thing as a kinky head among the women, young or old, and the young use face powder, lipstick and rouge, with a generosity they have borrowed from their white fellow-citizens, whom they imitate in dress and manner with the mimetic instinct that is so strong a characteristic of the race.

Just Another Problem

THIS sketch might go on indefinitely, for there are books and books to be written about such towns. In fact, one of the Landscaper's prayers for years has been that some one would do a really first-rate novel about an American small town. There is something to be said about the flood; the town referred to in the foregoing paragraphs had never had any high water, except during the rare times of the great overflows, until last year. Now it is partly under again, and there are threats of an inundation equal to

that of 1932. This situation has been brought about by the stupid bungling of the flood control situation throughout the delta of the Yazoo River and its tributaries, a piecemeal botch of new drainage ditches and levees that has caused the flooding of thousands of acres of good lands without relieving conditions in the slightest. The main levee system of the Mississippi has been so strengthened since the flood of 1927 that it seems reasonably safe, but this is only one step toward the solution of one of the nation's greatest problems. What will finally be done nobody is wise enough to say, but if President Roosevelt can find time from his efforts to save the country to see this situation, he will have no difficulty in discovering jobs for several hundred capable engineers and a good many thousand laborers. It is, of course, a Federal problem, for local self-interest renders any other attack futile from the outset.

They Can "Take It"

IT is impossible to live with people of the kind mentioned without admiring their fine courage and self-reliance, their "intestinal stamina," a quality that was being sapped from the whole American race with every hour of the kind of conditions we witnessed between 1921 and 1929. Away back in the woods the Landscaper came across one of this breed, a one-armed man well past middle age, whose home could be reached only by a two-mile trip in a boat because of the high water. Two months ago, his mule died. He bought a horse and colt to finish his spring plowing, and the day before the visit the seller had come to

reclaim his property because it had not been paid for. He sat on the gallery of his cabin telling the story of his hard luck with as much dry humor as a Will Rogers, pausing occasionally in the recital to swear loudly and vigorously against people who took help from relief organizations. He'd be so-and-soed if he'd ever take a penny from any so-and-so Red Cross or the Government; any man who couldn't make a living in the Delta blankety-blank well deserved to starve to death. A couple of years ago the hero of this tale tried to whip a man almost twice his size, in spite of the handicap of a lost arm. The larger man knocked him in the head with a crowbar, fracturing his skull, and in two weeks he was out of the hospital and plowing. . . . Tough people, these; they know how to take it and grin. It is a pity some of the city folk who have moaned and groaned over the loss of some small fraction of their millions could not see what real men look and act like.

Beer in Mississippi

IN A moment, the Landscaper will step into his proper part and have something to say about recent books. Only one more story about life. . . . Here in Mississippi sentiment for Prohibition has always been powerful, although Mississippi "corn" has always been abundant, and was never more plentiful or as cheap as it is now. There has been considerable agitation over the beer question, mainly, one supposes, because not everybody in the State can afford to buy gasoline enough to make the Louisiana line, and a short time ago Ex-Governor Bilbo was asked his opinion of the situation.

He knows his Mississippians, this man Bilbo, whatever else may be said of him, and his answer was: "We'll never have beer in this State as long as its citizens can stagger to the polls to vote against it."

Now for literature. A good many exciting books have passed this way recently, including one of the finest American biographies the Landscaper has ever had the good fortune to read. This is Marquis James's *Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.75), a wholly fresh interpretation of as picturesque a figure as this country has produced. Mr. James, whose excellent life of Sam Houston, *The Raven*, won — and deserved — the Pulitzer Prize a short time ago, makes Jackson out anything else but the frontier ruffian he has often been depicted. He declares that, to the contrary, Jackson belonged very definitely to what aristocracy there was in the pioneer country where he grew up, and that he clung fast to the ideals of his birth and breeding. There is much new material in the volume, a good part of it derived from 1,200 freshly discovered letters.

A Valuable Contribution

MR. JAMES had a story full of drama to work with and he has presented his material with skill and insight. Many of the controversies that have raged about Jackson are cleared up, and a magnificent picture of the period has been painted. This is a book that any one should find good reading, whether there be any particular interest in Jackson to start with or not; a fine and scholarly contribution to the story of this country that is at the

same time a splendid portrait of a great man.

Another recent biography that will have a strong appeal to all lovers of Sidney Lanier is Aubrey Harrison Starke's *Sidney Lanier: A Biographical and Critical Study* (University of North Carolina Press, \$5). Mr. Starke has written an exhaustive and fully detailed study, using methods that are admirably thorough. The difficulty about the volume from the point of view of the general reader is that its very merits stand in the way of any wide public interest. Lanier's career was pathetically short, since he died at the age of thirty-nine, and his literary work was done under conditions of the greatest difficulty, since he fought an unceasing fight against poverty and tuberculosis. It was a brave and inspiring struggle, however, and his accomplishment in the face of the handicaps he faced was really extraordinary. Mr. Starke has furnished us with a complete and detailed study of all his work, much of it, unfortunately, unfinished and relatively unimportant. What is needed, however, as Professor Mims suggested some time ago in his excellent biography of Lanier, is a soundly edited one-volume selection of prose and poetry, with a biographical sketch. It could be of high quality, and might go a long way toward winning for Lanier some of the recognition that has up to now been denied him. Whatever his faults, he and Whitman were unquestionably the only two poets of importance, with the possible exception of Emily Dickinson, this country had produced up to the present generation, and it is a real pity that his best work is not better known.

Sinclair and the Bankers

ANOTHER biography of an entirely different order is *Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox*, published by Mr. Sinclair himself at a price of \$3. This tremendously exciting book tells the tale of the career of Fox, who, starting with \$1,600, came in time to control something like a half-billion dollars, and who was eventually wrecked, or so declares Mr. Sinclair, with all the evidence on his side, by a conspiracy of bankers. Mr. Fox told Mr. Sinclair the story, and furnished him with the documents to substantiate his statements. The narrative is a complete exposure of the banking methods of the United States, naming names and furnishing facts. It is, of course, Mr. Sinclair's meat, and no one can pick up the book without feeling the delight with which it was written. The Landscaper's own feeling is that this is one of the finest pieces of work Mr. Sinclair has ever done, and a volume that ought to be read by every American who has lost money through the stupidity or skullduggery, or both, of the bankers. Indeed, one hopes that it will not fail to reach the White House; it might serve to guide President Roosevelt and his advisers in formulating plans for the future protection of the public. It is "hot stuff," and will bring the blushes, if bankers can blush.

What's Wrong with Banking

MR. FOX'S own comment upon the banking situation in general is apt and intelligent enough to merit quotation. He goes to the core of the matter in these paragraphs:

Bankers then changed, and had a different purpose in life. They were not contented with earning the normal profits that a bank could earn on its capital and surplus. There sprang up what I consider the greatest evil in the financial world, and one of the causes of this great depression, even more than short selling. In these banks, which were supervised by the banking department, and whose accounts were carefully audited, there was found a subterfuge that would permit them to do things for which their charter was never intended; there came the fashion of creating an affiliate to the bank, called a securities company. This, in my opinion, is nothing more than a gambling scheme to use the funds of depositors for speculation. . . . The honest banker of thirty years ago has become a stock manipulator, using the funds of his bank to participate in various syndicates as they are offered to him.

A Little Honesty, Please

MR. SINCLAIR'S thesis is the complete control of American industry by the bankers, the billion-dollar boys, and he develops it in a way that will make many a reader grab a shovel and deposit what he has left in a hole in the backyard. This is not meant to indicate that the book is exaggerated or unduly alarming; it merely tells the truth about the American banking system and the men who run it, and there isn't a word in it that would inspire confidence in anybody except an imbecile. The truth is, however, that no change of system such as Mr. Sinclair, with his hatred of capitalism would like to see, can make any difference so long as common honesty is as rare as it is in the United States today, and this quality is, unfortunately, as lacking in the little fellow as the big one. Talk of punishing the big bankers is exactly of a piece with talk of hanging the Kaiser after the War. The fabric of

this country was rotten with graft and dishonesty before the crash, and still is, for that matter, although stealing is a little more difficult and much more unpopular than it was during the boom.

War and Preparedness

IN THE field of general literature, another book that will cause the thinking sleepless nights is *Inevitable War* by Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Stockton (Perth Publishing Company, \$7.50), which is a reserve officer's logical and clearly reasoned attempt to show that all efforts to avert wars are doomed to failure and that preparedness is the only insurance against disaster. This book, whatever one may think of the argument, is no mere militaristic treatise, but a careful examination of the evidence and a presentation of the facts of other wars which show how much this country has lost by a failure to keep its fighting forces up to the mark. Colonel Stockton quotes one President after another on the subject, shows what the horrors of the next war are likely to be, and defies the pacifists to show that anything at all has been accomplished by the work of such organizations as the League of Nations since the World War. He has so many cold facts on his side, it would be exceedingly difficult to try to controvert his reasoning; a Europe on the brink of another war at this moment confirms his main argument. This is a thoughtful, intelligent book, and deserves reading; even so ardent a hater of bloodshed as the Landscaper can see the soundness of the Colonel's arguments and the validity of his case.

No Good Cheer Here

THE *United States in World Affairs* by Walter Lippmann, assisted by William O. Scroggs and Charles Merz (Harper, \$3), is an excellent summary of the situation in 1932, capably presented from the point of view of the idealists, who insist upon hoping for better times. Not even this group was able, however, to gain much consolation from observing last year, which left every important world question unsolved, and saw no real progress made in any direction. Perhaps 1933 will have a more cheerful story to tell, but little has happened in the first three months to make any one over-optimistic, despite the remarkable activity that has been shown since the change of administration.

A revised edition of Charles A. and Mary Beard's *The Rise of American Civilization*, containing some new material, is now available from Macmillan's at \$3.50. At the originally published price of \$12.50, this magnificent book was well worth the amount asked. The present depression figure makes it available to many who have not yet read it, and who ought to own it. It is, to the Landscaper's way of thinking, by far the best book of American history. It has been so thoroughly praised by all the outstanding authorities there is little left to say except that if books are to be bought at all in these bitter times, this one should be at the top of the list.

Those who read John Hyde Preston's biography of Mad Anthony Wayne, published a few seasons past, will be interested to know that this sterling young historian has done a

book called *Revolution 1776* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.90), which is a biographical story of the War for Independence that is full of life and color. It is the easiest to read of any volume yet published in this period, a real invitation for Americans of this generation to learn something of what happened when the thirteen colonies decided to go it alone. Mr. Preston is no conventional historian; he knows his subject as well as any one, but he breaks with tradition in writing entertainingly. This is a fine book, so good that one hopes it will not be lost because of existing economic conditions.

A Novel of the Frontier

OF RECENT fiction, the Landscaper has thoroughly enjoyed several novels. Merle Colby's second venture into the field of recreating American backgrounds of the past, *New Road* (Viking, \$2.50), is delightful. It tells the tale of the beginning of a village in Ohio called Toward, and traces its development from the meeting of a pioneer man and woman in a snowed-under road to the inevitable land speculation and its consequences. The period is from 1830 to the famine and panic of 1837. Mr. Colby is not so strong with his characterization as he is with his backgrounds, and the book has other weaknesses, but it is good reading, nevertheless. *The Coloured Dome* by Francis Stuart (Macmillan, \$2), author of *Pigeon Irish*, is a story of Dublin and its inhabitants written by a novelist who possesses keen powers of observation and a fine style. It is as good a book in most respects as its predecessor, and this is high praise.

Other good novels of recent weeks include Gladys Hasty Carroll's *As the Earth Turns* (Macmillan, \$2), the story of a New England farm and its people with much of the country wisdom and savor of the best books of this type; and *The Street of the Shoemakers* by Nils Petersen (Macmillan, \$2.50), the tale of Rome in the days of Marcus Aurelius. The author is a young Dane, and this is his first book. It is handicapped by a stilted and awkward translation, and is not without its faults, but it has the advantage of bringing a period to life and peopling it with everyday human beings.

Other Good Books

OF BOOKS of a general nature, the Landscaper cordially recommends *Mike Fink* by Walter Blair and Franklin J. Meine (Holt, \$3), a splendid narrative of the exploits of the Mississippi River hell-roarer, twin-brother to Paul Bunyan in the gallery of American myths; and *Grain Race* by Alan Villiers (Scribner, \$3), another of Mr. Villiers's splendid books about the sea and sailing ships, with the best illustrations he has yet published. *Hollow Folk* by Mandel Sherman and Thomas R. Henry (Crowell, \$2) is a sociological study of mountain whites in the Blue Ridge, the scientific exploration of one more curious corner of this continent. It is humorless, as might be expected, but amusement

is to be derived from it, if one is of an ironical term of mind, for the sociologists discovered that the most backward of the mountain children, living under primitive conditions and with no more hygiene nor morals than rabbits, were often perfectly healthy and well-developed.

A Bit of Romance

LAST month, the Landscaper prom-
Lised the details of the most romantic story he had come upon in recent travels. It goes this way, every word true: A number of years ago a small tug-boat plying on a Southern river regularly carried a pilot and his wife, the cook, past a tumble-down mansion, built just after the Revolutionary War and with grounds running down to the edge of the water. Once the pilot said to his wife: "I'll own that place and you and I will live in it before we die." What she said is not in the record, but she probably told him he was crazy and to keep his eye on bends and currents and let mansions alone. But he eventually gave up piloting and went to Texas, where he got into the carbon black business and made several millions. He returned, bought the mansion, had it perfectly restored, and refurnished, and lived in it for ten years before his death. His widow is there yet; it is one of the most beautiful houses in this part of the South, which means in the world. . . .



DEC 1966

WESBY

